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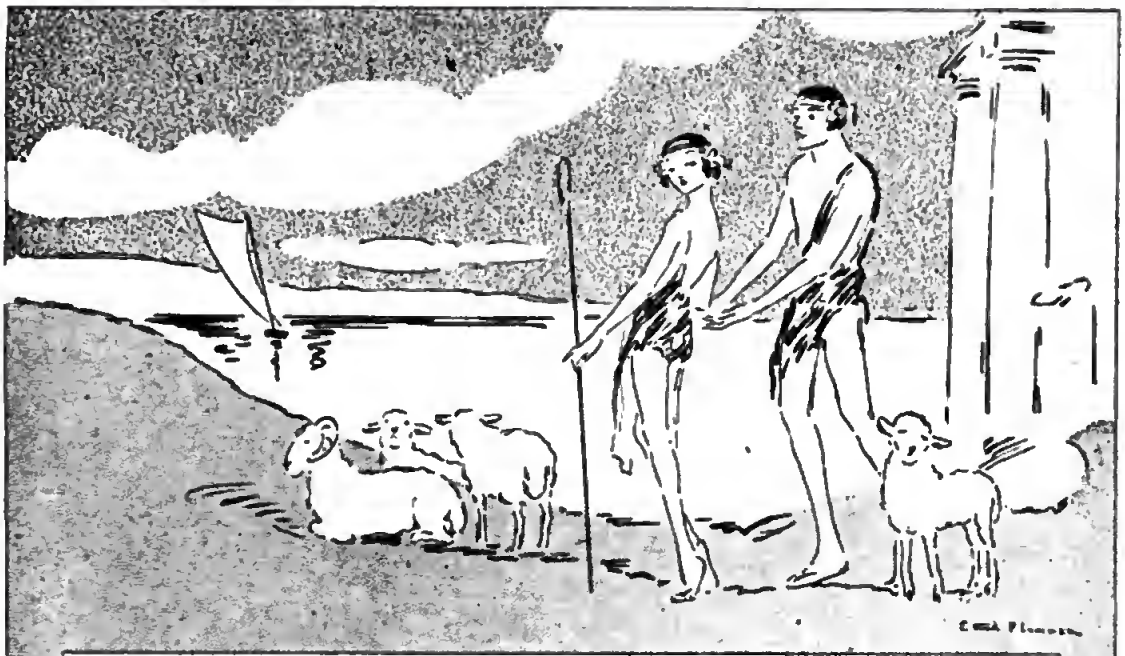

Cartoons Magazine

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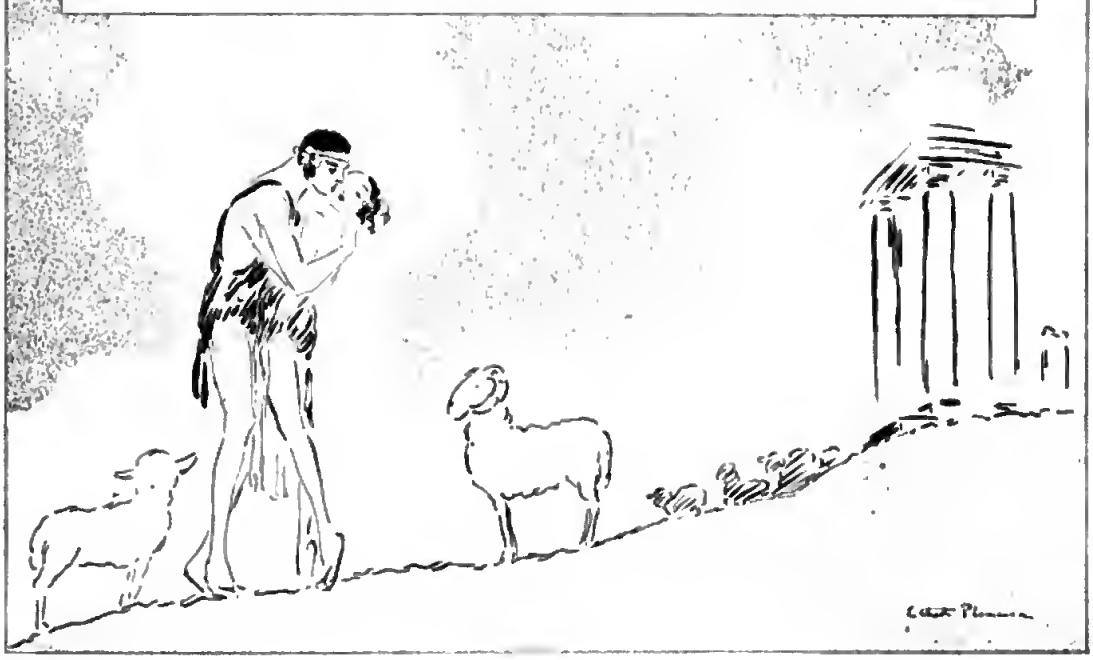

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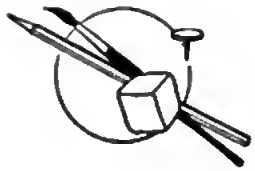
School News



WANT TO LEARN TO DRAW

OHIO 1917

THE SLACKER - - - - - By Hartman

From The St. Louis Times.

THE cartoon reproduced on this page was drawn by Cartoonist Hartman, of *The St. Louis Times*, in which paper his work is appearing daily.

Hartman formerly lived in Akron, Ohio, where he was employed by the Goodyear Rubber Company. He liked to draw and made up his mind that he would develop his ability. His daily work was not easy, but he enrolled with THE LANDON SCHOOL and devoted a part of his spare time to the course of lessons from this School.

His success is typical of what Landon students accomplish.

When his opportunity to break into cartoon work came, it found him ready. The cartoon herewith reproduced shows an all-around developed ability which has established Hartman as one of the leaders among the new men who have made good as cartoonists. In a recent letter one particular statement, written in Hartman's direct way, stands out as particularly significant. This statement is herewith quoted:

"Your course is my entire art education, and my present success qualifies me to recommend it."

Such statements prove beyond question the efficiency of the Landon Course in teaching successfully by mail.

There is no need of experimenting with books and various methods of teaching when you can secure complete and thorough instruction from one school.

Remember, you can study this course during your SPARE TIME wherever you are. THE LANDON SCHOOL can fit a course of lessons into *any plan you may have for the future.* The lessons are light and compact in form and can be forwarded wherever the United States mails go.

No matter what plans you have made for the future — no matter even if your plans are indefinite — if you like to draw, make this part of your plans sure: *That You Will Start to Develop Your Ability Now.*

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The Landon School 1495 Schofield Bldg., CLEVELAND, OHIO

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DO YOU LIKE TO DRAW?

Most schools and colleges close for the summer, but **THE W. L. EVANS SCHOOL OF CARTOONING** is ready to help its pupils at any time.

The summer, being vacation time, gives a great many a better opportunity to develop their talent for drawing.

If you have a natural talent for drawing, this school, by its *individual method* of instruction, will enable you to accomplish something in a pleasant way, so your *spare time at home or in camp* will not be wasted.

One student in the Navy wrote us on May the 22nd that he had sold over $200.00 worth of comic post-cards which he drew during his spare time.

Students select this school because we teach *cartooning* and *comic drawing exclusively*. We do not teach illustrating, water coloring or designing. This is the day and age that people *specialize*. We will teach you the fundamental principles of drawing first and advance you as rapidly as your work merits.

Well-known cartoonists recommend this school because of the *individual care* and *attention* given to the *criticizing* of the students' work and because the instruction is *up-to-date*. The pupils are given assignments before they complete the course based on *current events*, the same as if they were actually employed on a newspaper as cartoonists.

Former pupils of this school are drawing for some of the *largest newspapers* and comic publications throughout the country; some are drawing *animated cartoons;* others are giving *chalk-talks*. We ask that the school be *estimated by* and *judged by what it produces*.

IF YOU ATTEND

High School or College

and have a natural talent for cartooning

Why not become more proficient?

Many of our pupils draw for their school papers. It is quite an honor to be called

The Class Cartoonist

The course is not expensive.

Send a small sample of your work. We will mail you a portfolio of cartoons and full details.

The W. L. Evans School of Cartooning

"The School that Has the Reputation" **822 Leader Bldg., Cleveland, O.**

Volume 12 JULY, 1917 Number 1

CARTOONS MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT 6 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO

POULBOT in Le Rire, © Paris

"I'm not eighteen, am I? I suppose you want to see my marriage license."
See Gosses et Bonhommes, Page 40.

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Getting On the War

YES, we are getting on with the war. June 5, when the young men of the nation between the ages of 21 and 31 were registered for the "army of liberation," was a milestone in our history. Somehow the hurrah and band playing of our war with Spain are missing in the present struggle, but President Wilson regards war not as a spectacular or dramatic enterprise, but as a cold-blooded business proposition. Gold lace and brass buttons have no place in modern warfare, and our chief executive is proceeding to mobilize the nation's resources, both in men and money, in a way that cannot help but give Germany cold chills.

We are getting on with the war. Fortunately the British navy stands between us and our enemy, or long before this, our shores would have been invaded. Of course we should have done all this two years ago when the "Lusitania" was sunk, but there is no need for hysteria on that account. France needs men, and we will supply them as soon as possible. But we are not going to rush raw troops to the front to have them go to pieces under their baptism of fire. General Pershing's trained army of regulars is going first. It is an army small in numbers but great in fighting ability, and its mere presence in France will do much to encourage our allies. Meanwhile the militia will be recruited to war strength and mobilized for federal service and the training of the real nation in arms—wars are no longer fought by armies, the president tells us—will be got under way, and there will be somewhat more than a half million men to start with.

SYKES in Philadelphia Evening Ledger

"Well, here I am."

American destroyers are coöperating with the French and British fleets in European waters, and already the U-boat toll is less. Whether the reduction in the number of ships sunk by the German sea terrors is due in part to the effectiveness of the American navy or to improved means of combating submarines is not known, but probably both elements enter into the equation. The submarine must and will be crushed, and American inventive genius is now called on to devise a way. The country that gave the world the submarine must now destroy it or render it useless as a fighting machine. Until that can be done we must keep on furnishing ships, food, men, and money, for if we do not win the war, Germany will.

While there was some

With

SYKES in Philadelphia Evening Ledger

"Vell begin! Commence!! Get oop!!!"

disappointment expressed by a certain section of the press over President Wilson's decision not to call on Colonel Roosevelt for volunteer divisions to fight immediately in France, general approval is expressed in the selection of Pershing. The Chicago Evening Post, a great Roosevelt admirer, believes that the President has made an error in judgment in keeping Roosevelt at home, but consoles itself with the thought that the main object of the colonel's crusade has been obtained.

"As to the 'undramatic' needs of the present," it adds, "the whole trouble is that the situation is not dramatized to the mind of America. It needs dramatizing more than anything else. If we do not dramatize the war, we play directly into the hands of the crafty German autocracy which is doing everything possible to cotton-wool us into a soft war. It is the lack of this dramatic quality which is responsible for most of the evils of the present war situation in the United States. Pershing and his men will supply it, we are glad to say, even if not as much of it as would Theodore Roosevelt.

"However, there is no use crying over spilt milk, and half a loaf is better than no bread. Mr. Roosevelt is not to go; General Pershing is to go. We should be devoutly thankful that somebody is to go, and in that thankfulness forget all personal beliefs that it would have been wiser to send our most dramatic national figure."

"Recalling the Pershing expedition into Mexico," observes the Brooklyn Eagle, "and the manner in which our regulars acquitted themselves, we have every reason to feel proud of the men who will act as the advance guard on the European battlefields. In sending a division now, we gain every advantage to be had from early representation in the fight. We get into it sooner than anyone expected, and we give our allies the best proof in the world that we intend to stay in the struggle. Quite apart from the army of half a million men to be raised by draft, we have in sight three-quarters of a million men, at least partly trained. These include regular army troops and guardsmen, whose organizations are now being expanded. Engineers, medical units, aviators and other special branches of service are to be made quickly available. Altogether, the prospect of our rendering effective help in the field before the summer is gone is very bright. It is gratifying to know that we are not entirely impotent and that we are not incapable of speeding up preparations to get into the war."

The fact that an army of more than a half

CESARE in New York Evening Post

What the Kaiser "did Not Will"

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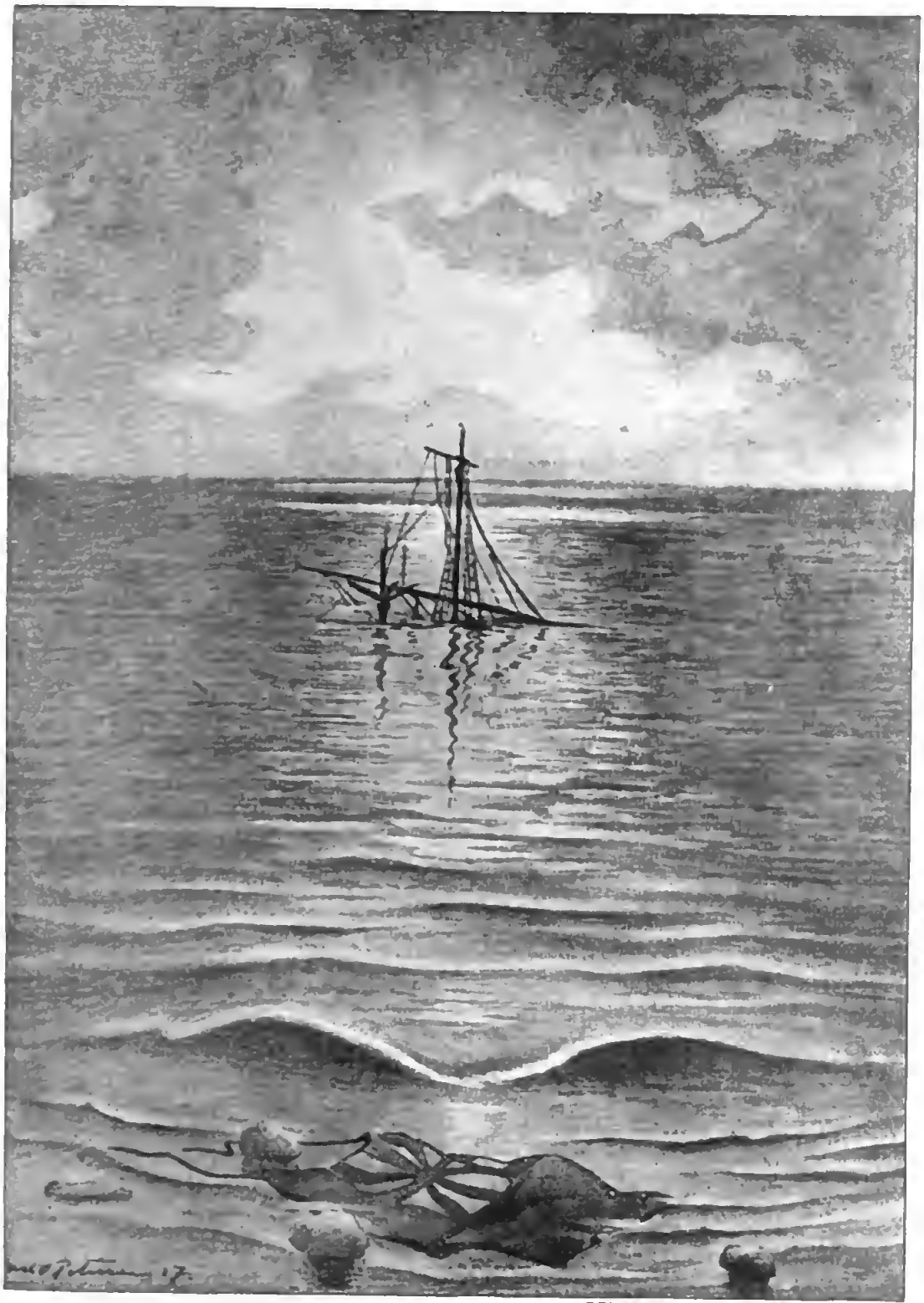

PETERSEN in Lustige Blaetter, Berlin

Still Lies the Sea

A German dream which is a long way from fulfillment.

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KIRBY in New York World

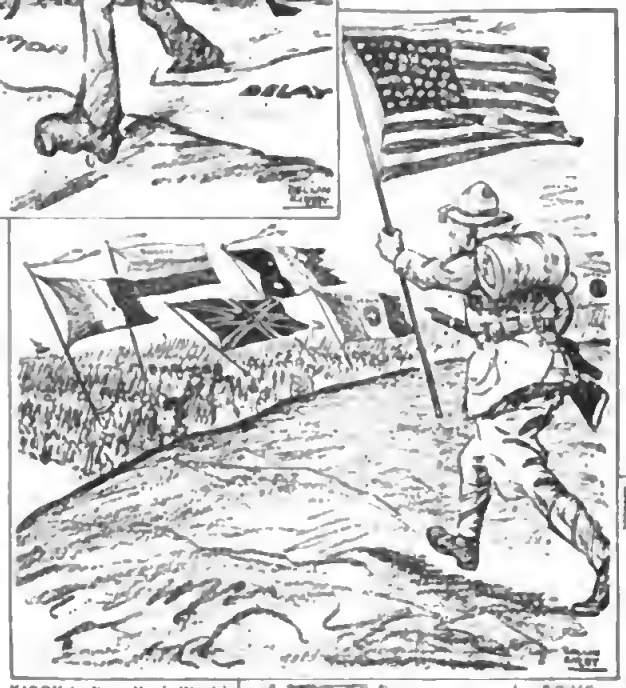
Through It at Last

million is being organized through the process of the selective draft, it is pointed out by many newspapers, need not deter those who do not come within the prescribed age limits from volunteering. Volunteers are still needed if America is to do her part in making the world safe. Especially, as the New York Times declares, must recruiting for the regular army be carried on with more energy than has yet been exerted. The Times proceeds:

"Recruits for that branch know that foreign service is practically assured. In fact, unless the war ends earlier than now seems likely, we may have a million troops in France in the summer of 1918, and the regulars will be in the van. The extension of the age limit for this branch of the service from 35 to 40 years was wise. There are many sturdy men between 35 and 40 fit for soldiering and without heavy home burdens to bear, who will be attracted to the service when the enlistments are made for the period of the war only and the pay for the first enlistment term has been doubled. There must be many men who have been waiting to join the Roosevelt army who will come forward now to enlist with the regulars."

Our thoroughgoing preparations for participation in the war are, in the opinion of the Chicago Tribune, a real menace to Germany. The nation, while proceeding slowly, says the Tribune, is proceeding wisely. It adds:

"The war will not be won sentimentally and the plan of action which seems to be decided upon at Washington is the gravest threat which Germany could



KIRBY in New York World

Joining the Colors

KIRBY in New York World

"Profit by these, Sam."

WELLNER in Lustige Blaetter, Berlin

THE U-PERIL

Ruler of the Sea: "I will smash Germany! I will destroy Germany! I will....!!!"

A cartoon showing that Germany's main reliance is in U boats.

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KIRBY in New York World

Through It at Last

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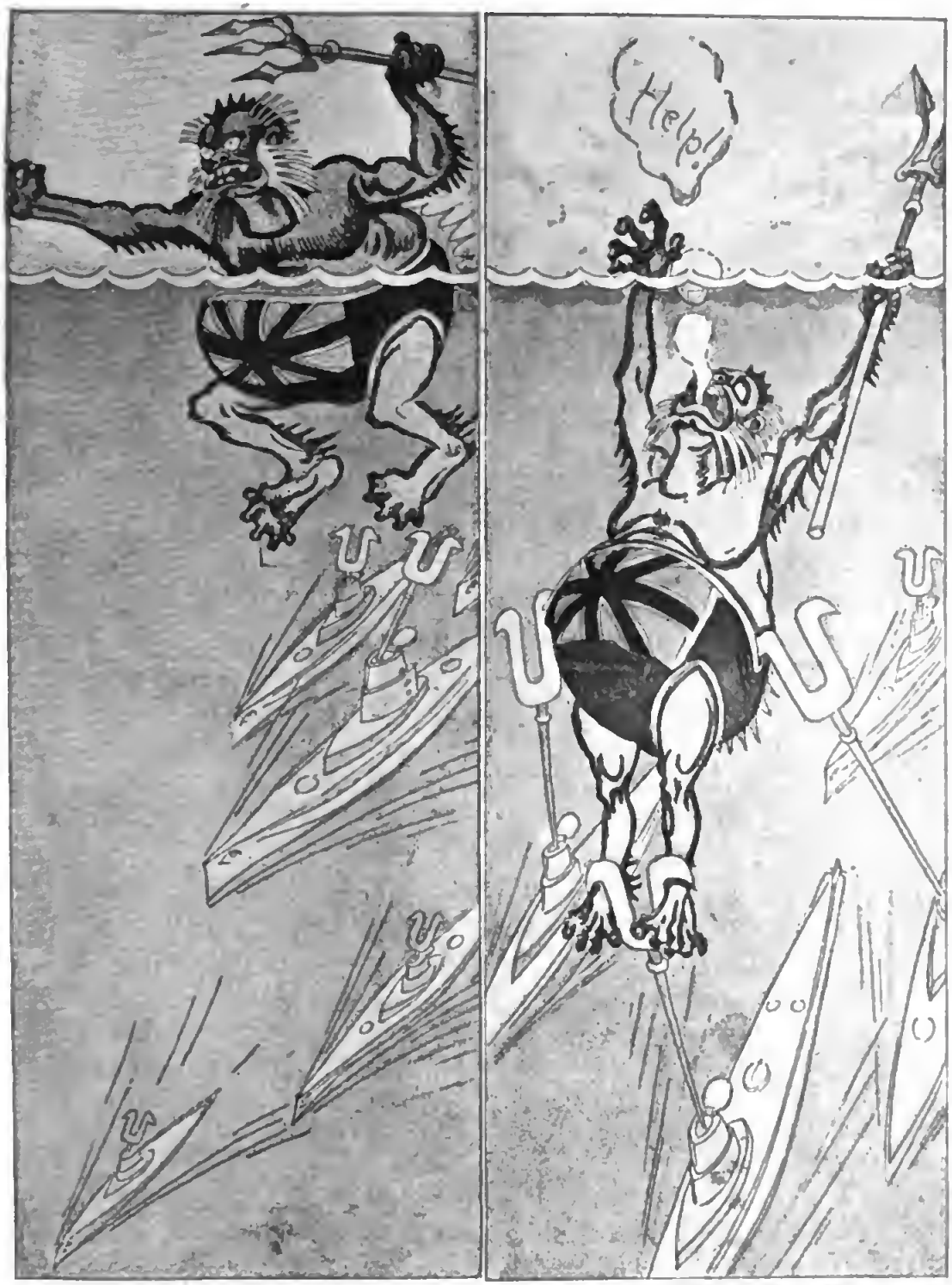

WELLNER in Lustige Blaetter, Berlin

THE U-PERIL

Ruler of the Sea: "I will smash Germany! I will destroy Germany! I will....!!!"

A cartoon showing that Germany's main reliance is in U boats.

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WEED in Philade'phia Public Ledger

The "Eagle" Step

WEED in Philadelphia Public Ledger

"O, say, can you see . . ."

DONAHEY in Cleveland Plain Dealer

"Whoa boy!"

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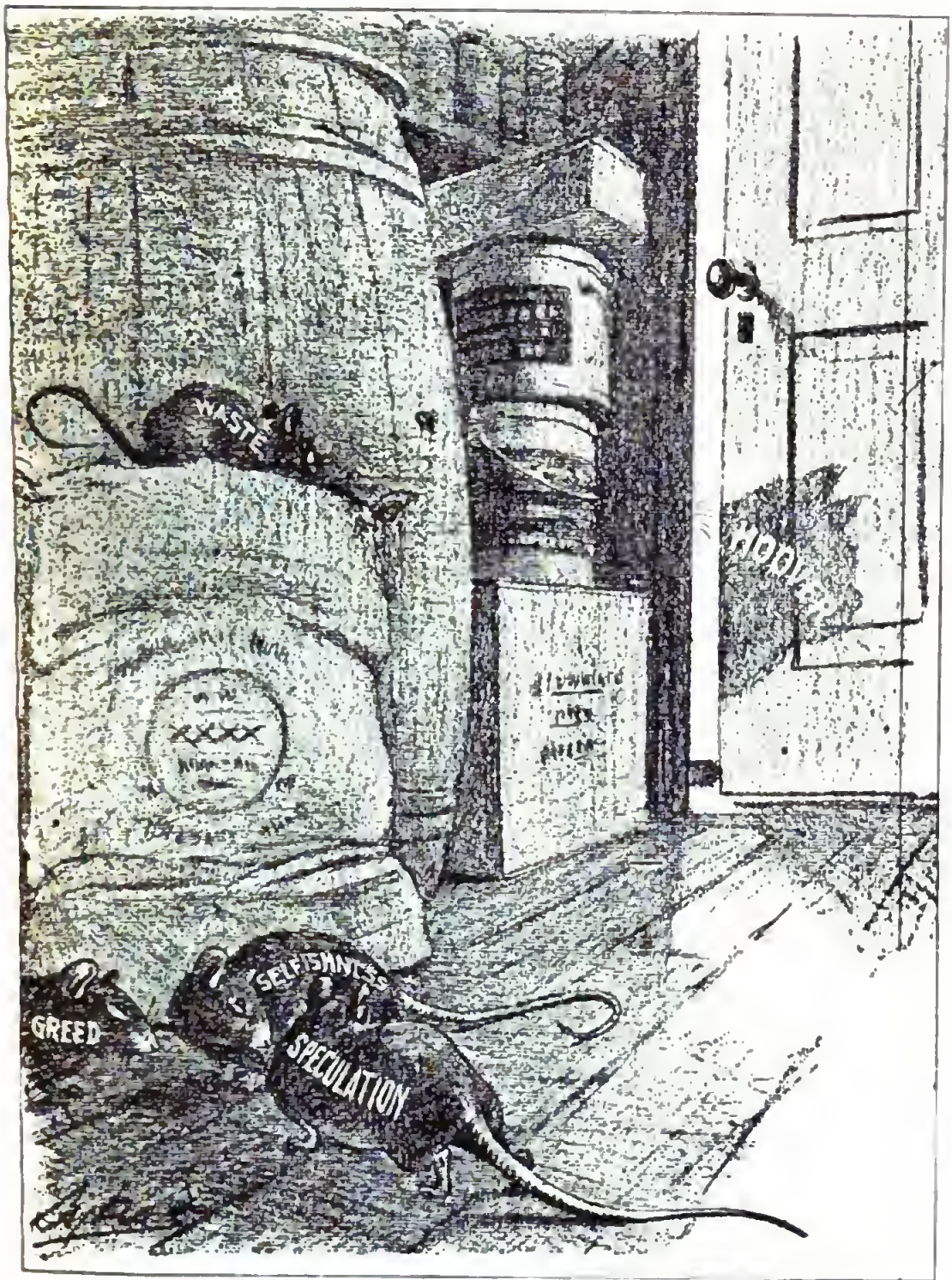

SYKES in Philadelphia Evening Ledger

WATCHFUL WAITING

The cat's away; the mice will play—
So runs the adage hoary.
But Hoover's eye doth watch nearby—
And that's another story.

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IRELAND in Columbus Dispatch

A New Betsy Ross

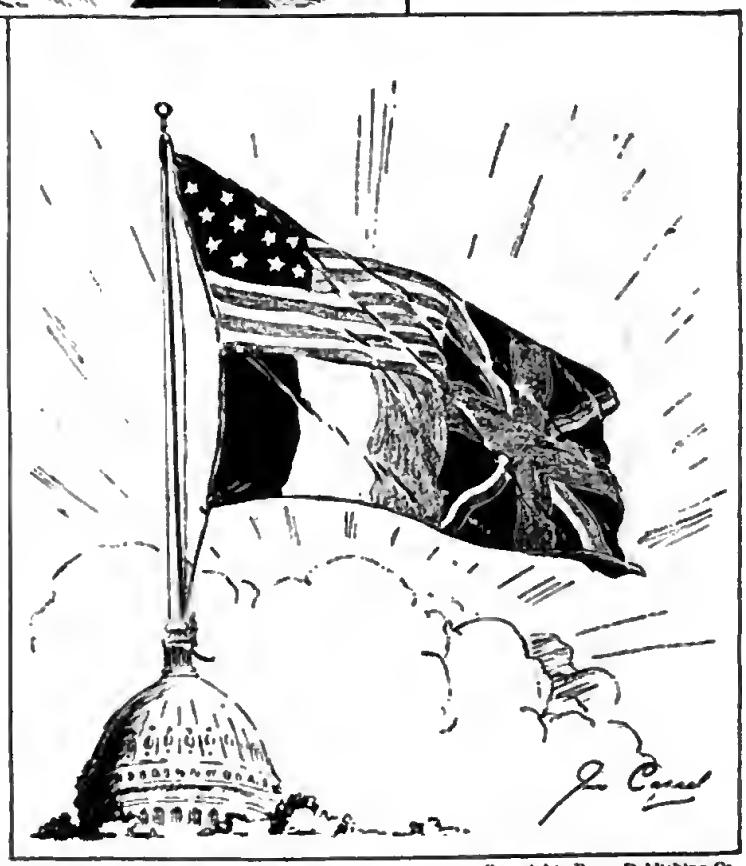
find in her prospects. Our allies, we are confident, can hold out until the resources of the United States have been developed. If Germany cannot see the threat of these preparations Germany is blind.

"The richest nation in the world is going about the business of war without hysteria and with deliberation, looking forward to next year's activities, not trying amateurishly to break into this year's efforts.

"The German mind, which deals too much with facts, must recognize the fact that a nation of 100,000,000, setting out to deal cold bloodedly and deliberately with so emotional a thing as war, to wait its time and summon its strength, is a factor which may be conclusive.

"The war may be over before the United States is ready to take up its full part in it. If that fortunately should be the case the United States will be the beneficiary of events. If it is not, the United States in full military strength will be thrown in against Germany in a war to the finish and to a finish which can result only in American victory."

Whatever may be said of a lagging congress or the present amateur status of our militia, every true American may take pride in the condition of the navy, which astonished even the Brit-



CASSEL in New York Evening World Copyright, Press Publishing Co.

The Flag of Democracy

DONAHEY in Cleveland Plain Deal

In the Springtime

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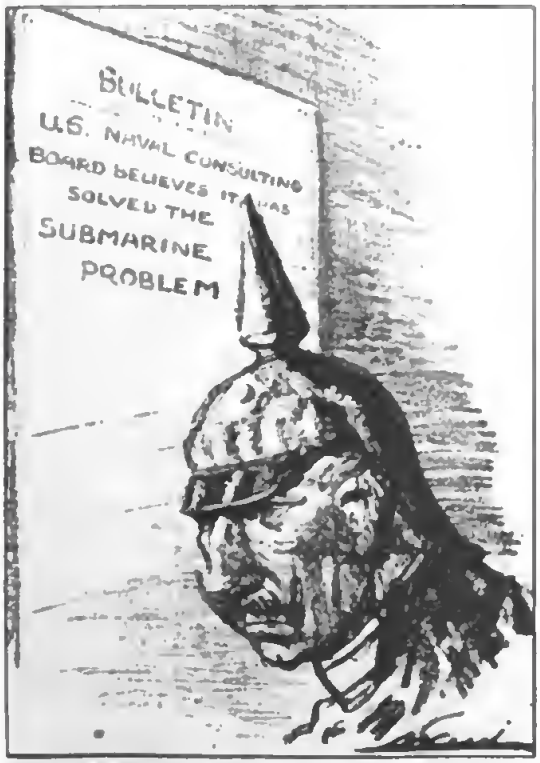
PEASE in Newark Evening News

"Mademoiselle, I'll gladly fill this with whatever you want first—armies or supplies."

WEED in Philadelphia Public Ledger

An Ally of the Enemy



WEED in Philadelphia Public Ledger

"Gott strafe Yankees!"

WESTERMAN in Ohio State Journal

Greater Than Treaties

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KIRBY in New York World

An Up-to-Date Weapon

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From Bolond Istók, Budapest

TIRED OF HER

Wilson (to Constable Roosevelt): "Take this woman away. I don't want to see her—she breaks my heart."

ish by its readiness to begin at once. Says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch:

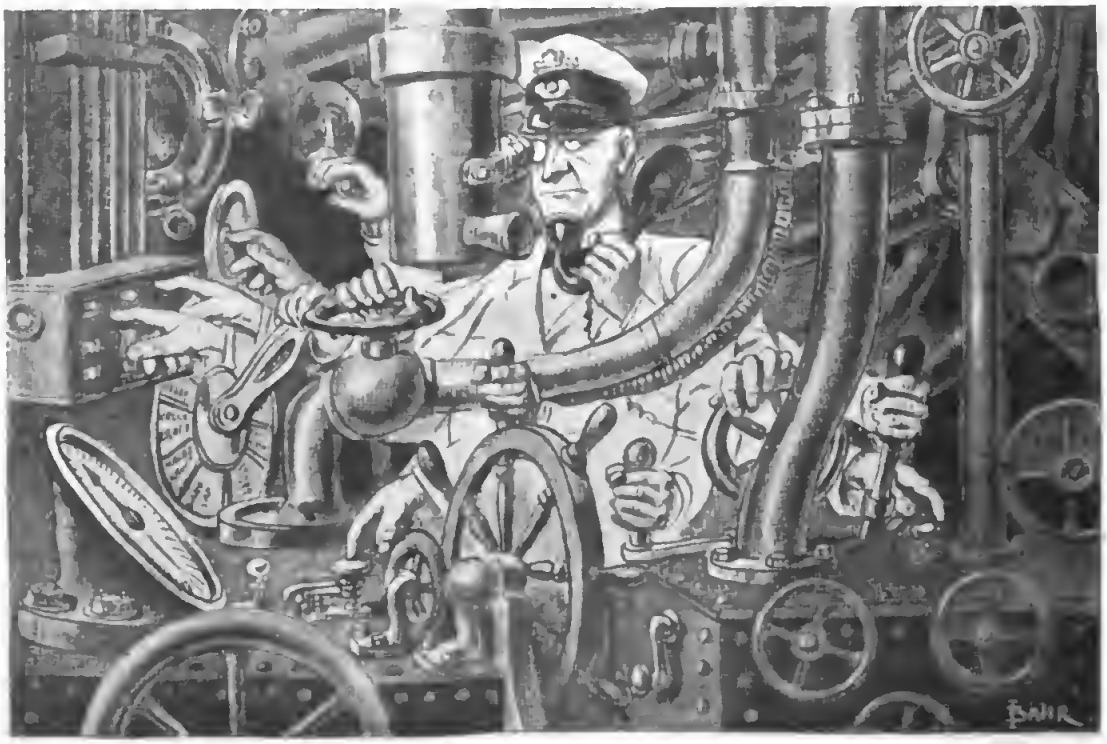
"The news that American destroyers are in Europe coöperating with the navies of our allies is peculiarly gratifying.

"We are in the war doing our share at a critical point—just now the most critical. With the one military arm we have ready, we struck the enemy within a month after a state of war was declared. There is no question of America being a slacker. The work of our destroyers will bring a full realization in our own part and on the part of our allies and enemies that we are in the war to fight and win.

"The submarine is a vital issue of our war. It was the submarine that struck down American rights on the sea and destroyed American lives, it was ruthless submarine warfare that disclosed completely the menace of German militarism to civilization and to the world outside of the central powers; that drove us into war as a necessary step to protect our own country and to make the world safe for democracy.

"The issue of the freedom and safety of the seas for neutrals and noncombatants is involved in the outcome of ruthless submarine warfare. Civilization is at stake. If the submarine wins, civilization, humanity and sea freedom go to the bottom.

"It is not sufficient merely to protect some vessels from the submarine, or to build ves-



From Lustige Blaetter, Berlin

The Under-Water Superman

BARCLAY in Baltimore Evening Sun

THE APPEAL

France: "Just a few of your soldiers would hearten us, Columbia."

KIRBY in New York World

"Good boy!"

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sels faster than the German submarines can destroy them. The submarine must be beaten and crushed. It must be put out of business as a ruthless enemy of sea traffic.

"When peace comes there can be no draw or compromise with the submarine. We, with our allies, must be able to say and to enforce our word that the submarine shall never be used as the ruthless destroyer of innocent lives, of ships and commerce on the high sea. We must be in position to enforce rules of humanity and respect for commerce and its agencies."

"These destroyers," says the Providence Journal, "are the vanguard of the naval forces with which we are to coöperate with the gallant fleets of the allies. They should be found useful in lessening the submarine menace and in supplementing the wonderful work of the British destroyers in protecting the coast from raids by German boats of the same class.

"The United States is now actively engaged in the warfare for human liberty. Every patriotic American will thrill at the thought of our sailors fighting side by side with their French and British brothers, or keeping watch along the shore."

From Numero, Turin

Uncle Sam's Decisive Step

From Osaka Puck

Uncle Sam Teaching His Young Nephew How to Blow the Trumpet and Billy Laughing at It from the Other Side

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Liberty

CASSEL in New York Evening World

Do Your Bit!

CONGRESS has voted a war credit of $7,000,000,000, of which $2,000,000,000 is to be realized by the sale of Liberty bonds. This sum, as the New York World points out, is equal to about one half of Germany's total war borrowings during nearly three years of this gigantic struggle. It is equal to more than one third of England's total war borrowings for herself and allies. Congress is planning to raise an additional $1,800,000,000 from war taxes, but so revolutionary are some of the methods proposed that many business men who otherwise would have invested in these bonds have been holding back, not knowing whether they can afford to purchase them.

To the small investor, or to the man who never invested at all, the idea of government bonds is a new one. People are foolishly asking "what security do you offer?" not knowing that the bonds represent the best security in the world and that not unless civilization went tottering to its downfall would the securities be worthless.

There is a disposition also to regard buying Liberty bonds as a sort of charity. Depositors place money in their banks for safekeeping, and draw three per cent interest. Bank failures are by no means unknown. Defaulting cashiers and presidents have robbed thousands of depositors of their savings. A Liberty bond pays 3½ per cent interest. It is nontaxable. It can be converted into cash at any time. It is the one absolutely safe investment that there is.

But a Liberty bond is not a mere investment. To buy one is a patriotic duty. The loan is all that its name implies. It is a loan to secure liberty. As the Washington Star observes:

"The title of the new war loan is no mere alliteration, no sounding catch phrase. It means much. It is in truth a Liberty loan, because it represents the effort of the United States to insure human liberty.

"The United States was drawn into the war by conditions that could not have been changed without changing the German character. It is now a party to the war, pledged to stay in to the finish, and with every incentive conceivable to make that finish a victory for the allies and to prevent forever German domination.

"If Germany wins this war, by direct victory or by means of a truce through peace terms dictated from Berlin, the position of the United States becomes gravely insecure. In every quarter of the world the principle of human liberty will be in peril. For the German idea of government is totally opposed to that principle. Obedience to the

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Bonds and War Taxes

central authority is the keynote of the Prussian system. The government of Germany is not of, by and for the people. The people of Germany are of, by and for the government. There is no liberty whatsoever in that.

"Every dollar given to the United States in this present loan is an investment in security against domination by a power that has no regard for individual rights, that considers human beings as 'cannon fodder,' that exists for the exploitation of humanity. Every dollar loaned to the government is a pledge given for immunity against future aggression. This war will cost an enormous sum of money. It has already cost the European nations engaged in it an amount that is beyond comprehension. The American share of the cost of checking the Germanic menace will be a heavy one, and every American must help to bear it. The 'bit' of every citizen is needed."

Fortunately it is easy for every one to buy a bond. Not only are they sold in small denominations within reach of the average wage worker, but they may be had on the installment plan. Needless to say, the success of the present issue is being watched eagerly by Germany. A number of very excellent arguments for buying Liberty bonds are thus set forth by the Philadelphia Public Ledger:

HALLADAY in Providence Journal

Help Her Carry It

IRELAND in Columbus Dispatch

Between Two Foes

"It is your plain duty to buy a Liberty bond if you can possibly get money to pay for it. There is no more justification in permitting some one else to do your financial fighting than for the young man to permit another to do his soldiering. It is your country as much as the other man's country, and you as well as he must help defend it. Every consideration of public duty and patriotism demands that you buy a bond. Not to buy one if you can is to adopt a policy of extreme selfishness, whereby you expect others to pay for something which you are to enjoy quite as much as they.

"The time to buy a bond is today. It is essential that the United States show the whole world that we are not cheap bluffers, who boast of wealth and refuse to use it. It is imperative that our government be armed with funds to equip fleets and corps and build those hundreds of ships which will be needed to carry our food to our own fighting men in France. No one else can feed them and so we must do it; but to feed soldiers requires a gigantic fleet of vessels, which will cost many millions. There are scores of other uses to which a part of the two-billion Liberty loan will be put, and every one of them is a necessity."

There can be, and must be, says the New York Times, a financial expression of an organized, energetic campaign for those ideals which President Wilson put imperishably before the country, and adds:

"If the people want to fire their biggest gun against enemies of popular government, they can do no better than to take the Liberty loan away from the rich. The way to put the fear of God into the hearts of those who are driving the German people into the trenches is to have the

PEASE in Newark Evening News

Best of War Brides

IRELAND in Columbus Dispatch

Will You Adopt a "Baby Bond?"

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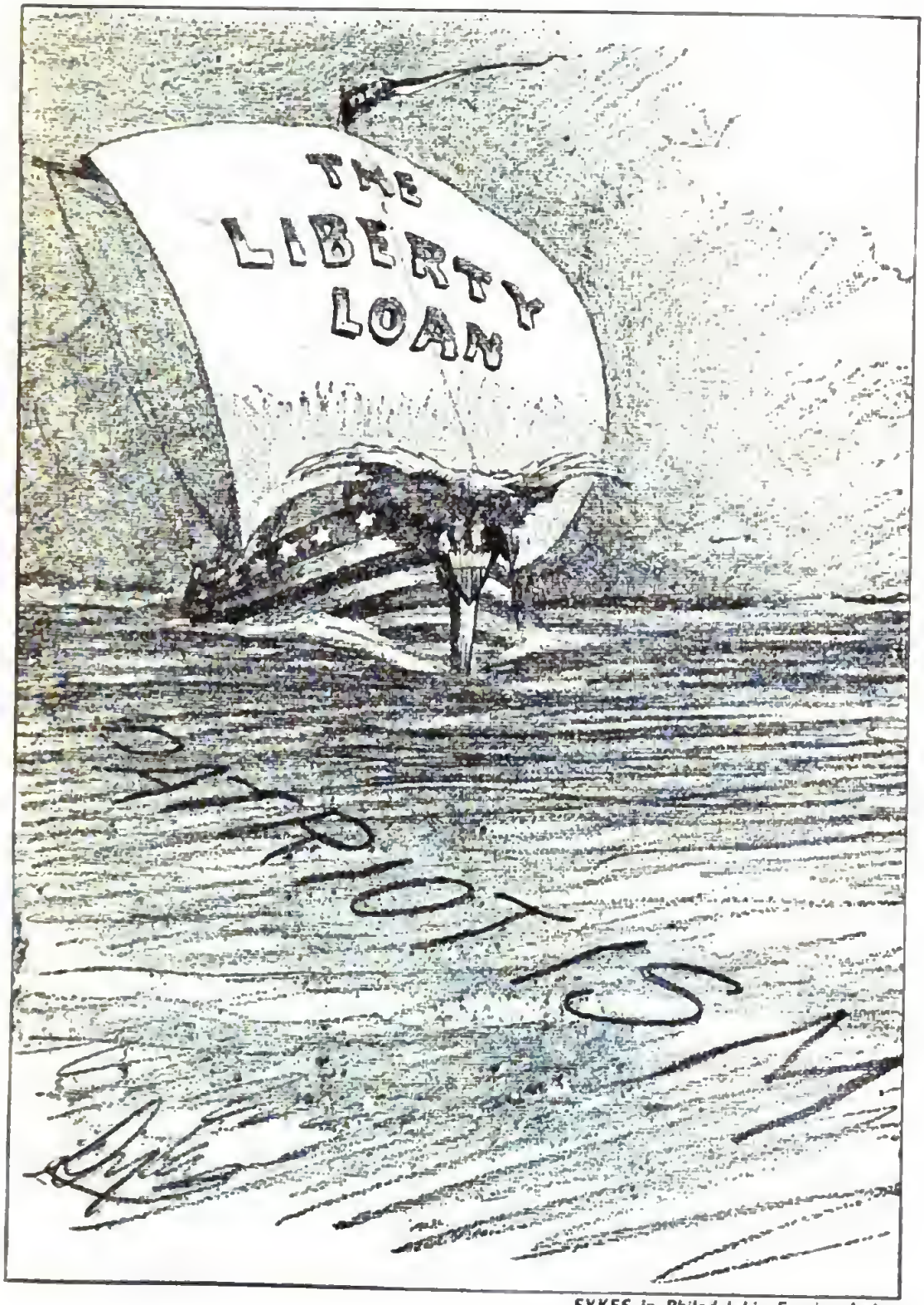

SYKES in Philadelphia Evening Ledger

Our Transport

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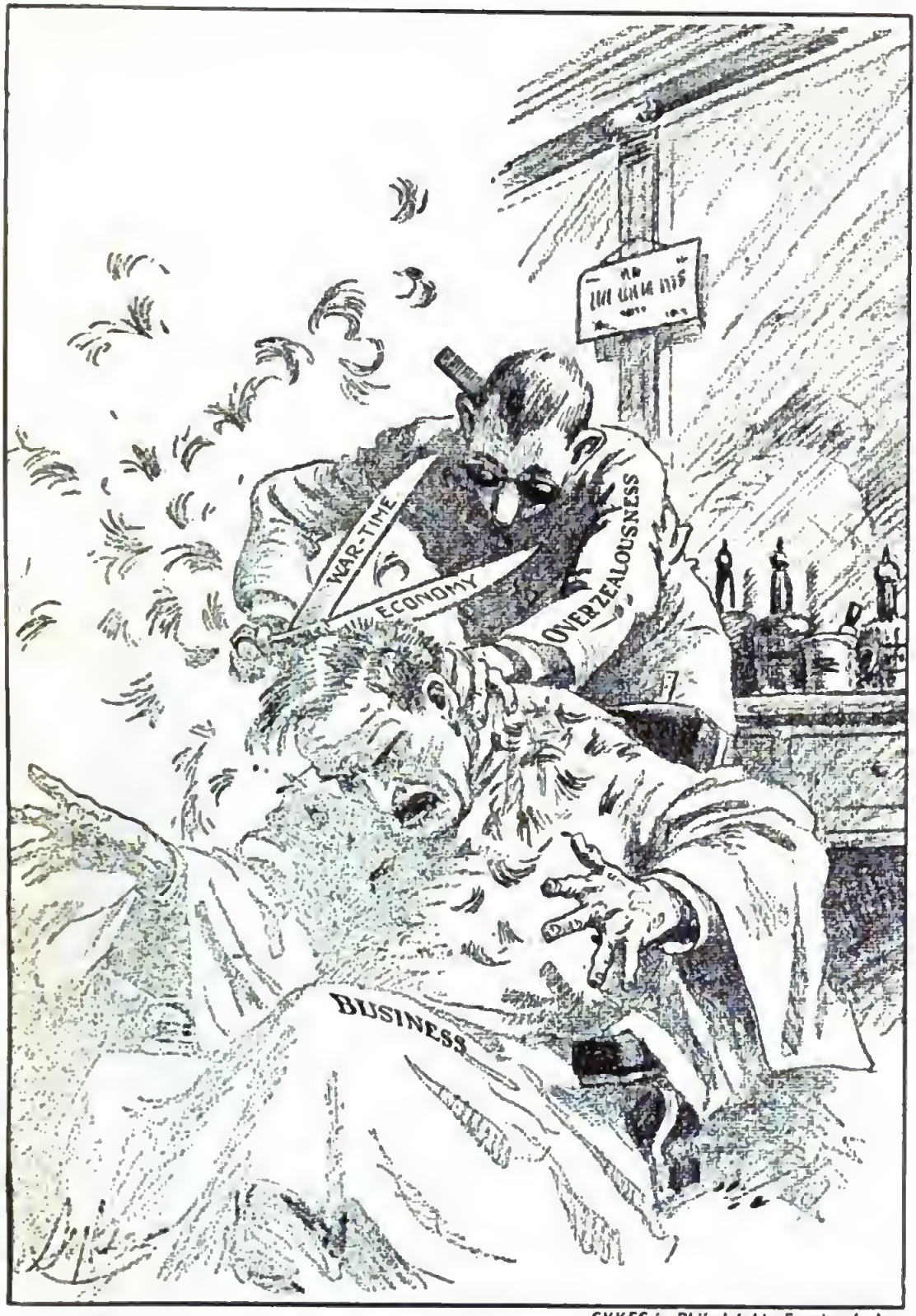
treasury announce that the loan is closed by oversubscription in multiples of the smaller denominations, and that the wealthy must bid up for the next few billions, or buy them away from the people who have made the loan theirs as truly as the war is theirs.

"The people's first chance to do this is their best chance, probably their last chance. If the bonds get into the hands of tax-exempt owners, they will never be parted with.

"There never was a war so truly as this is a people's war on the part of those who are fighting with us, and who have fought for us through long and bloody years while we were accumulating wealth, and counting it to ourselves for virtue. There never was a war so truly against the interest of the peoples of every nation as this war. Put in the broadest manner, the question of the Liberty loan is, Do Americans want to be Germanized? Or would they prefer that Germany should be Americanized, and thus brought into full fellowship with the world's

SYKES in Philadelphia Evening Ledger

We can't All Play, But We'll All Support the Team



SYKES in Philadelphia Evening Ledger

Business: "Not too close, please."

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Copyright, S. S. McClure
BRINKERHOFF in New York Evening Mail
"C-A-S-H!!"
The Best Bargain They Ever Found

democracies? The portion of the Liberty loan now offered is but a trifling part of the nation's wealth, all of which is exposed to the German menace."

Meanwhile the business world is marking time until something definite is known regarding the war tax. As one of the New York publishers expressed it, "you can have the milk, but let us keep the cow." The house bill, which has been undergoing revision in the senate, has come in for wholesale condemnation for its confiscatory provisions. The Philadelphia Inquirer brands it as "the senseless product of a senseless body of men—a bill not only senseless, but pernicious, dangerous, and actually deadly." Its worst features already have been eliminated by the senate committee, and the measure in its final form, while it doubtless cannot please everybody, will probably be more fair to all concerned.

In a plea for "business as usual," the St. Louis Globe-Democrat says:

"We have contended from the beginning of the discussion of our entry into the war that the government should make the encouragement and fostering of business a fundamental principle of action. There is nothing mercenary nor selfish in this principle. It is the policy of enlightened statesmanship and genuine patriotism. For business is the foundation of all material activities, and the government no less than the people is dependent on it for support. To enact legislation that unduly

KIRBY in New York World

"Liberty bonds? Three aisles over."

CARTER in Philadelphia Press

Bringing Up the Ammunition

HARDING in Brooklyn Eagle

The "Dollar Worshipper"

HARDING in Brooklyn Eagle

Get on the Band Wagon!

SCOTT in Cleveland Leader

Do Your Bit!

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hampers the conduct of legitimate business is not only unwise but dangerous. This is true at all times, but it is particularly true when the balances are disturbed by war and the outlook of commerce is clouded by uncertainties; when, too, the continuation of business in the highest degree of efficiency and in the greatest possible volume is necessary to the earning of revenues by which the government may be upheld and sustained in the prosecution of its fight.

"A nation cannot war without money, and the cost of the present war will be far, far greater than any other in the experience of the world. No one can tell how many billions we shall have to pay, but whatever the total it will be paid, and paid cheerfully, if the taxes which produce it are levied with equity. The revenue bill now before the house of representatives is admittedly a makeshift measure, hurriedly put together without proper consideration of equity or of consequences.

"Levying rates without discrimination, the bill as it has been presented promises to cripple or to destroy many industries."

FITZPATRICK in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Digging outside the Trenches

DONAHEY in Cleveland Plain Dealer

"Caught yer!"

ICART in La Baionnette, Paris

"Well, Captain, what's the good news?"
"The enemy are simply melting away."
"Ah! It is rather warm, isn't it?"

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LORENZI in Fantasio, © Paris

TOM'S BATH

"Come, Tom; don't you remember what Byron said about your bark being on the sea?"

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Hindenburg Still

THE recent announcement by Field Marshal von Hindenburg that the joint British and French offensive had been brought to a standstill is significant only if it marks the close of one of the greatest episodes of the present war. The spring drive of 1917, as Berlin views it, marks the supreme effort on the part of the allies to win back the occupied territory of France. It has been a gallant effort at least, nor was the Hindenburg retreat altogether for strategic reasons. The German field marshal, for one thing, did not calculate on the ability of the Franco-British forces to bring up their big guns so rapidly. Hindenburg might have been "luring them on," but the retreat was more precipitate at times than he had planned.

Only the transfer of new divisions from the Russian front perhaps saved the Germans sacrificing more ground, but the battle, or campaign is not yet over, and with the Italians again actively on the war-path, further activities on the east front may be looked for.

Four major actions have developed since the Hindenburg retreat began. These have been generally designated as the battle of Arras, on the Drocourt-Queant front, the battle of St. Quentin, the battle of the Aisne, and the battle of the Champagne. With the British striking first on the north to be followed by the French on the south, the Germans had their hands full in trying to fall back. Naturally they lost heavily in prisoners and guns, but the British casualties as published in May show that the ground gained was not without its cost. The toll was 5,902 officers and 106,331 men, and the breaches in the lines must be filled soon with Americans.

While the artillery actions were terrific and bayonet fighting was often desperate, it was in the air, three or four miles above the battlefields that the most spectacular engagements took place. We read of hand-to-hand fights between the aviators, of tilts at such close range that the opponents could look into each other's eyes. The French and British fliers—and some Americans—seem to have proved their supremacy over the Germans, and have developed aviation into an art undreamed of a few years ago. When the history of these battles is written the most brilliant chapters doubtless will be devoted to these knights of the air.

The laconic dispatches from the front serve as a theme for a Chicago Tribune editorial which reads:

From The Passing Show, London

The Bulldog Grip

Luring Them On

"'Elsewhere the night was calm'—which means that in five minute intervals artillery was dropping shells on the trenches. 'The enemy occupied some trench elements'—which means that mines had been exploded and that the defenders were in pieces. The official report has a humane and benevolent detachment from the scene.

"'Nothing of special interest occurred during the day'—which means that the trenches were under constant shell fire. A shell is nothing of special interest even when, exploding, it occupies a trench element. 'We repulsed four different attacks after a struggle of extreme severity.' The official recorder allows a touch of color in the picture, but nothing that reveals the field over which four attacks went.

"British casualties as published in May show a total of 5,902 officers and 106,331 men." That fills out the canvas. The Somme drive accounted for 105,169 British officers and men. A year ago there was a keener perception of what war meant. The Somme drive was an appalling effort, visualized in horror as such. The fighting now is even more severe, but the capacity for horror is limited. The mind protects itself by failing to perceive. War is war, but even it will be glossed over in the numbing of the perceptive processes.

That the allies have not yet finished driving nails into the head of Hindenburg is the belief of the Cleveland Plain Dealer, which says:

"For the moment the French and British are desisting from their violent attacks on the German lines in France. The original Hindenburg line, though punctured in some places, still roughly marks the German positions. The secondary or supporting lines are not directly menaced.

"It may be possible for the Germans to take comfort in the knowledge that they are still standing where they proposed to stand when they retired from their advanced positions of the Arras-Soissons line. France and Great Britain have exerted their greatest energy, and the Hindenburg line still holds. Lens and Douai and Cambrai and St. Quentin and Laon are in German possession. There is nothing approaching a general shift of the war field.

SYKES in Philadelphia Evening Ledger

Coming Up

From The Bystander, London

"EGGS-PLOSIVES" FROM THE ENTENTE

Wilhelm: "They vos very high, Bethmann!"

Bethmann: "They vos tall, Majestat, but not high—not high. We get dem fresh effery day!"

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J. SIMONT in L'Illustration, Paris

"The French!"

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From London Opinion

Gretchen's Brother

The Germans have just formed a company—the Deutsche Kadaver-Verwertungs-Gesellschaft—for the revolting purpose of converting their dead soldiers into oil, glycerine, and soap.—Daily Press

"Such comfort is unsubstantial. The summer is not really begun and the allies have shown no signs of wearying. Their present pause, like other pauses since the beginning of their spring offensive, is not a period of rest for the Germans. All along the line the British and French artillery is booming day and night, slowly annihilating the German defenses. For Hindenburg it is a time of sleepless watchfulness. For the German soldiers in the trenches it is a time of dire peril and nerve-racking anxiety.

"More than four months of the best fighting weather are ahead of the allies. What they have achieved already may be regarded as little more than preparation for what is to follow. Best of all, the initiative is wholly with the allies. The Germans must fight where and when the allies dictate.

"On the basis of positive achievement the allies can build no structure of extreme optimism. The German defenses have held against their best efforts. The German morale may have slightly deteriorated, but it is still excellent. The German wastefulness in the use of men indicates confidence that the supply is not diminishing. The work ahead of Petain and Haig for months to come will be scarcely less difficult than that which has been done by the allies during the past two months.

"The real basis for optimism is the ability of the allies to keep everlastingly at their task. There is no rest for Hindenburg. Such unbroken activity must in the long run bring victory to the side that is able, because of superior numbers or superiority in munitions, to retain the offensive. In such a war it is the anvil rather than the hammer that must suffer the more severely."

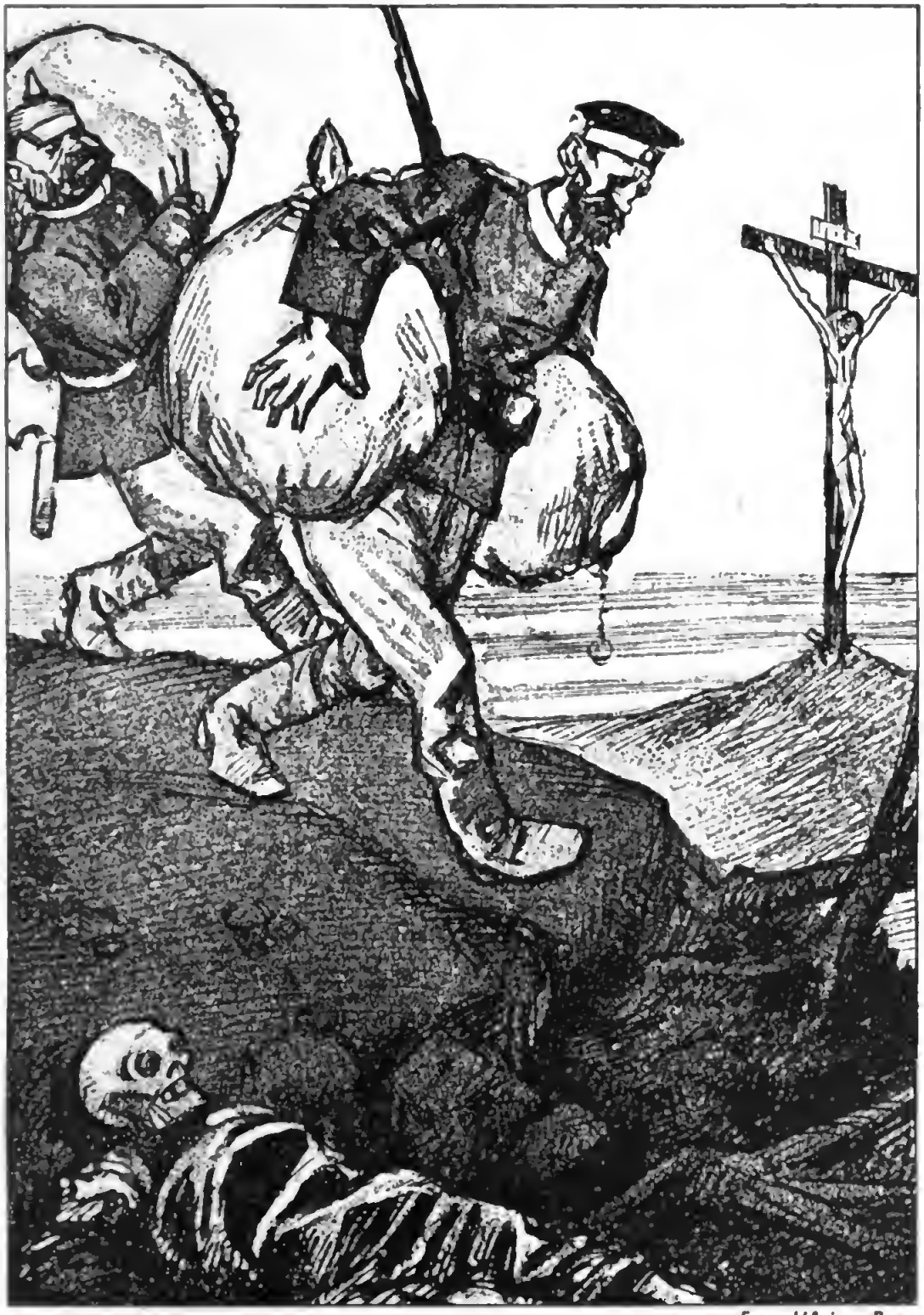
Had Russia been able to strike simultaneously with the French and British, this summer might have seen the defeat of Germany. To quote the New York Tribune:

"Everything that has happened since the British stepped out of their trenches on Easter Monday confirms the fact that the initiative has been permanently lost to the Germans on the west, that they are manifestly out-gunned and that they are compelled to fight a steadily losing battle. It is necessary, on the other hand, to recognize that in the last two weeks there has been a total refutation of any charge that German morale as a whole has broken down. German troops have never fought better in the war than they have fought before Arras. But this is mainly due to the fact that the Germans have been obliged to use their picked troops, selected to make an offensive elsewhere, in endeavoring to bolster up a threatened line.

"It is easy to draw too widely optimistic

From Nebelspalter, Zurich

Round and round the ring he goes;
Which one will receive his blows?



From L'Asino, Rome

THE HUNS' RETREAT

"Christ is looking at us."
"Don't be afraid. He's nailed all right."

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From Kladderadatsch, Berlin

GERMANY'S STRATEGIC RETREAT
Tommy Atkins: "Where in thunder are the damn Germans?"

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conclusions from the allied offensive. The French attack along the Aisne still remains a threat rather than an immediate peril to the Germans. Still, the British operation east of Arras has become a deadly peril, and is steadily forcing the Germans to sacrifice in a losing game the best of what is left to them of their reserves. If it were possible for Russia to repeat the Brusiloff attack of last June now, the end of the war this year would be assured and a military decision might be expected in Europe before snow flies. On the other hand, if the Russian situation continues to get worse, and the Germans are able to bring more and more of their troops from the east to the west, it is entirely possible that they may be able to avoid a decision this year, although it is exceedingly unlikely that they will be able to postpone a retreat from their present line to the frontier, as they were able to postpone their retreat from the Somme to the present line last year.

"On the military side, the last month has been the most promising for the allies since the war began. It shows a superiority in guns and in material which has hitherto either lain with the Germans or been possessed by allies who still lacked the necessary training to use it. No one should be deluded by the German claim to have prevented the piercing of their lines. The piercing of the line in the west has been for over two years and a half something that could happen only by accident, accompanied by the total demoralization of huge masses of men. The allies have never expected to pierce the German lines since they began their attack at the Somme last year. They are grinding the German man power, killing, wounding and capturing more Germans than the Germans are killing, wounding and capturing British and French combined, and the German game is up, just as the game of the Confederacy was up in 1864, unless the assured victory of the allies on land can be rendered useless either by a compensating submarine victory on the sea or by the absolute withdrawal of Russia from the war."

From Fliegende Blaetter, Munich

John Bull: "Right this way, gents. The grand offensive is about to be shown!"

© M. Robert Boss

A Duck's Egg
After a painting by Raphael Kirchner

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© M. Robert Boss

Hatched

After a painting by Raphael Kirchner

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Gosses et

by Mme. Leonie

– Oh, moi c'est avec des vrais petits Boches, que je voudrais jouer à la guerre.

AMONG the great war artists Poulbot has made a place for himself by his pictures of the little denizens of the Montmartre. He is the master painter of the Paris "sparrows." Not that he couldn't have excelled in any other field, but it is a drastic rule in the artistic market, as it is elsewhere, that one must have a specialty, always strike the same nail, if he wishes to attain fame and success. As one of our most prominent art dealers recently remarked: "It is necessary that the guest on entering your billiard room, for instance, should exclaim on seeing a small water color, 'Well, it's a nice little Poulbot you have there!' For if it were not a Poulbot, or, being a Poulbot, were not recognized as such without close scrutiny, it would not be worth while having a Poulbot. Either your friend would feel hurt in his pride as a con-

– Encore un autre petit frère ?
– Oui, un petit belge.

– Et les mômes Boches ils embrassent leur père ?...

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Bonhommes

Bernardini-Sjoestedt

noisseur, or you would be still more vexed at having paid a hundred dollars for a few bold pencil strokes on a piece of paper hardly as large as your hand."

These little pencil sketches touched up with water color now vie in public favor with the eighteenth-century color prints, especially for the decoration of well-lighted rooms without any pretense of *intimité*. The scarcity of coal experienced during the latter part of the winter had a tendency to concentrate social life in the living rooms of one's apartment, and hence, perhaps, stimulated the vogue for color designs, and particularly for sumptuous dolls in national or historical costumes, dolls whose pretty faces and charming proportions make them works of art worthy of a place in the decorative scheme of boudoirs and hallways. Poulbot himself has modeled some surprising Mont-

– Ils sont là !!!

Oui mais, il est fort papa, plus fort que dix boches.

Sans l'officier, les soldats nous auraient peut-être rien fait ?

POULBOT in La Baionnette, Paris

Auctioneer: "Good news from the front? . . . . Everything at your own price."

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Schoolmaster: "Now each of you copy five hundred times 'We must not waste paper.'"

martre children, droll, but at the same time touching, and which, after the war, when French factories are fully rehabilitated, will no doubt replace the ugly, stereotyped dolls with which Germany once flooded us.

The Poulbot "sparrow" is an ornithological specimen of a rather limited habitat. He is found for the most part on the heights of Butte Montmartre, that bizarre, old-fashioned spot which one is always astounded to find so close to the teeming heart of Paris, and yet could not imagine elsewhere. It is here that one breathes the very quintessence of the people's soul, that mixture of tenderness, of blague, of honesty, and of the philosophy that sees things in their proper relations.

In this Montmartre, which rises towards the Sacré-Coeur basilica, the steep byways are seldom invaded by cabs, and are almost impassable for autos. The pavement thus belongs to the little ones, the children of the *concierge*, the wine merchant, and the coal dealer, who here in perfect safety carry on their skirmishes and reconnaisances in imitation of the "grown up" war. Sand piles left by a paternal administration at the irregular street crossings are marvelously adapted to tactical maneuvers.

"If it hadn't been for that *chameau de concierge*," exclaims one of Poulbot's *gosses*, indicating a plump matron who is retiring after a victorious charge with a broom; "if it hadn't been for that *chameau de concierge*, we would have won the battle."

Chameau in French slang is hardly a flattering epithet to apply to anyone, particularly to such an important person as a *concierge*. In its most common sense it signifies a woman who is less commendable for her moral qualities than by virtue of past charms too lavishly dispensed. And it is really distressing to hear a little *polisson* apply it to a woman respectable both by reason of her avoirdupois and her occupation.

One is not surprised to hear that this Poulbot sketch, of which 800,000 copies have been printed, has deeply offended the estimable order of *concierges*. Read the following naïve letter with which Poulbot has prefaced his book *"Des Gosses et des Bonhommes,"* and you may judge for yourself whether it is not a classic both in its simplicity of form and the cutting force of its rhetoric:

"Monsieur:

"Many of us camels of *concierges* have their husbands at the front or

"He doesn't care whether we're at war or not. He eats his stick of candy all the same."

An Accident to a Red Cross Patient
The cover page of Poulbot's "Des Gosses et des Bonhommes."

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their sons in the trenches, and they remained at their posts all last year. They haven't gone to Bordeaux like you. If you have boys I suppose they are making idiotic pictures, also like you, out of danger. It would take a lot of your kind to prevent the Boches from coming here. I don't think it's your pictures that defend the country. Do something better and let us *concierges* alone; yours has no reason to be proud of such a lodger as you.

A Concierge."

Could anything be more direct or to the point? "They have remained at their posts. They haven't gone to Bordeaux." Ah, who shall measure the depths of popular sarcasm called forth by the flight to Bordeaux! However unjust to families so situated that they could take their daughters out of harm's way, this bitterness is easily pardonable in the poorer people who must submit to fate as it strikes them.

But the honest *concierge* commits a grave error when she exhorts Poulbot to do something better for the national defense. An artist who holds the soul of the people up to public gaze serves as well as the soldier in the trenches. Besides, Poulbot has been there, although he was not strong enough to stay, and a brother of his has lost an arm at the front.

Zozo Poulbot, his adopted daughter, whose story I have told before, has also gone to the front, at least in her imagination, as we have been informed in a remarkable film produced in many of the Parisian cinemas. It was, I believe, on Christmas night that Zozo dreamed of her papa in the trenches which were cruelly bombarded by the Germans. Like the brave little *Montmartoise* that she is, she did not hesitate. No, she jumped out of bed, and without even putting on her shoes and stockings, ran for the front where naturally she soon put the Boches to rout. And she came back to the streets of Montmartre dragging behind her as a proof of her victory a score of very amazed Boche prisoners. Ah, what a scene was that on the slope of Butte Montmartre when Zozo, famous Zozo Poulbot, whom all Montmartre knows, danced over the stone pavement, laughing and triumphant in her little nightshift, with her string of prisoners, as the operators turned their cranks! The

He'll Melt!

goodwives crowded the street doors; the *gosses*, brandishing their wooden swords, circled the strange cortège with frantic yells. Was it not a scream!

Poulbot's *gosses* are having a lot of fun these days at the expense of the Zeppelins. The boys coming from school or kindergarten, and the girls, too, dancing down the streets, clinging to each other's aprons, or with arms around each other's waists, sing in mocking tones:

"Encore un Zeppelin d'cassé
V'là l' vitrier qui passe."

(Another Zeppelin smashed, and there the sharpshooter goes.)

The "Little Poulbots," as they are now known in Paris, follow the events of the day closely. At present their song runs like this:

"Guillaume si tu continues,
De tous les Prussiens il n'en restera guère;
Guillaume si tu continues,
De tous les Prussiens il n'en restera plus."

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(Wilhelm, if you go on like this, there won't be many Prussians left; Wilhelm, if you go on like this, there won't be any Prussians left.)

The Little Poulbots also have their troubles. The high cost of living weighs on their tiny shoulders, too. Here are three of them, their noses lifted to the humble display of a Montmartre pastry cook.

"Formerly, when there was no war," they observe, "you could get two *pralines* (almond tarts) for a sou."

In another picture two *gosses*, spellbound before a sweetmeat shop as Adam and Eve before the gates of Paradise, look enviously at a smaller urchin who has just come from the store sucking his stick of candy. Philosopher-like, one of the bigger boys remarks disdainfully: "He doesn't care whether we're at war or not; he eats his stick of candy just the same."

Yes, the cost of living is high, and we must economize. So the teacher gives his unruly class good advice in punishing them. "Now each of you," he says, "will copy five hundred times this sentence—'We must not waste paper.'"

But Poulbot does not only draw *gosses*. He also draws *bonhommes*. The *bonhomme* is the *gosse* grown up, and *bonhommes* is what the poilus call themselves. You can take it for granted that the name of poilus, inflicted upon them by popular usage, is only half pleasing to them, though they employ it jestingly among themslves. A poilu pictures to the imagination a shaggy man, a giant with three hairs, who fears nothing. *Bonhomme* is the term that pleases because it implies kindness and modesty. A *bonhomme* is what children chalk on walls or asphalt pavements. It fits the baby boy whom the mother sometimes addresses as "*mon bonhomme*," and it applies equally well to the peaceable old grandfather with his pipe.

Poulbot shows us two of them awakening by the roadside. "Well, old man, I've slept fine," says one. "*Parbleu*, why shouldn't you? You have a mud pillow," says the other.

But now, in spite of the storms and snows of this belated spring, the sun of victory is rising, and with all our hearts we are saying in France what Poulbot's *gosses* say of the gigantic snow man in the pickelhaube: "He'll melt!" He will melt this summer.

Her Hand!

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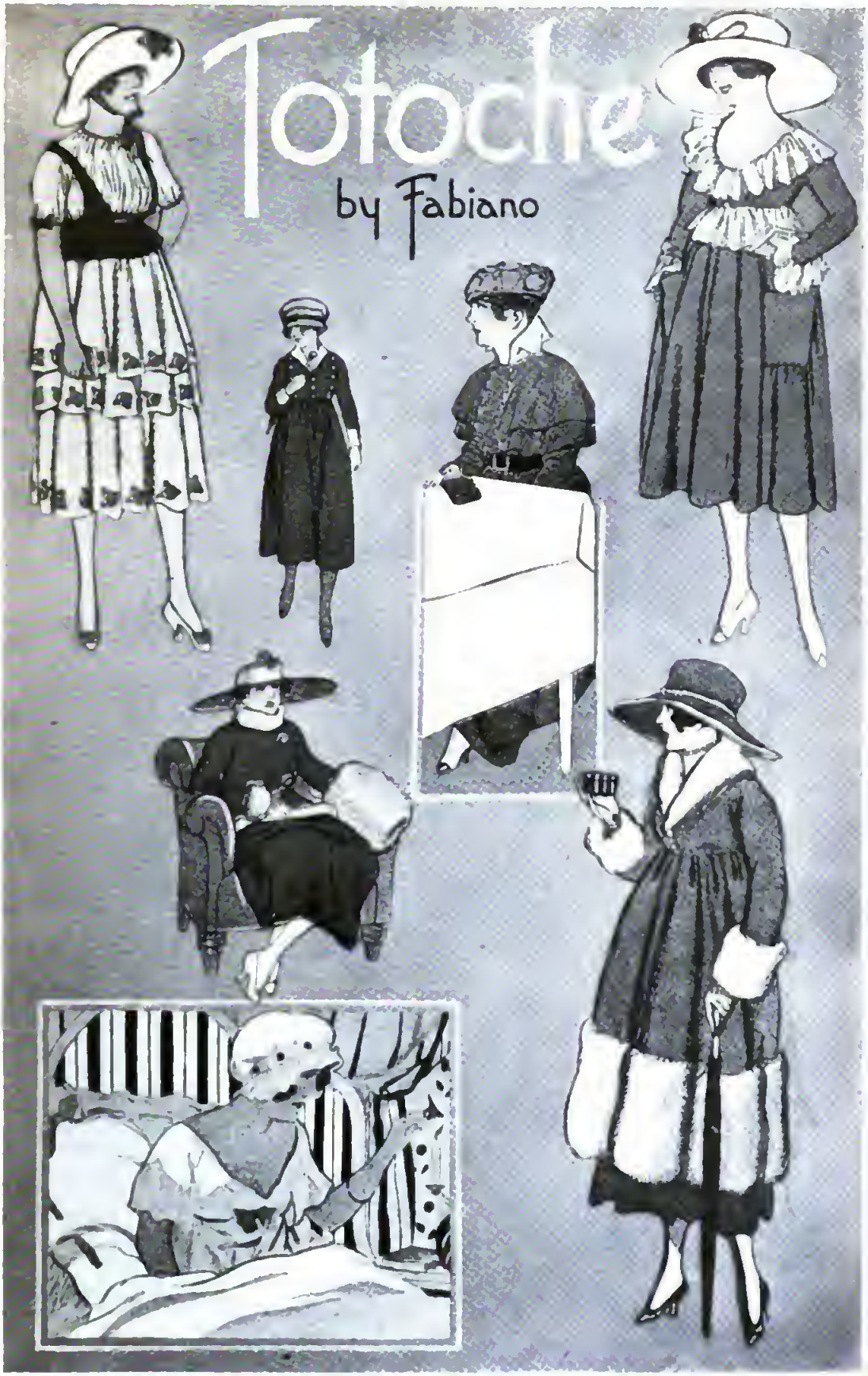

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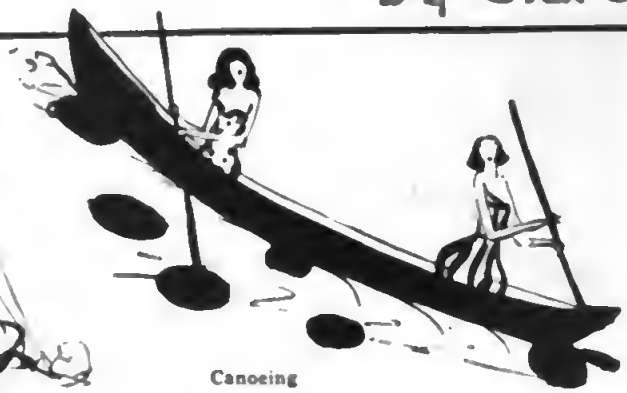
Bathing

By Clara

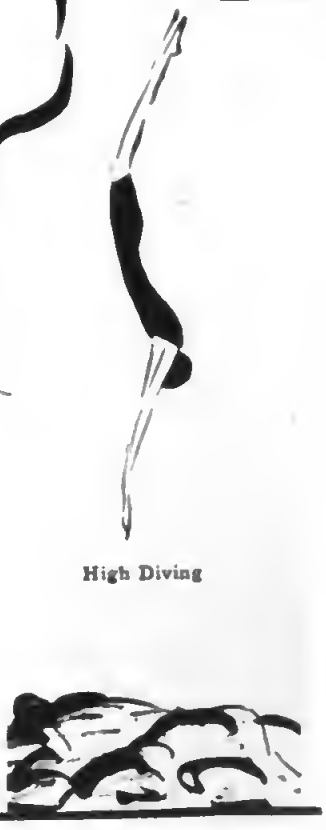
Sunning Their Hair



Canoeing

Bathing Cape

On the Raft



High Diving

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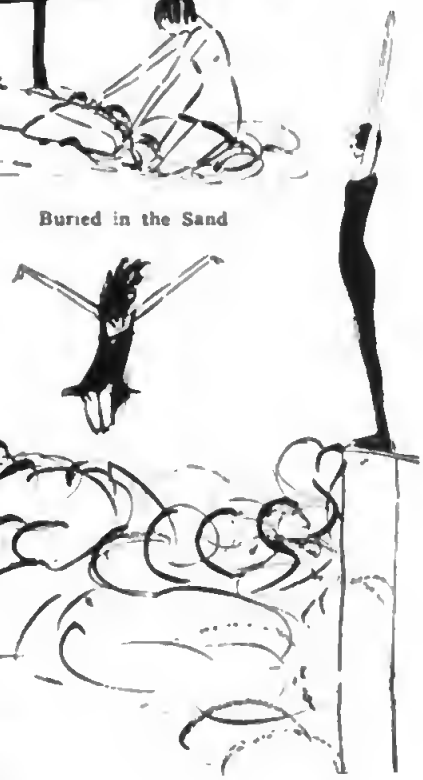
Girls

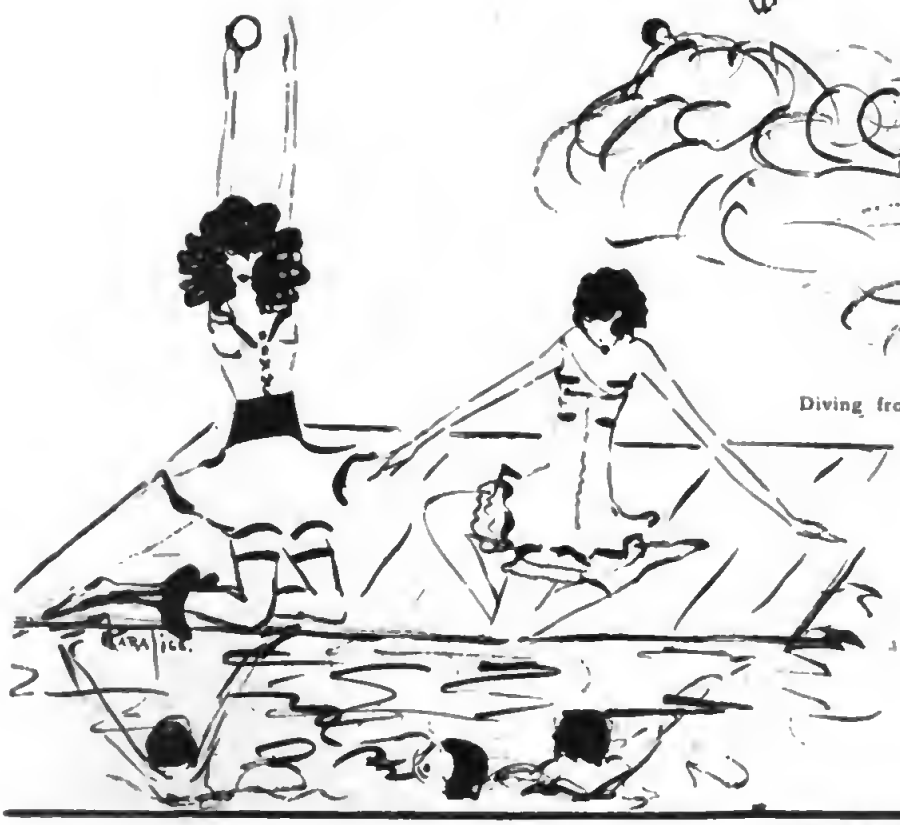
Tice

Dancing

Buried in the Sand



Diving from the Pier



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine

A Game of Ball

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East Wallop's
by Helena

JAKE PRUE, the barber, gave a cosmopolitan touch to the town of East Wallop. He had an olive skin, wore a tiny black moustache and it was said he could talk French, Italian, and other allied languages.

The social atmosphere of Jake's barber shop was so alluring that many persons went clean shaven who otherwise might have raised beards.

"Emmer's been growing up lately," Jake observed.

The gossip of East Wallop was clipped and trimmed in Jake's shop before the items blossomed in type and many subjects were discussed there that never got into the paper at all.

While this was a public institution including practically all of the male population, yet full-fledged membership consisted of ownership of a private shaving mug, adorned with initials or the owner's name, a badger brush, soap remnant, comb, and an open faced locker for the safe-keeping of these valuables. The blue list of East Wallop's gentry could be read by casting the eye over these pigeon holes.

You couldn't mention a place where Jake hadn't been. Why he'd been everywhere. It certainly was interesting to hear Jake go on, but if you ever noticed that while Jake could talk about places, and all sorts of queer folks that he'd met in his day, and tell the most hair-raising incidents, yet, somehow, you never seemed to acquire many real facts about Jake himself. He could be as close-mouthed as anybody. Some folks even went so far as to say that at some time, somewhere, Jake had been married.

East Wallop women folks quickened their step in passing Jake's. They charged him with responsibility for the gossip which came out from time to time, and small bits of which men retailed. There were a few women who took their little boys to Jake's for their first Dutch cut, but these mothers

He Had Never Acted Like That Before

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Tonsorial Artist

Smith-Dayton

East Wallop Women Folks Quickened Their Step in Passing Jake's

entered with an air of timidity and hoped that they would escape before some man came in.

Robbie's mother cried two whole days before she led bim to be sheared. Tbough Robbie hated his long blond curls, and aspired to be "a little man" he screamed and hollered at the very sight of the scissors. Apologetically his mother maintained that "he had never acted like that before."

Hours of waiting in Jake's shop were beguiled pleasantly with reading. Magazines you never saw anywhere else and pink papers littered the place. Jake's was absolutely the worst place in the world to start a continued story.

You could talk to people at Jake's that you wouldn't venture to speak to anywhere else. The atmosphere even humanized old Mr. Burbee of the Bank. He could shave notes but he couldn't shave himself. You could start an argument any time by merely suggesting the convenience of safety razors. Young Ralston Simms was not popular with Jake Prue because he was overheard to admit that he used one himself.

What Jake didn't know about baseball wasn't recorded in the year book. He would describe inside play with a wealth of detail, and he always gave the impression that he had been seated immediately behind the third-base foul line of a big national-league game the afternoon before. Jake always had his dope at tever heat in world's-series time and his post-mortem inquest hrought up a maze of individual and team-batting averages when the hot-stove league went into executive session on cold winter evenings.

Yet, wbile Jake Prue was considered an authority on the war, baseball, local politics, the prize ring, and far away cities, as well as prominent persons he had shaved, no one credited him with appreciation of the one subject upon which he prided himself most—feminine beauty. He had actually been heard to declare that "little Emma Sawyer," the orphan who lived with old Mrs. Peck and worked for her board and clothes, was the prettiest girl in East Wallop.

Little Emma Sawyer

"D'you mean to say that you think Emmer's better

Full Fledged Membership Consisted of Ownership of a Private Shaving Mug

looking than Lou Sothergill?" demanded Bud Silliby, proprietor of the "Beehive." Lou had long reigned belle of East Wallop.

"I certainly do!" declared the tonsorial Paris. "Lou is good-looking all right, but she can't hold a candle to that little Emmer Sawyer."

"Why, Emmer's only a kid," depreciated Dave Smollins, the station agent. "It seems only yesterday when old Mrs. Peck got off the train with her and she looked like a little picked chicken."

"Emmer's heen growing up lately," Jake observed, as he tried the edge of a razor.

"There's a lot of girls in this town who are a hundred times better-looking than that Sawyer girl," Lute Wizzley affirmed.

"Emmer," stated Jake deliberately, as the lather dried on an upturned countenance; "Emmer is as beautiful a girl as I've seen in all my travels, which are considerable. Even in cities I've rarely observed her equal."

"She's got good eyes," admitted someone, "now that I come to think of them."

"Eyes!" exclaimed Jake. "Why that girl has got reg'lar stars in her head. Of course she hain't learned how to use 'em—no trick stuff—but they're there. Yes, sir, they're there!"

"She has a fine color," contributed old Mr. Burbee, unexpectedly. "Sort of bloomy. But you must remember, Mr. Prue, that there's some remarkably beautiful young ladies in this town."

Mr. Burbee could silence an argument if he couldn't settle it. From that time on "the boys" delighted in getting Jake "going" on the subject of Emma. Everybody knew that his championship of the girl was not inspired by any personal interest. His was the attitude of the art critic not aspiring to ownership of a masterpiece, but singling it out for praise because of superior merit. Soon, everybody in town was staring at Emma as if they had never seen her before. Some, who prided themselves on being just, at least, admitted during heated arguments at Jake's that she had a few good points.

"It's her hair that Jake is taken with," pointed out Charlie Dobbins, the real estate man. "She's got enough to advertise a tonic. Perhaps—"

"I've noticed she has exceptionally good teeth," interrupted the East Wallop dentist.

Others credited to Emma Sawyer features, figure, youth, and personality.

"Don't you see," Jake would rave, "that altogether you admit Emmer has all the qualifications needful for beauty. What none of you can see is that she has got all of 'em at once. Why, man! She's a won-

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der—and not a soul in this place knows it but me—and I don't count. It's a tragedy. You give that girl the clothes and the money and the position that some girls in this town has got and she'd open your eyes."

One Saturday afternoon in early June, Jake's shop was filled with the usual crowd. The proprietor was too busy to talk, except to call out "NEXT!" from time to time. Ralston Simms entered and gave a general nod, shrugged his shoulders at the number ahead of him, and took up a position near the window.

"When d'you get back to town, Ralston?" asked some one.

"On the 2:10," he answered, gazing moodily into the street.

"Have a pleasant trip?" demanded another.

"Um-m-yes," he admitted, indifferently.

"Guess you find this town pretty tame after the places you visit," ventured a third.

Ralston Simms was the sort of person in East Wallop that humble and snobbish folks liked to mention in future conversations as: "Rally Simms was saying to me only this afternoon—"

Anything he might have said would have been treasured up and repeated. But when, suddenly, he said with an enthusiasm no one present had ever known him to display before, "There goes the prettiest girl in East Wallop," even the man whom Jake was working on struggled to get a look.

Ralston Simms

Tripping demurely past, carrying a loaf of bread, went Emma Sawyer!

There was a moment's silence. And then, every man in that shop but Jake Prue agreed heartily with Ralston Simms. Each one declared that HE had always thought Emma a beauty.

Jake Prue, listening, sighed. His taste was vindicated, true enough, but somehow he felt rather sorry not only for himself—but for Emma.

"Next!"

A Dream of

Herouard in Fantasio, © Paris

To the Herouard Girl

DELIGHTFUL memories you bring
Of beaux and belles of Yesteryear
When Louis Fourteenth reigned as King—
Ah, were they not brave days, my dear?—
I love you in that flowered chiffon;
I quite adore that dainty patch;
La Vallière nor Montespan
Your beauty could begin to match.
And, if you'd put it up to me,
I'd say you were a peach, Marie.

Your Herouard with graceful touch
(You sure look stunning, girl, in blue!)
A plumpness gives, but not too much—
I wouldn't mind if I were you.
I like your nose; it's retrousé;
Your lips, the real coleur de rose;
Upon your cheeks the dimples play;
I certainly admire your hose—
And if sometimes a bit too high
Your skirt is lifted, naught care I.

And though, a girl of Long Ago,
You smack of farthingales and such,
Of minuet and ruffled beau,
You somehow have the modern touch.

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Fair Women

To the Kuhn-Regnier Gir!

FROM far-away Mycenaean days,
Perchance from fabled Ilium,
Across the ways where Triton plays,
Dear little maid, you seem to come;
Some temple frieze or Grecian urn
Did first preserve your features fair;
Some Paris first with love did burn,
And rave about your glowing hair.
And, were you there today,—Oh, boy!
I sure WOULD scale those walls of Troy.

As drawn by this Kuhn-Regnier,
Wholly delightful Little One,
With you I'd love to spend the day
Upon the Island of the Sun;
Or, visiting Calypso's isle
Across the blue Tyrrhenian Sea,
I'd like to chat with you awhile
Beneath the old pomegranate tree.
I never knew, Pearl without Price,
That little Greek girls were so nice.

I see you in your marble halls,
With naked arms and sandaled feet,
Hanging new garlands on the walls,
Home-coming conquerors to greet.
In flying trireme you are sent,
A captive sweet in golden chains,
To grace some warlike Philip's tent
Upon the Macedonian Plains.
Distracting, classic little Miss,
You've got me going — Here's a kiss.

Kuhn-Regnier in Fantasio, © Paris

An Old Game in New Settings

MAC MICHAEL in London Opinion

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BEFORE ADAM and AFTER

by Hugh Rankin

Flossie Flit: "What's that funny noise?"
Elmer Elf: "Oh! "That's one of those fool lightning bugs trying to thunder."

Bridie Bonebead: "Dearie me! What will I ever do for biscuits with sandstone at five bones a pound?"

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Showing Up the Cartooners

BY J. P. McEVOY

I HAVE seen a wistful victim
  Gaily belted on the attic
For a minor indiscretion
    Or a sentiment erratic,
I have seen him castigated
  With a dornick on the bean,
With a mission-freighted missile
  Shunted swiftly o'er the scene;
I haye watched the pert pulsations
  Of a vibratory bludgeon
On the flat cephalic onion
  Of a turbulent curmudgeon,
But he never did his exit,
  Oh, he never did I swear!
As the cute cartooners draw him:
  With his feet up in the air.

I have seen a fellow-mortal
  Do a brodie in the drink,
Take a header in the dampness,
  Try a Kellerman and sink,
Yea, go down as would a biscuit
  Manufactured by a bride,
Coming back to see the surface
  With some bubbles on the side;
I have seen a fellow mortal
  Go beneath the lapping wave
To what fancy fiction writers
  Deftly call a "watery grave,"
I have seen him drown completely—
  Rotten luck—but here's the rub:
When he struggled to the surface
  He did NOT remark "Glub glub"

Drawings by Virgil E. Alford

HENRY THEODORUS GOBEMOUCHE was born in a Middle Western city and managed to attain the age of thirteen years before his relatives began bruiting it about that they were certain that their Henry was "too clever with the pencil" to be on any other road but the artistic one. Now, when one's relatives begin this sort of talk instead of ending it at one's thirteenth birthday, one is generally lost and actually does become an artist.

Our Henry, then, became an artist. He caricatured his associates and copied his gods so diligently that we find him on his fifteenth birthday with but five magazine illustrators on the summit of his own, personal Olympus, a dozen or so more whom he considered minor deities, and the chief of

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The Businesslike Woman

the art department of the biggest local newspaper who held a position somewhere between a demigod and a great hero. On his sixteenth birthday, Mr. Bois, which was the name of the chief of the newspaper artists, had lost his divinity and was approachable to mortals. So Henry approached him—with drawings—dozens of them. And Mr. Bois looked over Henry's drawings with a kindly air and "guessed that he could take him on for a try-out, anyway."

"About how much did you expect to begin on?" he asked.

Henry, after a frantic effort, was able to squeeze out the words "about five dollars." Mr. Bois gulped a half-glass of water and patted the remainder on his forehead. He loosed bis collar.

"My—my dear boy!" he gasped, "you can't realize what you are saying! Don't you know that our paper is read every day in one—hun—dred—thous—and homes? That between five and six hundred thousand persons will see your drawings every day? One million two hundred thousand eyes gaze upon your signature? Great heavens, man! Think of the advertising a job like this means to you! I offer you $1.50 the week."

And Henry began his first silver-print portrait.

FIVE years later Henry's Olympus was uninhabited. The gods themselves were approachable now—and Henry took a train for New York—with drawings—hundreds of them. The magazine editors welcomed him with open arms. No, they had not heard of him. In spite of the billions of Middle Western retinas that had reacted to his signature, his fame had failed to cross the Mississippi. The editors welcomed him because—well, what if *you* were the art editor of a rich monthly magazine and your only duties were to choose an artist to illustrate each manuscript and to see that the composing-room set the illustrations into the magazine right-side-up, and if you had an able secretary to attend to both these duties for you—wouldn't you welcome visiting artists witb open arms, even at the cost of looking at their drawings?

"I do sea-stories and Alaskan stuff particularly well," explained Henry, who failed to grasp the underlying cause of his first editor's enthusiasm. Up to this point they had been chatting of people they botb knew out west, of Russian dramatists, of conscription and of whether pigs have wings. At the mention of drawings, tbe old ennui returned to the editor's face. He excused himself and retired to his suite of offices. Henry, bewildered, was making a mess of rewrapping his drawings when a businesslike woman emerged from the editor's door.

"Mr. Gobemoucbe?"

"Yes—"

"Mr. Forgeron asked me to give you this manuscript. Six illustrations. $20."

"Each?"

"Oh, my dear sir!" The businesslike woman's poise very nearly deserted her. She clutched the edge of the table. "You must realize, sir, that we have a guaranteed circulation of one million. Think of what that means! It means that some five millions of American readers will see your drawings. That one person in every twenty—oh! OH! How *can* you haggle over the price? Think of the advertisement all this means to you!"

ART-MANAGERS of advertising agencies whispered, awestruck, of the vast army of cloak and suit dealers who would see his drawings. Rich private collectors reminded him of the wealth and the number of their friends who would visit their galleries and see his paintings. His

government, whilst paying war prices to lithographers, bill-posters, and printers, asked him to do posters to encourage enlistment. When he named his own war price, they shamed him for his lack of patriotism and told him of the number of sign-boards which would bear his work.

AN old, hoar man shambles down the hill in front of the poorhouse. An attendant hurries out to meet him.

"Sorry, old man, but we are full up."

"You will have room for me," says the old man as he runs his thin fingers through the melting snows on his brow, "For I am Henry Theodorus Gobemouche."

"The famous artist? Impossible!" exclaims the skeptical attendant. "Why, one sees Gobemouches everywhere! There is never an art magazine issued without reproductions of his works."

"All," sighs the old man, "all done by me. But alas, each brush-stroke was done solely to advertise the next! Take me in—there's a good fellow! Think of the advertisement it will be for the poorhouse!"

The Hill to the Poorhouse

Top (left to right), Frances White; Quaker Aunt in "Oh, Boy!"; Lionel Barrymore in "Peter Ibbetson." Below, Scene from "Love o'Mike."

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Top, Fay Bainter in "The Willow Tree" and Jack Barrymore in "Peter Ibbetson."
Below, Costume Study from "Peter Ibbetson" and Mrs. Hoffmeyer in "Bosom Friends."

Registering

BY SUMMERFIELD

Question Marks Rising Like Bubbles

CARLYLE, I believe, is responsible for the statement that "it is in and through symbols that man, consciously or unconsciously, lives, works, and has his being; those ages, moreover, are accounted the noblest which can the best recognize symbolical worth, and prize it highest." No more appropriate motto than this could be inscribed over the gate to a cartoonists' hall of fame, for it is by means of symbols that the cartoonist has most of all contrived to charm and amuse the generation to which he has come. I remember debating hotly a few weeks ago over a page of comics in one of the New York journals as to which of the well-known characters there presented was most realistically treated. The debate naturally never reached any definite conclusion, but since then I have come to realize more than ever its utter absurdity. For to apply the test of realism to the work of a cartoonist is to try to measure a meter stick with a foot rule. They have no common denominator.

The essence of the art of the realist is that he creates fiction in imitation of fact. By definition, the art of the cartoonist is to parody

Hoban's Cloud-and-Cross Effect

Acrobatic Surprise as Expressed by Voight

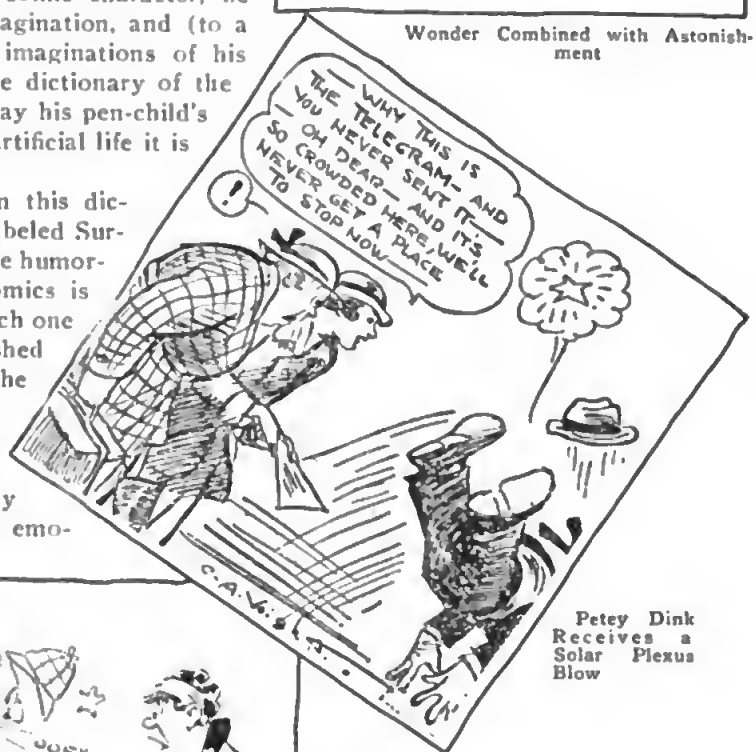
Surprise

BALDWIN

fact without imitating it. But parody obviously requires representation, and the solution of this complex and partly self-contradictory problem lies in the symbol. The symbol represents without copying. Hence, to construct an effective parody, one must first of all invent such symbols as are at once intrinsically humorous, and universally recognizable. The cartoonist has perforce adopted this solution into his æsthetic creed, and, presumably, before he undertakes to create a new comic character, he compiles from his own imagination, and (to a certain extent) from the imaginations of his fellow-artists, an exhaustive dictionary of the symbols necessary to portray his pen-child's reactions upon the highly artificial life it is destined to lead.

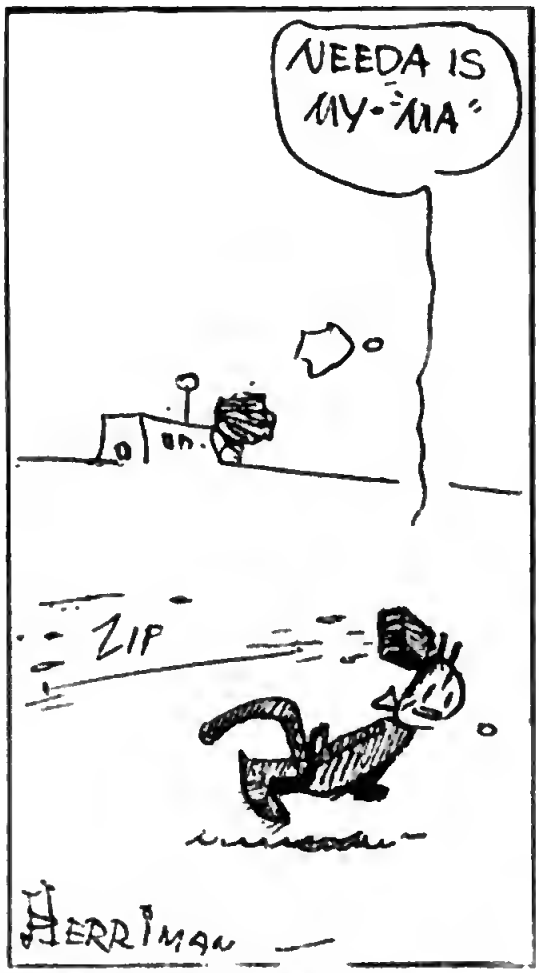
One of the first entries in this dictionary is unquestionably labeled Surprise. For a good part of the humorous effect of a strip of comics is due to a denouement in which one of the protagonists is astonished by the word or deed of the other. To be sure, there are other forms of denouement, those involving disappointment, anger, amusement, any one of the simpler human emo-

Wonder Combined with Astonishment



Petey Dink Receives a Solar Plexus Blow

When Hit by a Flowerpot One Remarks "Oof!"



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Mr. Herriman's Krazy Kat Registering Mild Surprise

tions, but in at least half of the cartoonist's work, the appeal is made through the shock caused by an impertinent, unintelligent, or witty remark, or by some method of a more physical nature. There is, consequently, a tremendous need for a good collection of surprise symbols.

It requires no great power of multiplying distinctions to see that these symbols fall into two great classes. There is first the symbol ordinarily confined to parody, the symbol which we may term hyperbolical. Then there is the more universal form of symbol, which is purely arbitrary and depends altogether for its effectiveness upon the catholicity of its appeal. In the cartoonist's art, where human beings are involved, the first type of symbol naturally prevails. When we are surprised, we almost always evidence it in some more or less obvious way. We start, we gape, we raise our eyebrows. When fear is added to surprise, we tremble, we shut our eyes, our hair (perhaps,—I have never been frightened enough to know for myself) stands on end. When pain and fear are both added to surprise, our entire countenance is apt to lose its expression, and our muscles to become paralyzed. The cartoonist merely exaggerates these perfectly normal manifestations. If, in his opinion, exaggeration is either hackneyed or, by itself, not effective enough, he then may have recourse to world-old arbitrary symbols, half designed to envisage mental states, half designed to lend piquancy to the picture.

The oldest and best known hyperbolical symbol of surprise is the exaggeration of quite an ordinary start into a complete backsomersault. Mr. Voight employs this method considerably in his Uncle Petey series.

Thus in one of the strips before me, Petey Dink and Henrietta are in their bathing suits (they wintered at Palm Beach, you

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A Study in Dynamics by Bud Fisher

know). They are posing (so they suppose) for a society photographer. When this courteous young gentleman comes up and asks them to move a little, so that he can photograph the couple behind them, the blow to their self-esteem so shocks them that they immediately back-somersault out of the picture. The effect of the stout nether extremities of Henrietta is, as you can imagine, deliciously indiscreet. Mr. Voight apparently funks trying to do the facial expression of surprise, for in most of the astonishment pictures of his that I have seen, he arranges the composition so that the back-somersault carries the faces out of range of his pen.

The natural temptation of the easy-going but hard-worked comic-page cartoonist is ultimately to eliminate the rather complex apparatus of a back-somersault by so cutting off his picture that only the feet and lower legs of the surprised character are visible. Consequently, within recent years, this device has become one of the most common of the symbols of astonishment. Probably Tad was the first to employ it. The feet of the Judge projecting above his official desk, when a sally of some petty criminal or pretty jury woman has upset his judicial dignity, have enough irreverence for law about them to satisfy our suppressed wish (as Doctor Freud would say) to commit contempt of court. Then, too, the desk furnished an excellent excuse for hiding the rest of the Judge's person. It had a similar value in Mr. Hoban's Jerry on the Job, when the job

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The Back Somerset Symbol—a Favorite Device of the Artist

consisted of being jack-of-all-trades around a railroad station. Many a lunch-counter customer has by some unintended witticism thrown Jerry off his balance, and eliminated all but the disproportionately large feet of that youth from the picture.

Jerry, as you know, has been guarding a railroad lately, (military business, by the by, is creeping into the comic section very rapidly) and the other day, one Private Matters' idiotic excuse for neglect of orders caused Jerry utterly to lose his equilibrium and to fall flat on the station platform. This particular symbol of surprise was quite a

An Exquisitely Suggestive Treatment of the Surprise of Disillusionment by C. A. Voight

pleasant surprise in itself, especially as with the hyperbole there was coupled a slightly altered arbitrary device for indicating Jerry's state of mind. The usual cloud was present, but instead of the customary star, or question mark, or exclamation point, there was a small, thick black cross, inexpressibly mournful in its connotation. But I am anticipating.

I confess myself somewhat at a loss to account for the origin of the surprise symbol which consists of the violent unsettling of the hat from its normal position on the top of the head. Is it the cartoonist's idea that the hair rises as forcibly as all that, or is it that the start of astonishment is so cataclysmic as to cause all loosely attached portions of one's habiliments inevitably to separate from one's person? A little of both, I dare say. Certainly when Mutt's hat flies off, there is always perpendicular hair visible beneath it. Certainly, however, this is not the case with Baron Bean. And the Baron is evidently so shocked that he not only loses his hat but his cigar holder. Once I remember the saturnine Mr. Herriman caused only the top of the Baron's silk hat to fly off, and near by this extraordinary phenomenon were inscribed words to the effect that the new device was designed to satisfy the Anti-Hat-Flying-Off Chapter of Chronic Kickers. Evidently some sensitive reader had objected to the too frequent recurrence of Mr. Herriman's favorite symbol for surprise. Petey Dink is also an habitual hat loser. So is Pa Perkins. So, indeed, are nearly all the comic characters. In that remarkably unconventional denouement of Jerry on the Job which I mentioned above, among the other remarkable features, it should be noted that Jerry's service hat has not flown off into the empyrean, but rests peacefully on his face. Just how it got there is not explained, nor is any explanation necessary.

Cartoonists who have a little more patience have devised somewhat subtler symbols than these. The face is, after all, the instrument upon which surprise is most commonly registered. But for some reason or other, the face of the ordinary comic character is not readily subject to exaggeration in this respect. That is why, perhaps, the cartoonists contrive so often to eliminate the face of an astonished character altogether. But Bud Fisher, when he set about compiling his dictionary of symbols for the character of Jeff struck off a masterpiece under the head of surprise. Those arched eyebrows, that fingered mustache, that utterly vacuous expression (heaven knows how he gets it) are classic in the literal sense of that word. Restrained, simple, every unnecessary detail removed, there is something about the countenance of a startled Jeff that sums up in itself the whole experience of the race, of the race that being blessed with half an angel's brain foresees dimly, yet is forever incapable of foreseeing clearly, and so is always subject to surprise and bewilderment. Mr. Sterrett's Pa Perkins is almost as good as Jeff. The single hair rising on end, the helplessly rubbed baldness around it, the wide-open eyes, the wrinkled old forehead have infinite symbolic value, but lack the simplicity that Mr. Fisher has achieved.

There is a noticeable tendency in most of our comic strips nowadays to abandon ordinary physical violence in favor of more delicate conclusions. The conventional brick must, perhaps, remain, and as an occasional change, a bodily attack on other offending characters is not objectionable. Naturally the surprise of being hit with a fist or a missile, is not unalloyed surprise, but contains many other elements notably, of course, pain and a sense of personal outrage. The complexity of the emotion requires that only a very suggestive symbol be employed. Either representation or exaggeration of facial expression is well-nigh out of the question. In the old days, when to be put *hors de combat* by a mule (pun not intentional) was a matter of no infrequent occurrence, the comic artist had recourse almost exclusively to stars. Nowadays the process is more subtle. Surprise and stupid misery on suffering daily assault are symbolized in elongated eyes, distorted face, or rigid members. Among the clippings illustrative of this type of violent surprise symbol there is one of Cedric Spuffington in which Mr. Wellington has manipulated the face of his protagonist into an excellent symbol of the surprise, pain, and sense of personal outrage felt on being "crowned" with a flowerpot. The fishlike mouth with which all of Mr. Wellington's personages are graced is peculiarly full of possibilities, and his surprised characters are invariably done to perfection.

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The arbitrary symbols of surprise are not very numerous. They are, as I have suggested above, used only to lend poignancy to the hyperbolical symbol. The most common are a question mark, an exclamation point, or a series of either of these rising above the head of the astonished character. Jeff's puzzled expression is almost always heightened in this way. Then there is the cloud, designed to render visible the state of the character's mind, I suppose. This is a very popular symbol with Mr. Voight in the Petey Dink pictures, and with Mr. Hoban in Jerry on the Job. The cloud may enwrap a star, an exclamation point, or (as in the example mentioned above) a black cross or other unconventional mark. Mr. Wellington usually uses the star *tout court*, especially in pictures where the surprise is caused by physical violence,—the connotation being self-evident.

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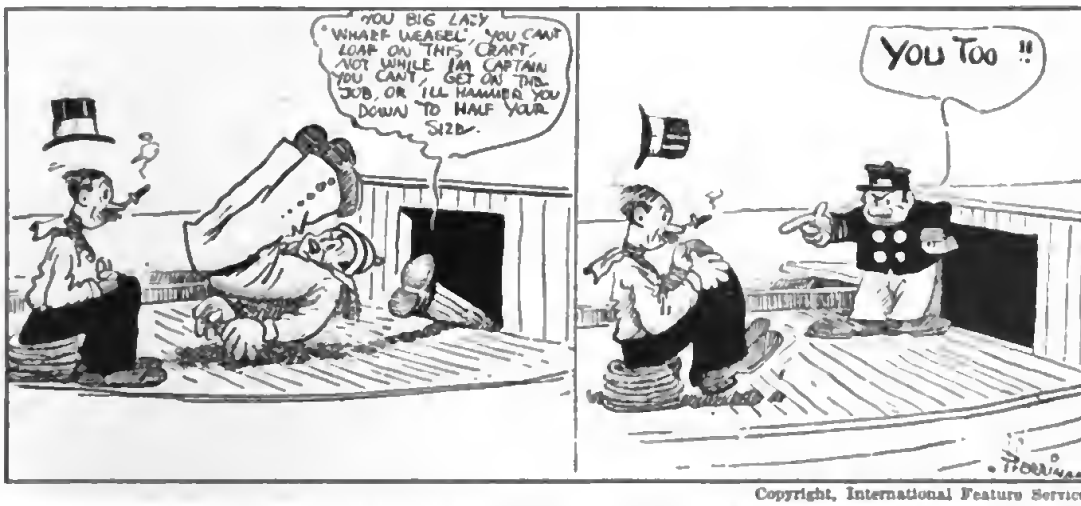
A Double Surprise Party as Expressed by Mr. Sterrett

Among the more amusing arbitrary symbols for surprise I have come across recently is a strip from the Petey Dink cartoons. Petey is at Palm Beach, but exceedingly anxious to go home. He is smoking a cigar and listening cynically to the conversation of his women folk in the next room. They are talking about their lack of new clothes, and in the next to the last picture Petey says something about how he knew when their clothes ran out they'd come along home without a fuss. In the final picture, the scene has shifted, and Mabel is remarking to Henrietta how nice it is that they can get plenty of new clothes right there at Palm Beach, "although they are frightfully expensive." Through the curtain of the door into the next room comes a cloud in which is inscribed in large letters the ominous symbol, CRASH. Poor Petey! He is ever doomed to the shocks of disillusionment. Of course, he had been leaning back in his chair . . . but still! Mr. Voight deserves congratulations for this bit of work.



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Note the Position of the Hat in the Second Picture. An Ingenious Device by the Artist to Symbolize Surprise Piled on Surprise

THE YOUNG LADY ACROSS THE WAY
By Harry J. Westerman and Robert O. Ryder

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American War Verse

THE WOMAN WHO WAITS

THE woman who waits for her man's return
Is doing "her bit" for the flag;
With aching heart and tearful eyes
She is serving the "Grand Old Rag."

Through the long, long hours of darkest night
She prays for the one who serves;
Through the daylight hours she strains her sight
Scanning the lists, with tortured nerves,
Of the wounded and killed in the fight.

Oh, the woman who waits has the hardest part
Of the struggle to down the Hun!
Hers be the glory! the honor! the praise!
When the final victory's won.

The man can die with a free, glad heart;
He can lay him down with a will;
But the woman who waits must do her part
When all the world is still.

Through the long, dark hours she lies awake
Praying to God for dear Christ's sake:—
"Grant to the Land of the Brave and Free
The final, enduring victory.
And oh, dear God, send back to me,
O'er the storm-tossed waves of the angry sea,
To the woman who waits send back to me
MY MAN!"
—H. G. Lambert in New York Herald.

PATRIA

THERE'S a sound in our ears of sobbing,
When the viols pause in their song;
And we hear a cry as the winds go by,
Though we may not listen long,
For the harp-strings again are throbbing,
And the lure of the Dance is strong.

For this was our Mother tender,
That we might be weak of will,
When a bully's might gave her open slight,
That we witness her shame, and be still,
Too fearful of pain to defend her—
Too languid to feel a thrill?

We have danced till our own hearts sicken!
O, Mother of heroes dead,
Your flesh and bone has to manhood grown,
And the blood in our veins is red!
Let the pulse of our music quicken,
And change to a march instead!
—Florence Van Cleve in New York Times.

REVEILLE

ROUSE! Ye whose fathers dreamed
A nation, sovereign, free,
Born of oppression's bitter pangs,
Conceived in liberty.

Rouse! Ye whose hero sires,
On history's sculptured frieze,
Defied the embattled main and won
The freedom of the seas.

Rouse! Ye of patriot breed,
Their country sprang to save,
And blazoned on her storied page,
"Beneath her flag, no slave!"

Rouse! Ye whose holy wrath
Made fettered Cuba free,
Sent Learning's light and Freedom's torch
To isles across the sea.

Wake! Sons of Sacrifice,
Close ranks from sea to sea,
Stake treasure, service, life, to make
A World Democracy.

Rise! Swell the nations' cry
That Greed's fell wars shall cease;
O'er kings, thrones, armaments, we march
To Freedom, Justice, Peace!
—Edith M. Sammis in Brooklyn Eagle.

Welcome,

by Harold

With Sketches by

HE was a Parisian, this sturdy little sailor with the red-tassled cap, and he had braved the Hunnish submarines to aid in convoying his nation's greatest war hero to the shores of her new ally. It was inevitable that on his first night of liberty in New York he should find himself, as does every mariner who makes the port, in that seething, hideous, eternal carnival, Fourteenth Street.

Husky ballyhoo artists, squeaking hurdy-gurdies, whining pushcart vendors woke the May night. Garish lights, hanging before the flaring posters of shabby cinema theaters, threw into sharp relief the painted faces of sauntering women, their hand bags swinging carelessly, their dull eyes and heavy lips offering transitory love.

Paris—his Paris—the *Boul' Miche*—it would soon be three years since he had seen them. The little *marin* was lonely.

A woman stopped him and pressed a tiny cluster of flowers in his hands.

Lilies of the valley!

"Merci, madame, merci," he stammered, the words sticking in his throat, tears welling in his weary eyes.

Lilies of the valley on May Day! All his young life he had cherished the superstition, a heritage from his Breton mother, that lilies of the valley, given on May Day, brought good luck throughout the year.

The noise, the reek, the sordidness of the street fairly sickened him. Down a broad avenue, its pavements polished by countless passing wheels until the amber curb lights were reflected as in a quiet stream, he wandered, choking back the loneliness that fought to express itself in sobs.

Before a towering church, above whose door a shining cross gleamed peacefully, he paused, praying silently. Taking off his cap, he slit the lining and gently slipped the flowers inside. His mother, back in Paris, should have them. Then she would not worry when he was on the high seas. She would know that Our Lady of Sorrows would watch over him until the year was ended and by that time, perhaps, peace might have been reborn in the world. Yes, he would pray for that, too, but most fervently would he pray for home—for France—for Paris—Paris in May.

On the lamp-post above him his beloved tricolor waved in the midst of the flags of his allies. He pulled

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Stranger

M. Harvey

Ethel Plummer

himself together. He was a sailor of France; he must be brave, but—if only some one would speak to him in his own tongue, some one who had been in Paris in the spring.

Motors were stopping before a brightly lighted building of the friendly, simple style of another generation. A boy in porter's uniform came running down the steps and opened a taxi door. *"Ah, bon soir, monsieur,"* he cried gaily.

A laughing quartette stepped to the sidewalk. The little sailor held back for them to pass. One of the men took him by the hand.

"Welcome, stranger," he greeted. "Come to the party."

The lad looked down at his square-toed sea boots in embarrassment. He knew no English.

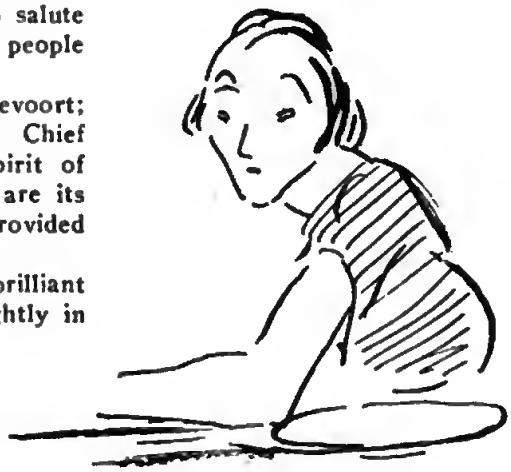
One of the girls, her hair bobbed, her face typically Latin, spoke to him in French. "Come," said she. "Here we are all friends."

The boy needed no further introduction. Here was some one with whom he could talk. Beaming his pleasure he followed the group through a little door under the outside stairs into a small room noisy with chatter.

Into a corner room his hosts lead him. As he sat down at the porcelain-topped table some one started to sing the Marsellaise and the crowd rose to salute him. His loneliness was forgotten. Here were people who understood.

Fortunately for him he had discovered the Brevoort; fortunately for any lonely person in New York. Chief among the cafés of Greenwich Village, a spirit of camaraderie, pervades it. Artists and writers are its most loyal patrons and to them any stranger, provided he has ideas to offer, is welcome.

No salon of the old days ever heard more brilliant conversations than those which take place nightly in these tiled, low-ceiled, basement rooms.



"Greenwich Village," one of the frequenters once said, "Greenwich Village—where they think like Maeterlincks and talk like bobolinks." In that one phrase the charm of the place was caught and held. The noisy gabble which sounds no more serious than good-natured banter, if analyzed, is found to be deep discussions of the latest play, the newest

Ethel Plummer

At Mazzini's

futurist painter, the most recent concert.

Just around the corner is to be found the Lafayette, equally French and equally friendly, but drawing more "up-towners" than Villagers. Chess, baccarat, dominoes and cards replace the luxury of conversation and, consequently, to a good many at least, diminish more or less the place's charm.

In West Broadway, in the dark shadows of the "L", is The Black Cat, more generally known as Mazzini's or Luigi's. Simple and without pretentious decoration, the dancing which follows dinner, nightly attracts large crowds.

Truly of the Village are the numerous little eating places, tucked away in odd corners in the old streets about Washington Square, which are owned and managed by the Villagers themselves.

Polly's, the Greenwich Village Inn, is perhaps the best known because it is one of the oldest. Here, as at the Dutch Oven underneath the Liberal Club, long tables invite solitary diners into conversation with their neighbors.

The Samovar, satisfying all the ideals conjured up by the word "Bohemia," is just across the street. Only an intimate knowledge of Village geography permits its discovery, for a narrow alley, marked by a carpenter's sign; is its outer portal. Up a long flight of outside steps, past countless ash barrels, one goes to find a large, bare, brick-walled room, filled with dead-black tables and black chairs with varicolored spindles. A burlap screen cuts off one corner forming the domain of Christine, the Village's favorite cook, who can stir a pot of soup with one hand while digesting a volume of Nietzsche held in the other. Frequent rumbles from the buzz saw in the toy shop beneath, or heavy thumps from the carpenter shop above, take the place of the music found in larger and more expensive restaurants.

Then there is The Mad Hatter, a little coffee-house "down the rabbit hole," where every one gathers for a few minutes after dinner. The Mouse Trap, too, claims its share of devotees, and until recently, The Candlestick, now known as "The Light that Failed," was a popular rendezvous.

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Of another sort of meeting place, which rejoices in neither the name of restaurant nor café, there are two or three which the artists of the Village share in common with their Italian neighbors. Best favored of these perhaps, is one which flaunts the romantic name of The Golden Swan over its hospitable doors. For thirty-three years, until the declaration of war cut off New York's real night life at the very hour of its birth, this establishment had never been closed. Indeed, the story runs that on the day it was first opened the proprietor threw away the key vowing that he would never fail to welcome a guest, whether he be friend or stranger.

Although he knew the Village long before the artists planted their standard in Washington Square, the old tavern keeper was animated by the same spirit which is abroad in the quarter today. Just as the French sailor found friends, so will every man, until he has proved himself unworthy, be received in the Village. Its citizens know what it is to be lonely; most of them have come to New York without friends, to take up the great struggle for a name. The greeting they had given them they are ready to pass on to others.

If it ever should become necessary, now that the close bond of friendship between Britain and America has been renewed, to wipe out memories of the days when England's colonies revolted, by substituting a new inscription for that which now adorns the arch in Washington Square, no more fitting words could be found than the simple phrase:

WELCOME, STRANGER.

A Close-Up

"Here we are all friends."

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THEN COMES ONE

by Paul T.

WHEN in ill favor with the Muse,
No theme occurs to ornament
These pages white; when to no use
I woo the maid with brave intent;
When lilting lines refuse to flow;
When irresponsive sound the keys,
One little song my heart may know—
One little song about Louise.

And when that I have piped in vain
Of countryside, of hill and dale,
Of gardens sweet with summer rain,
Of fountains, and narcissus pale;

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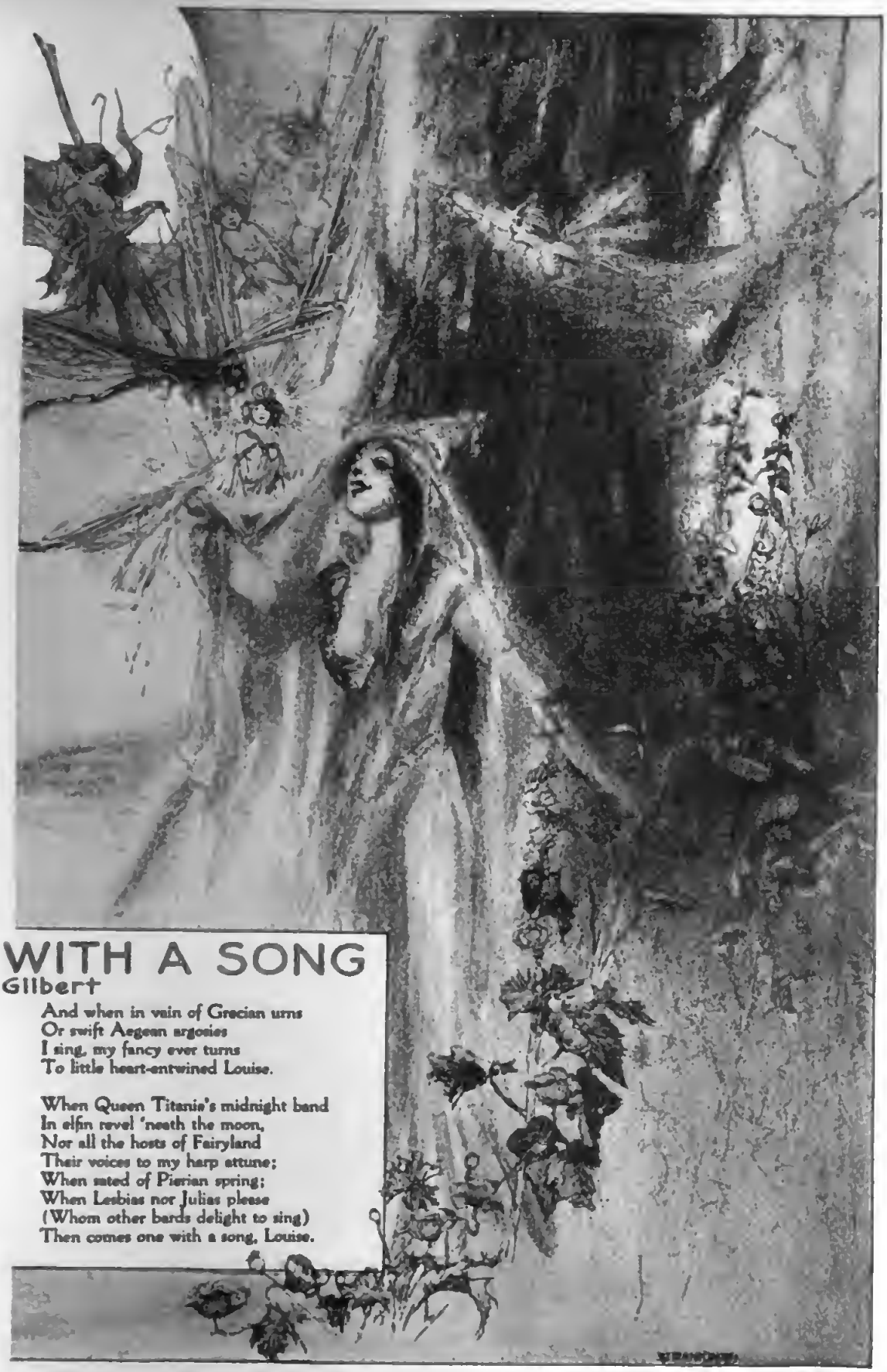

WITH A SONG

Gilbert

And when in vain of Grecian urns
Or swift Aegean argosies
I sing, my fancy ever turns
To little heart-entwined Louise.

When Queen Titania's midnight band
In elfin revel 'neath the moon,
Nor all the hosts of Fairyland
Their voices to my harp attune;
When sated of Pierian spring;
When Lesbias nor Julias please
(Whom other bards delight to sing)
Then comes one with a song, Louise.

Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Hugh Rankin

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"Hill Billies" in Dried

Tobe Lemoos of Smoky Cove, "jes' po' white trash." Tobe has a misery in his "chist" which prevents him from making an honest living. He is just strong enough to peddle "licker."

Harb Hawkes and his "old woman," "Ary Ann." He raises "taters and milons," while she spends most of her spare time patching quilts.

Miss Isabel Million at work.

Down in the heart of Dixie a young girl has created a new type of character doll. She is Miss Isabel Million, and her home is in Knoxville, Tenn. She has been interested for years in the quaint types of mountaineers who came to Knoxville to trade. After making unsuccessful attempts to put them on canvas, she discovered in a piece of dried

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Apple Sculpture

Rhody Gunn, who makes rag carpets and lye soap, and who gathers "yarbs" for a living. She is saving up to buy store teeth.

Cordie and Poke Crouch of Greasy Cove. Poke is a shoemaker by trade, and Cordie a matchmaker. They spend their time raising orphans and razorback "hawgs."

Miss Susie Adams, the village seamstress, on her way to the First Presbyterian Church, where she hasn't missed a Sunday in forty years.

Viney Rupe of Turkey Egg Cove, and Old Gake, her "man." Gake is a moonshiner, but Viney has her eyes open for revenue officers.

apple a resemblance to a human face. She experimented, and found that by skillful cutting and drying she could imitate in apples the lined, leathery countenances of the mountaineers. How she preserves the material from decay is her own secret. Each doll is a facsimile of some mountain dweller.

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The Road to Yesterday

by E. A. Bushnell

Drawn for Cartoons Magazine

Many the boyhood incidents
On which we love to dwell;
But one recurs, and over us
Seems still to cast a spell;
The Saturday night bath remains
Undimmed on Memory's page—
Back on the Road to Yesterday—
Back in the Stone-bruise age.

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Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Will Hope

SIGNS OF THE TIMES IN SILHOUETTE

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Silhouetted at the

by Beatrix

Scores of Celebrities Were Present at the Actors' Fund Fair at the Grand Central

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Actors' Fund Fair

Sherman

Palace, New York. Miss Sherman has Silhouetted a Few of Them for Cartoons Magazine

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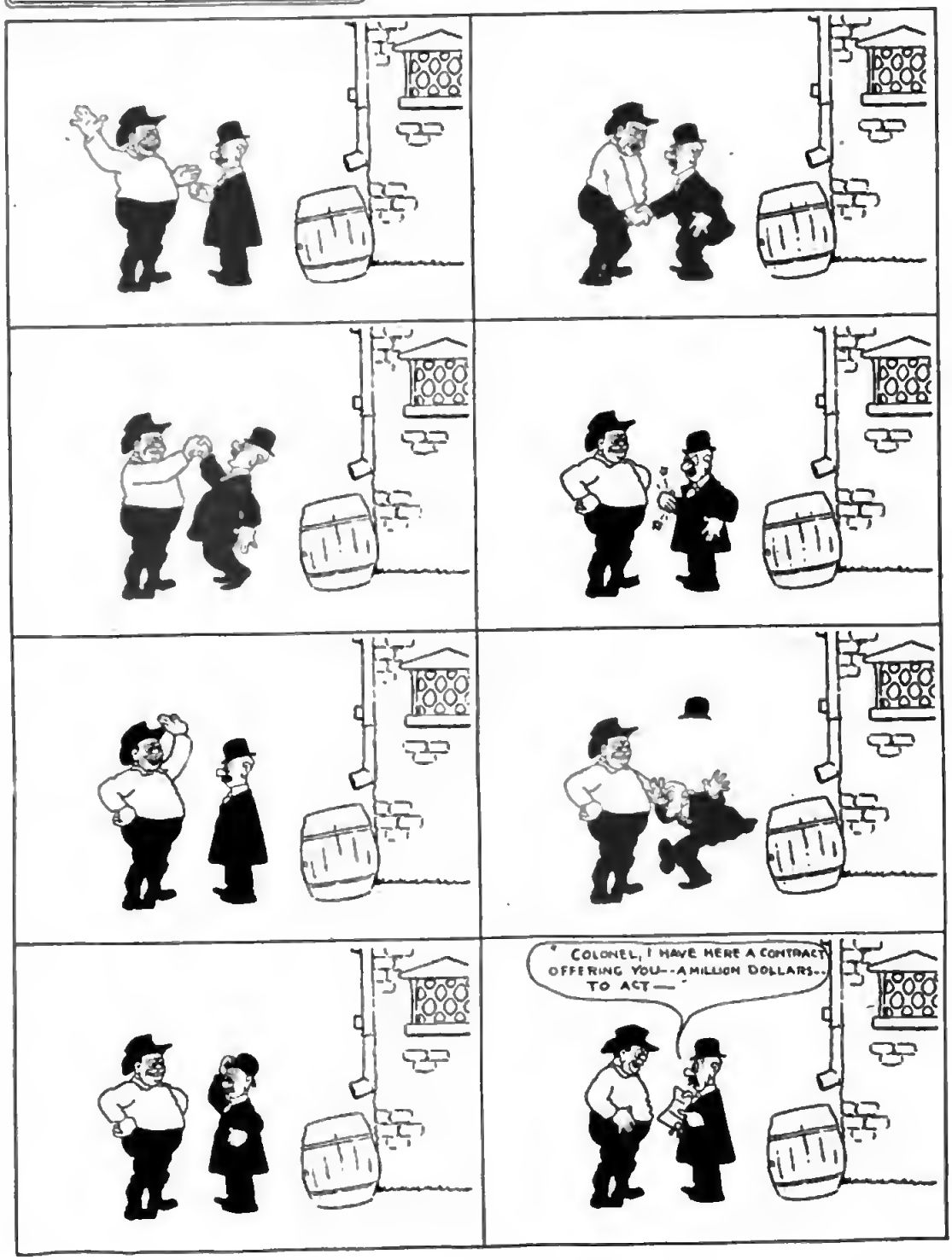
The Canimated Nooze ALMOST Signs Up the Colonel for a Movie Act

Almost, But

A "Canimated Nooz"



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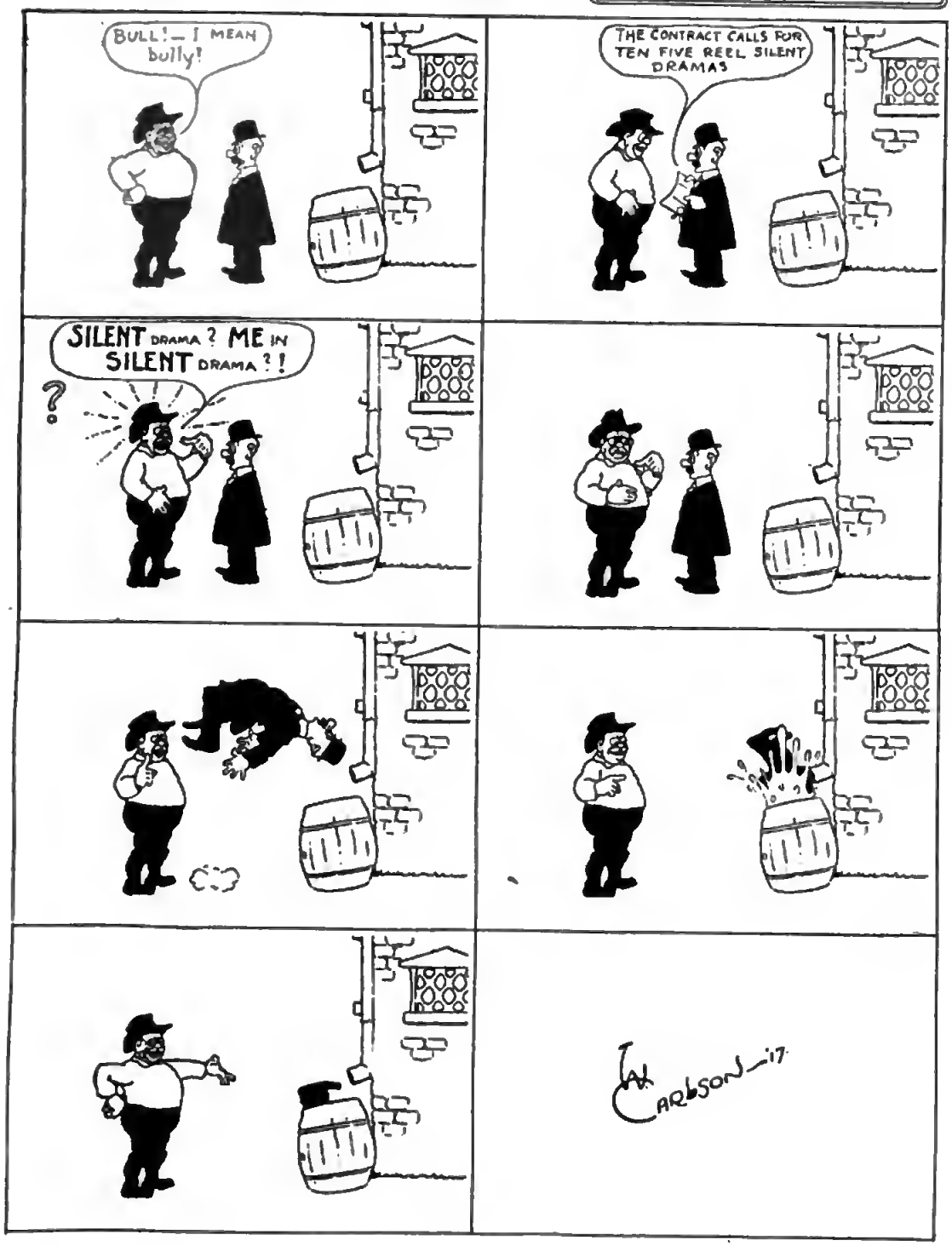
Not Quite

Cartoon by Carlson

All might have Gone Well, But the Colonel is Not Interested in the SILENT Drama



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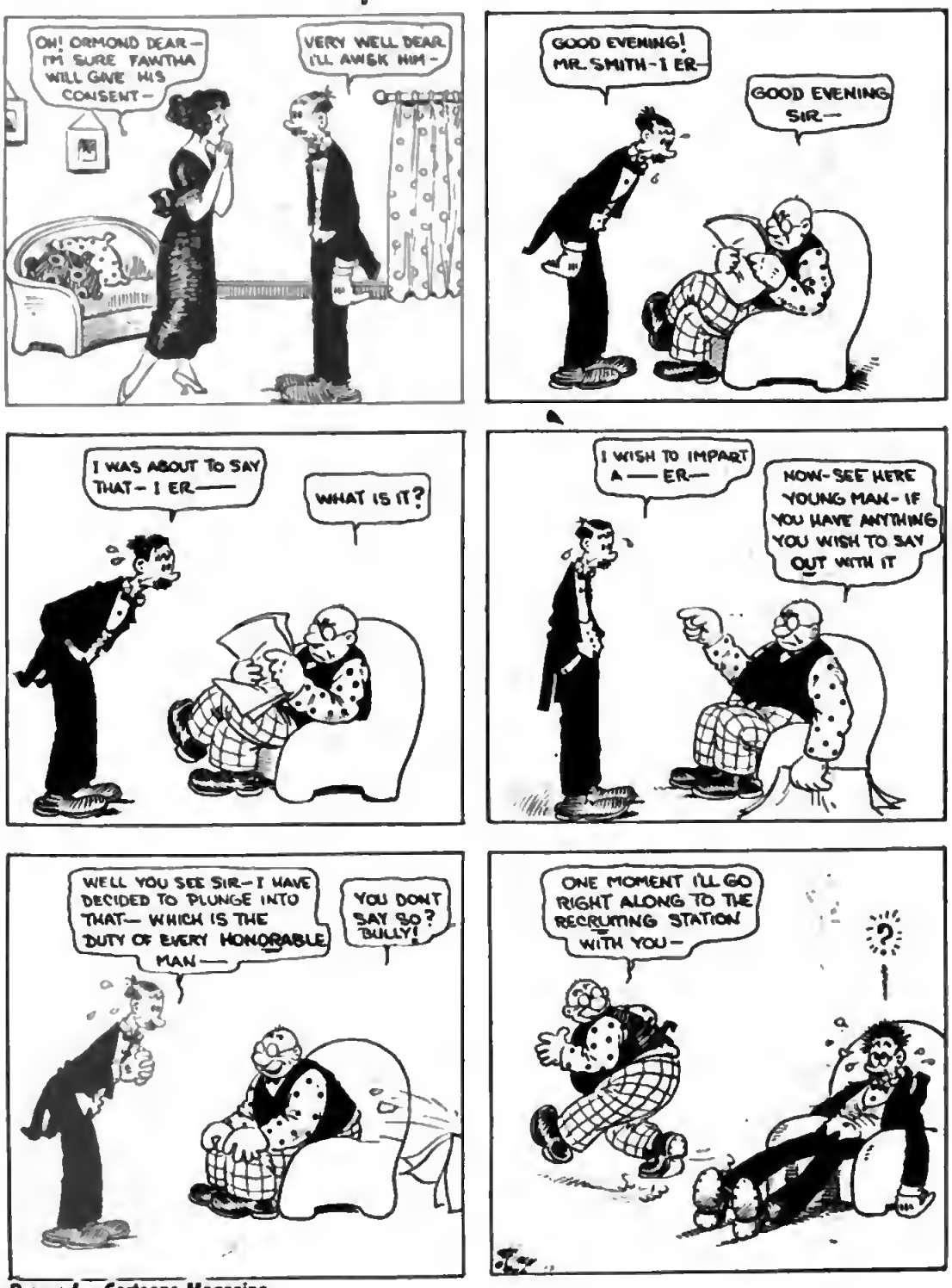
Life's Little Jolts

by Oscar Hitt



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine

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Under The Big Dome

By Hiss Hanson

STANDING by the president has become the leading sport in the political arena during the last few weeks.

A number of politicians have found it a rather difficult game, because of the necessity for so much agility.

But notwithstanding the difficulties, most of which are created by the president himself, the great majority are standing by in fine shape. Mr. Wilson can have about anything he wants—that is within reason—if he will only be reasonable about it. But members of congress insist he is neither reasonable nor consistent in his requests and they ask plaintively how they can deal with a man who is neither.

Congressman Cooper of Wisconsin recently replied to a demand that he stand by the president by asking his constituent how he could stand by a man who never stood in one position long enough for his friends to get alongside him.

THE most recent instance of Mr. Wilson's agility has caused not only the president but his "standers-by" no little embarrassment.

It was his speech at the dedication of the new Red Cross building in Washington in the course of which Mr. Wilson said of the war:

"We bave gone in with no special grievance of our own, because we have always said that we were the friends and servants of mankind."

This statement aroused protests from all parts of the country. The pacifists broke out in unison. The "willful twelve" in the senate pointed to the president's utterance as an admission that the country had no cause to go to war. Everywhere the antiwar people picked it up and made the most of it.

Two of the most prominent standers-by in the house became so embarrassed they wrote the chief executive personal letters, asking him to explain. One was "Tawm" Heflin of Alabama who is willing to stand by until cotton is taxed. The other was Pou of North Carolina, chairman of the committee on rules.

Mr. Wilson professed great surprise that his words should have been taken as meaning this country had no grievance against Germany.

In reply to Mr. Heflin, he said:

"It is incomprehensible to me how any frank or honest person could doubt or question my position with regard to the war and its objects. I have again and again stated the very serious and long continued wrongs which the imperial German government has perpetrated against the rights, the commerce, and the citizens of the United States. The list is long and overwhelming. No nation that respected itself or the rights of humanity could bave borne those wrongs any longer."

Thus on May 12 the president said "we had no special grievance of our own" and on May 22 he said "no nation that respected itself could have borne tbose wrongs any longer."

How could he reconcile the two statements?

SENATOR "Jim Ham" Lewis of Illinois attempted the reconciliation in his bebalf.

Now Senator Lewis is the democratic whip of the senate and he prides himself on speaking for the administration. He is as proud of that honor as the president is of his own job. But Senator Lewis in attempting to explain the president's speech and its meaning, did so by apologizing for Mr. Wilson as a public speaker.

The president got too far away from his notes, the senator said, and not possessing adequate poise, became confused.

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Ah! Such sacrilege! Such lese majesty!

And then the senator proceeded to get his foot in it further. He related to the senate how Mr. Wilson had gone to Indianapolis several years ago and made an extemporaneous speech in which he urged that Mexico be allowed to fight out its own battle and spill as much blood as it pleased; how the president had gone to Philadelphia and uttered the "too proud to fight" sentiment; and how he had gone down to the Red Cross dedication and said we had had no special cause to fight.

"It seems to me," continued the senator—"and I trust this observation that I am making will not be indelicate—that the chief executive of the United States is rather unfortunate when he speaks without his manuscript. He seems to have been wholly misrepresented or misunderstood."

The next morning when Mr. Wilson read the Lewis defense in the newspapers, he remarked that the senator appeared to have almost as high an opinion of his speech-making ability as he himself had of the senator's letter-writing qualities, which caused both of them no little embarrassment a few years ago.

ONE of the men who has to stand by the president in the future whether he wants to or not is "Gussie" Gardner of Massachusetts, former congressman and now a lieutenant colonel in the United States army.

Everyone knows that right up to the time he declared war on Germany, Mr. Wilson was regarded as the leading opponent of universal military training in the country, while Mr. Gardner was regarded as its leading advocate in congress.

Mr. Wilson's conversion to the principle was due not a little, it is said, to Mr. Gardner's persistent hammering away at him.

And now Gardner's friends are wondering whether or not he was the first conscript in the new universal-service army.

Here is the argument:

Gardner, after the passage of the Hay law last year, became a member of the officers' reserve corps. He was not unwilling at the time to quit congress and enter the active military service. But the president said that members of congress had just as important duties to perform in their jobs as officers of the army and it was his desire that members should not join the army. Mr. Wilson wrote this very emphatically to two democratic congressmen, Rainey of Illinois and Overmeyer of Ohio.

After he had written this letter the question of the Roosevelt amendment came up. Mr. Wilson did everything in his power to beat it in congress. Mr. Gardner did everything in his power to put it through.

Mr. Gardner won out late one Saturday afternoon.

The first thing next week, he was ordered out of congress and into the army by the war department. There was no alternative. Either he had to go back on the gospel he had been preaching or else obey. Gardner obeyed. He resigned his seat in the house and went to Governor's Island.

But the friends of the Massachusetts congressman are wondering why the president feels it is so important for democrats to remain at the posts to which their constituents assigned them and why it is not just as important for a republican to remain at a similar post. Mr. Rainey and Mr. Overmeyer have been left in congress, but Mr. Gardner was drafted from congress by Mr. Baker, Mr. Wilson's secretary of war.

Was he drafted because he won his fight for preparedness, for the principle of universal training, and for the Roosevelt division idea?

Or was he drafted because he was the only man in the United States the administration could turn to to help fill the vacancy created by General Wood's transfer from the important post at Governor's Island to the wholly insignificant one at Charleston?

EVER since the war, and especially since the famous peace-message leak last winter, there has been a fear among the high officials of the government that some one is going to get into their departments and steal everything in sight.

As a result, it is almost impossible for an ordinary citizen and some extraordinary ones to get into the places of public business hereabouts. One needs a big charge of dynamite to break his way into the state, war and navy building, unless perchance he happens to be a personal friend of Josephus Daniels or "Pansy" Baker.

The other day a rather large man drifted

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DARLING in New York Tribune

NONUNION LABOR

Walking Delegate from U. S. War Department (to Col. Roosevelt): "Hold up here! You're not a member of the Life-Savers' union."

up to the main entrance of the building and with a smile on his face and a nod to one or two persons standing about started to go into the sacred precincts.

A burly policeman stopped him with a "Hey, what do you mean going in there? Have you got a pass?"

"Why I mean no harm," replied the big man, still smiling, "Do I need a pass?"

"You do," rejoined the officer, and then pointing to another man added: "Go over there and tell that fellow your name and what you want."

"Won't it do just as well for me to tell you? I'm W. H. Taft, former secretary of war, later president of the United States, and now a professor at Yale."

The officer looked at him a minute, decided to pass him, and then, turning to another guard, asked:

"Was that Taft? I never saw that guy around here before."

THE death of Senator Harry Lane of Oregon brought sorrow to everyone in Washington who knew him, irrespective of politics. Lane was a fine chap, bright, intelligent, and human in every respect. A wonderfully successful doctor out home, he devoted most of his time to charity patients. He was just as unassuming in appearances as he was in actions.

The first day he hit Washington after his election, he stepped on one of the elevators reserved for the exclusive use of senators. Senator Francis E. Warren of Wyoming, father-in-law of Pershing and one of the old guard in the G. O. P., was on the car. He gave Lane a "once over" and then said rather brusquely:

"This elevator, sir, is for senators only. That is the public elevator over there."

Lane glanced up at him witb a quizzical smile and replied:

"Well, I don't give a damn if it is. Let me off at the second floor, please."

On another occasion, the Oregonian was in the senate chamber waiting for an important vote, when he was called out by a woman constituent. He failed to return and his friends were mystified when he did not answer to his name on the roll call. They could not believe he was dodging, but his absence gave every appearance that he was. That night one of them spoke to him about it.

The next morning Lane arose on the floor and told the senate he had stepped into an adjoining committee room with a lady and the wind had blown the door shut and locked it from the outside. He was unable, he said, to get hold of anyone to let him out until after the vote had been taken.

BERRYMAN in Washington Star

The First Congressional Recruit—Col. Gardner

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DEVILTRY

by Hugh Rankin

Benjamin Barbtail: "Why did Iky Imp get pinched!"
Bessie Brimstone: "Why, the little devil is a traitor. He said he'd a lot rather live in heaven than down here."

EYES OF BLUE, ETC.

Beatrice Beelzebub: "Oo-oo-oo! Lookit! They're makin' that poor simp swallow all those old phonograph records."
Vic Vitriol: "Yes. He used to be a popular song writer, and they're making him eat his words."

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Crucial Days

SYKES in Philadelphia Evening Ledger

THE BLIND GIANT
Will He Totter to His Fall?

SOMEBODY has likened Russia to a blind man suddenly restored to sight. Russia is still groping her way, but may yet become adjusted to the changed conditions. To vary the metaphor, this nation is like a sick man changing physicians in a critical stage of his illness. It is unfortunate, but natural, that our eastern ally has been temporarily eliminated as a factor in the war. We read of wholesale desertions from the army, of the soldiers rushing back for land, of kisses exchanged between the trenches, of the open fraternizing with the Germans, of acquiescence to the offer "We won't fight if you won't."

This demoralization comes at an embarrassing moment for the entente. Germany, taking advantage of it, has withdrawn thousands of troops from the east front, and has thrown them in to stop the onslaught of the Franco-British forces and the Italians. Had Russia had the power to strike, the central powers most decidedly would have felt the pressure, and the end of the war might have been months nearer. That the Russian bear may still have a bite or two left, however, is the inference that may be drawn from the rumors of a new German offensive in the east. Apparently the Germans realize that their intrigue for a separate peace with Petrograd has failed, and fear a reorganization of the Russian army. A blow at this time, if it could be successfully de-

HARDING in Brooklyn Eagle

The New Vodka

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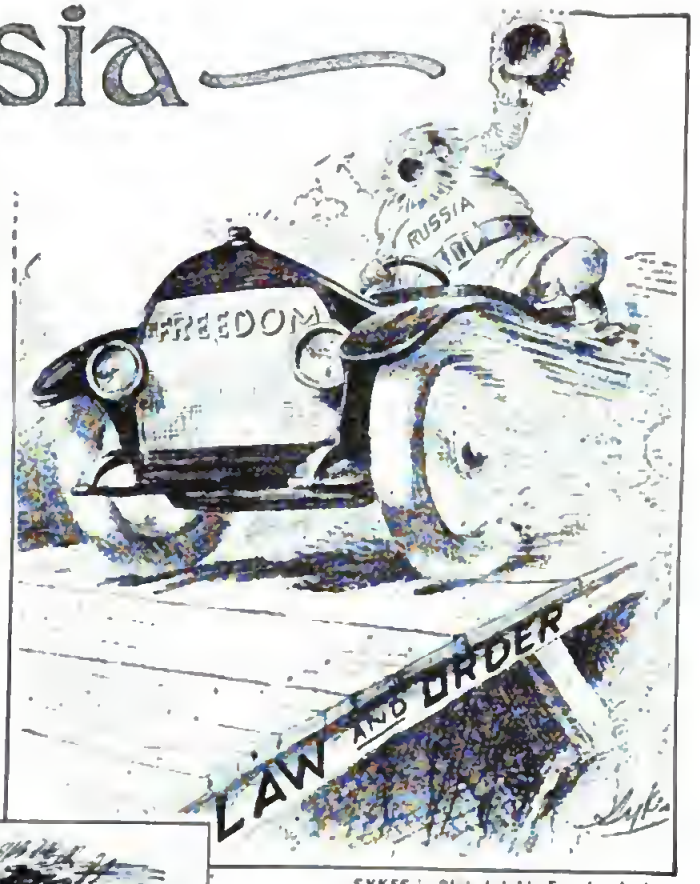
in Russia—

livered, would drive the enemy still farther back into the interior, and would leave Germany in possession of more territory when the peace conference convened. But possibly the German soldiers are needed elsewhere just now.

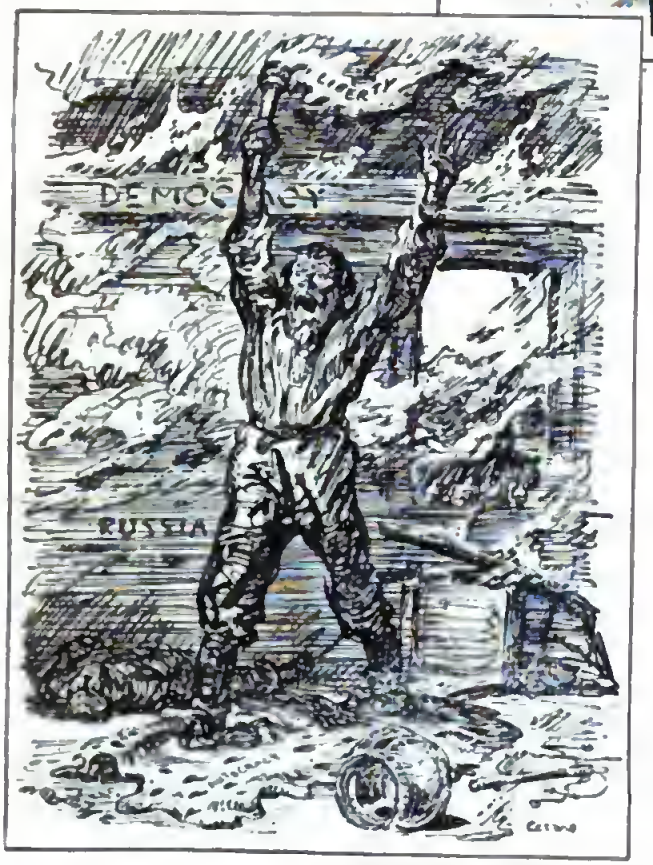
But while rejecting a separate peace—a peace that would really make Russia a German vassal—the new coalition government at Petrograd has renounced the principle of fighting for territory and indemnities. The dream of the Golden Horn has faded. The desire to possess Constantinople has fled. Meanwhile the allies have been asked to restate their war aims, and considerable modification of these aims may yet be the price of the continued coöperation of Russia.



SYKES in Philadelphia Evening Ledger

THE JOY RIDE

Better Go Slow, Ivan!



CESARE in New York Evening Post

His House in Danger

Thus, out of the confusion following in the wake of revolution something like a semblance of order is beginning to appear. The American press, at any rate, refuses to look on the situation as hopeless. The Chicago Journal takes the following optimistic view:

"Bad as the outlook for military efficiency on the east front is now, it is better than it was while the regime represented by Stuermer and Protopopoff and Rasputin had full control. Brusiloff broke through the wiles of these traitors and scored a series of brilliant victories; but they rallied their forces, stopped him halfway in his work, and then put through the conspiracy which delivered Roumania, bound, into the hands of

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CASSEL in New York Evening World

American Labor: "That's not a weapon!"

Von Mackensen. The present virtual truce is better than that.

"The truth is that Russia is helpless for the moment, not because of the revolution, but because of the treason which made the revolution necessary.

"We must not count on Russia for a time, but neither need we despair of her or insult her. We should remember that, in our own history, Valley Forge was the halfway station between Bunker Hill and Yorktown. We must go into this war as if we had to win it alone; but if we do this, we shall find plenty of help, and more than we now dream of may come from Russia."

It has been evident from the first—at least to those influenced by other than the superficial happenings of the moment—the Baltimore American observes, that Russia would not easily fall prey to the German intrigue for a separate peace.

"After the German-supported anarchist Lenine had his day," this newspaper continues, "and the crowds had a chance to whoop for him as a returned martyr, the Russian people began to settle down to stern facts. They have learned that the separate-peace idea was German-made and German-fostered. They are also realizing that the slogan of peace without annexation or indemnity has been a German-made product designed to cover German aggression."

More to the point, however, as the American puts it, is the argument, now the main support of the Russian government, that Germany would never have forgiven or forgotten the offense charged against Russia of having precipitated the war by mobilizing on the borders while efforts were being made to preserve peace.

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CASSEL in New York Evening World

In the Danger Zone

CASSEL in New York Evening World Copyright, Press Publishing Co.

A Defective Flue

From Novy Satirikon, Petrograd

Satirikon: "How do you feel, mother, after your illness?"
Russia: "I feel as if I had found the right medicine at last."
The bottle is labeled "Revolution."

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Memorial to the Fathers of the Russian Revolution

Rasputin, the renegade monk, and Stuermer, the chief of police of Petrograd.

The retribution, this journal adds, would be stringent.

Petrograd's desire for a restatement of allied war aims, according to the New York World, need cause no anxiety. "The altered outlook," says this newspaper, "should in some ways even facilitate a reasonable peace." To quote further:

"Russian ardor for peace without conquests need not defeat President Wilson's world made safe for democracy. Rearrangement of boundaries in Europe is less important than gaining political rights within those boundaries.

"No responsible Russian government would venture to menace its own plans of domestic liberalism by leaving in power a triumphant Mitteleuropa. Russia cannot safely desert dismembered Roumania, or Serbia crushed and conquered. These nations must be reconstituted.

"The Russian formula does not fit Alsace-Lorraine; but Russia will not settle that question. On the other hand, Russian disclaimer of rights in Constantinople must leave the Turks wondering why they fight. An internationalized Bosphorus, the dream of European liberals, is suddenly turned from a dim vision into a practicable plan.

"Russia's danger is dissension and disintegration. But morally what a difference between her generous disclaimer of national aggrandizement bought with the blood of Europe's best, and the greed with which the deluded Prussian junkers and their spokesman Hindenburg still arrogantly demand conquests, indemnities and world empire!"

Revival of the more or less circumstantial

Two Cartoons from Novy Satirikon, Petrograd

Sic Transit Gloria

A Russian cartoon published immediately after the revolution.

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From Novy Satirikon, Petrograd

Shah, Abdul Hamid, and Manuel: "Ha, ha! Here is a fourth partner. Now we can play whist!"

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From Mecho, Moscow

NICHOLAS ROMANOFF IN PRISON

"I'm glad now that I was dethroned. Being relieved of all that worry gives me an opportunity to study Russian humor."

From Mucha, Moscow

IN THE POST OFFICE

"What makes the staff work so energetically all of a sudden?"

"Well, look whose picture's on the postage stamps!"

From Novy Satirikon, Petrograd

"Yes, sir, you may read the newspaper."

"But if I do, you'll cut me."

"On the contrary. Read the news of the interior and your whiskers will bristle so that I can shave you beautifully."

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From Der Brummer, Berlin

THE EUROPEAN PUNCH-AND-JUDY SHOW
Mars: "Whose turn next?"
England: "Oh, please, take Ivan next!"

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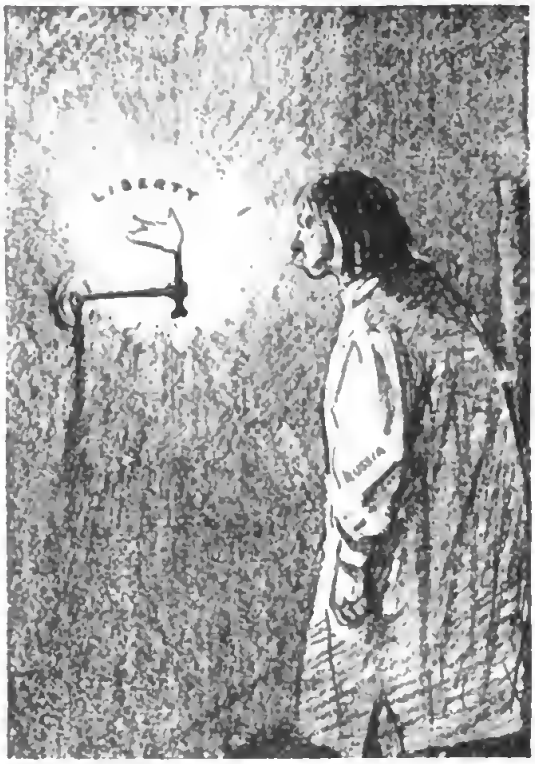

KIRBY in New York World

Will He Blow out the Gas?

reports to the effect that Berlin is planning an offensive campaign in Russia, in the belief of the Cleveland Plain Dealer, gives excellent proof of Germany's alarm at the recent turn of affairs at the Russian capital.

"Russia," says the Plain Dealer, "is still a sick nation, but is showing signs of recovery. Kerensky and Alexieff and Lvoff may prove to be wonder-working physicians. Germany fears their powers and realizes that the Russian danger is still existent."

The Philadelphia Inquirer believes that the allies will be asked, as the price of Russia's continued coöperation, to renounce some of the purposes which they have proclaimed, just as Russia itself has renounced its claims to the possession of Constantinople.

"It is understood," says the Inquirer, "that the Russian working classes, while not wishing their country to abandon its associates, are unwilling to support the present war program of the allies, and it is reported that the allies have been or will be asked to revise their war aims as outlined in their reply to President Wilson."

From The Big Stick

Scraps From the Master's Table

A significant Jewish comment on the rise of Russian democracy.

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Courtesy Montross Gallery

Ploughing—The First Gleam

Shown by Horatio Walker at the Montross Gallery.

Around the Galleries

by W. G. Bowdoin

A MAN is known not only by the friends he keeps, but by the books he reads, and by the objects with which he surrounds himself. Thus an insight into the beautiful character of the late William M. Chase, N. A., was afforded by the recent exhibition and sale at the American Art Galleries of the master's sketches, paintings, studio effects, and other properties. Here were the things that Mr. Chase had loved, and it was with the feeling of reading old letters or breathing the fragrance of pressed violets that one strolled through this twilight zone of period furniture, rare pewter, brass, and copper, exquisite weavings, Japanese prints, ivory carvings, tapestries, costumes, and screens. Many of his portraits were shown, including those of Mr. Chase's father and mother, and of Master Roland Dana Chase, Edward Everett Hale, Mrs. Philip Hale, Dean Grosvenor, and Mrs. Clark. In addition there were also many samples of his still-life themes and some of his beloved Shinnecock landscapes. Even the "Orangerie of the Chase Villa at Florence, Italy," was a catalog number. New Yorkers who visited the exhibition came away feeling that they knew Mr. Chase more intimately through the light shed upon his interesting personality by these objects of art.

DUE in part to the fact that the contributing artists had agreed to standardize their canvases, the fourth annual exhibition of the Allied Artists of America at the Fine Arts Building was a pronounced success. This standardization made for a uniformity and a coherence which the go-as-you-please idea that once

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added to it by the simple device of putting into Mrs. Nelson's left hand a few coreopsis blooms in high color. These against the brown textile of the suit strike a delightful color note. The tapestried chair affords a resting place for the right hand of the model. The face in repose lacks something of the vitality and expression it has as an endowment in real life, but the portrait is nevertheless an excellent one.

Roy Brown contributed a virile winter scene entitled "Pines and Snow." Arthur Crisp, known for his decorative theatrical canvases, sent a picture called "Fresh from the Garden," which dealt very fetchingly with a pretty girl in a rainbowlike kimono, arrang-

Regret

Shown by Clara Mamre Norton at the Macdowell Club Exhibit.

prevailed certainly lacked. It would be unfair to say that the exhibitors were uninfluenced by modernism when this school influences every one. Many fine landscapes were on view, with a sprinkling of cattle pieces, some figures and portraits, and a few excellent nudes.

Mr. G. Lawrence Nelson's portrait of Mrs. Nelson was well executed in full length and in a standing pose. A delightful touch was

Portrait of a Girl
Shown by M. A. Rasko at the Print Gallery.

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The Land of His Fathers

Shown by William R. Leigh at the Snedecor Gallery Exhibition.

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ing flowers on a green table with a green chair to match. "A Corner of the Vineyard" by George Elmer Browne deals with another figure introduced among the green bottles that await filling with the juice of grapes. A. L. Groll was represented by his "A Pueblo, New Mexico," showing the adobe huts, and the Mexican women whose brilliant red dresses could not help striking the eye of the observer.

TWENTY-THREE academic pictures enter into an interesting group which Snedecor and Co. are showing for the summer. William R. Leigh's "The Land of His Fathers" is one of the best of them. A little Navajo goatherd is shown seated upon a rock overlooking a brilliantly colored mesa. He seems unconscious of his responsibilities—the safeguarding of his goats, only a few of which appear in the painting. The picturesque country affords a fine excuse for a picturesque pose with picturesque goats thrown in as lagniappe. The tattered shirt and ragged trousers of the little goatherd are becoming pictorially, whatever may be said of them in actual life.

If you like nudes you will rave over Edward L. Simmons' "Morning," which shows with much charm the interior of a girl's boudoir, even to the tea service ready for her morning bracer. The girl herself, sans even her kimono, has just awakened and is painted in the act of stretching in preparation for her day's work. The flesh tones are admirably painted.

THE Macdowell Club ends a prosperous season with an exhibition of four groups which include among the 289 catalog numbers many excellent paintings. Katherine Beecher Stetson has chosen the dance motif for interpretation and has accomplished it most deftly and charmingly. Her female figures, both draped and undraped, are endowed with action of the most vigorous character. There is in her work a grace and charm that was somewhat lacking in the Walkowitz interpretation of the same theme exhibited recently at the Daniel Gallery.

The incoming tide, breaking upon a level shore, as registered in pastel, admirably handled by Francis S. Humphrey, under the title of "Swampscott Beach," suggests what summer has in store for some of us in spite of war. "The Blizzard" by the same artist, the antithesis of "Swampscott Beach," is quite as happy a conception. Here we see the driven snow in the midwinter forest, the black tree trunks contrasting vividly with the almost blinding whiteness of the snow.

Clara Mamre Norton's "Regret" is a fine sample of work done in pastel. A girl, reclining on a settee, is observed from the back. She bows in sorrow and regret. The observer does not have to be over-imaginative to know that she weeps. The worn smock has a pleasing treatment, and the attitude of the regretful one is realistically, if sadly, pictured.

MR. M. A. RASKO, the London artist, has his own ideas about art, and is not in sympathy with the modern school. He bases his exposition of art upon the spectrum analysis, and prefers realism to projections that do not project. He has been showing some of his portraits at the Print Gallery. All his poses are elaborately worked out, and the study he lavishes on them is reflected in the finish of the output. When the full face of a sitter is available Mr. Rasko gives it the preference, though he can and does upon occasion paint a profile. His method calls for a lively conversation with the subject, the idea being to cause self-forgetfulness and to put the model at ease. His portrait study of a girl, here reproduced, shows the young lady in a unique Swedish silk gown, cut low in the neck, and with very fetching short sleeves. She is seen seated at her ease on a divan, her slim silk-stockinged ankles continuing attractively the slim lines of her arms and wrists.

A SPIRITED canvas entitled "Ploughing—the First Gleam" is being shown by Horatio Walker at the Montross Gallery. It was painted at the Isle of Orleans, Quebec, and is really a museum piece. Two figures appear in the picture, together with a team of four oxen powerfully centered in the midst of a prismatic landscape cloudburst of the early dawn. The reflected light strikes upon the flanks of the cattle most delightfully. The driver stands in a highly dramatic and eloquent pose, with goad upraised and the fingers of his left hand fairly luminous in the pictured light of the dawn.

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MR. PEPP AT THE SEASHORE

A MOVIE TRAGI-COMEDY

BY WALTER WELLMAN

Drawn for Cartoons Magazine

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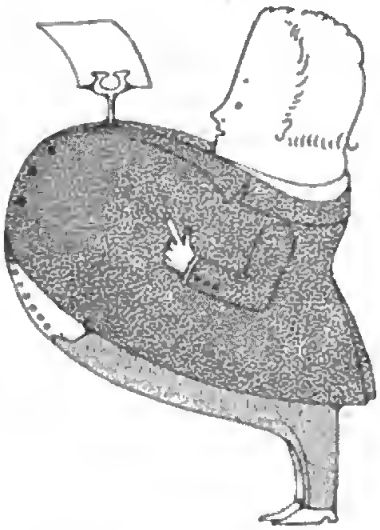
Developing a Singer

by Harvey Peake

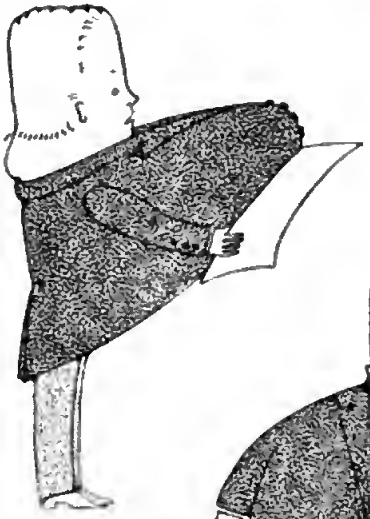
Mr. A. Flat Decided That He would Take a Few Singing Lessons.

So He Went to an Eminent Teacher, Whose Theory of Vocalism was Founded upon the Development of the Resonance Chambers of the Head.

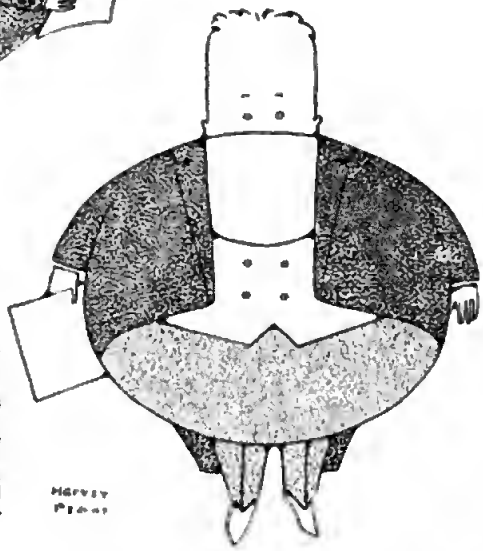
After Two Years with Him Mr. Flat Tried Another Who Said That Everything Depended upon the Development of the Throat Muscles.



The Next One Went In for the Enlargement of the Abdominal Muscles and for Deep Breathing.



Three Years' Work with the Throat Man Caused Mr. Flat to Make Another Change. This Time He Struck a Teacher Who Declared That All Fine Vocalization was Founded upon Chest Development.



Now at the End of Ten Years, Though He hasn't Studied a Note of Music, Mr. Flat is Pronounced by His Teachers a Perfect Vocalist.

Drawn for Cartoons Magazine

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Ships and Sealing Wax

by Roscoe Gilmore Stott

BON AMI, PIPE THE APPROPRIATE MATTER!

"Why not write some of your stuff occasionally to fit your caption, 'Ships and Sealing Wax?' Anyone can write about a ship, but I don't know what can be said about sealing wax."—Extract from a letter from the Editor.

O SHIP O' LUCK and Ship o' Love,
And Ship of Light and Laughter,
To what strange ports I see ye move,
Where there is no Hereafter.
In your still wake my spirit tracks!
(And also, Sealing Wax.)

O little Ships my dreams have built
Of rainbow stuff and heather,
If ye come not, my soul must wilt,
Though foul or fair the weather.
If ye come not, I'll curse your tracks!
(And likewise, SEALING WAX.)

And We Had to Employ Conscription!

"To arms! To arms!" the leader cried.
Ah me, the fierce attack!
For many maidens volunteered—
Nor could he drive them back!

Short Cut to Riches

NOW Clara Tice is vera nice;
Her odalisques are clever;
And dear old Zim, we think of him
As one large joy forever;
This Westerman he surely can
Portray the sex called "weaker;"
Smith-Dayton's jays have taking ways;
If prone to praise, you'll seek 'er.

But if you want the largest pay,
Go be a Goldberg or a Bray.

Now silhouettes are Fashion's pets;
Miss Sherman's shears are gifted;
Miss Plummer, too, presents to view
Sweet girls with skirts uplifted.
Frank King is keen: within his bean
Great comics grow and flourish,
And Barton draws 'gainst Nature's laws,
Creations none need nourish.

But if you'd walk the flowery way,
Go be a Goldberg or a Bray.

Ray Rohn has made—and has been paid—
For comics that are funny,
And Briggs, whose boys reflect our joys,
Has drawn a stack of money;
Harrison Fisher's had his wish
To make a lasting beauty,
And Gibson, why, to pass him by
Would be a breach of duty.

No critic, I, but here's my say—
Go be a Goldberg or a Bray.

How Prices Are Falling!

I
Don't think much of Free Verse
Do you?
The kind Editors *pay*
For
Is bad enough!
Free Verse simply shows that Pegasus has been hitched in the right barn but in the wrong stall—
Stall's right!
What? . . .
How now Phyllis?

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Anent the Psychic Nature of Maggie

SHE was dressing in her boudoir; she called it "boudoir," but it really was a hall room of cheapest furnishing, upon which she owed—but speak up, Kipling, and remark that "that's another story." She was placing on her legs imported French hosiery and at her throat a cluster of Mexican—oh, no, no! She only called them that. Woolworth sold her the stockings and the glass stuff, too. Over her soft velvet shoulders and over her finely rounded hips she drew—but that's wrong, too. She only called them that to herself. She was hollow-chested and her thin, straight body had never hinted that it had a curve. But as I said, she drew on a filmy creation of priceless lace and tinted, silken gauze. Or better, she called it that. For she got the thing after a fierce bargain fight in the basement of the Big Store for eighty-nine cents cash. By and by, she told herself, her fiancé would come. But he wasn't: she only called him that to the less fortunate girls with whom she worked. He had talked to her but once—on an excursion boat when the Milk Drivers' Union had its annual beer-drinking on one of the Lake boats. Soon he would come whizzing up in the taxi and she—but it would not be a taxi: she only called it that, for such terms sounded better than talking of five blocks' walk to a sleepy surface car. He would be carrying a bouquet of orchids. This, too, sounded far better than saying what was actually as certain—that he would come empty-handed. And after she had been placed by his side in the box he engaged by the year at the Grand Opera, he would—but this was quite as false, for they really were going to witness "Her Sin" at the "Family"—"six thrilling reels for ten cents." Down the stairway she could hear his fine, manly tread. She called it that: for in reality he was tumbling about in a dark lower hall that was always cluttered with worn-out implements of play. Soon her Prince—no, he truthfully was far from royalty: he belonged to a low-class settlement family. But she called him her "Prince." Soon he would claim her, own her, fight for her!—No, the mutt has become disgusted with that dingy hole of a hall and is making for the nearest saloon.

Such is Beauty of Imagination—and the Peril thereof!

Paw

Maybe if I had not seen so many pretty tributes to "Mother" I would never have typed this pretty lyric; but why apologize?—Witness Paw!

A GOOD man growling just a bit;
(Pretend you do not hear!)
A sad propensity to spit,
An innate thirst for beer;
A paper hiding him from view,
An irritated eye;
A sober mien when friends are few,
A smile when friends are nigh.

A good man cursing at the cat;
(The object serves quite well);
The constant oath, "I'll rent a flat!"
An agent wished toward hell;
A little spanking for the tads,
Some coin doled slowly out;
A tirade on "these women's fads;"
A peddler put to rout.

An ever loyal baseball fan,
When he can get away;
Same old excuse "to see a man"
Between acts at the play;
A brief debate with manly zest;
A reference to "Ma's;"
And Wifie calling him the best
Old dear that ever was!

Enter, a Realist

SING, you bards, your summer lays:
Laud the zephyrs, praise the skies;
Give the sun "effulgent rays,"
Make the moon "in glory" rise:
Take us to some "placid lake"
"Mossy dell" or "cool retreat;"
Do an ode "To Sylvan Wake;"
Fix up Nature "fresh and sweet."
Sing, you bards, your summer lays:
Bask your souls on airy flights;
While you're "lost in purple haze"—
I will scratch mosquito bites!

If Sherman was right, what shall a Realist call an American home?

L'Envoy

You say our work's unique? That's kind of you;
I really wish I thought your comment true.
Indeed, the stuff sounds very punk to me;
But in Our Next I'll have—you wait and see!

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Things That Never Happen!

Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Virgil E. Alford

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"ZIMMON-"

I AM prone to believe that woman with accruing years grows none the wiser. This fact has proven itself over and over. Now again do I read in the newspapers of a female screaming real loud for help when she discovered a man beneath her bed. One would suppose, after all the jokes she has fallen heir to on this subject, that she would exhibit reasonable calm in such an emergency by making the best of the situation, but no!—she goes right on yelling "Police!" and losing her head, thus spoiling everything, and the poor devil who, out of his kindness of heart took a chance at secreting himself below the slats now languishes in jail. The time will come when men will cease bestowing these extremely dangerous attentions upon the fairer sex. Then the joke will take on a different aspect and women wish they had kept quiet.

A MAN should exercise prudence when making promises to his wife. Husbands are apt, when begging for a night off (to join the boys at penny ante) to make, in an unguarded moment, such rash promises as buying Russian sables with their winnings. How many Russian sables, the result of such concessions, have proven upon expert examination to be only American skunk skins! A man should figure on possibilities before making rash promises and add an "if." By all means he should never let her select the article, because women have such a bad sense of economy when choosing wearing apparel for which the husband has promised to settle. They have not the slightest idea of the value of money at such times. If you do not heed this warning you deserve to, and likely will, get stung!

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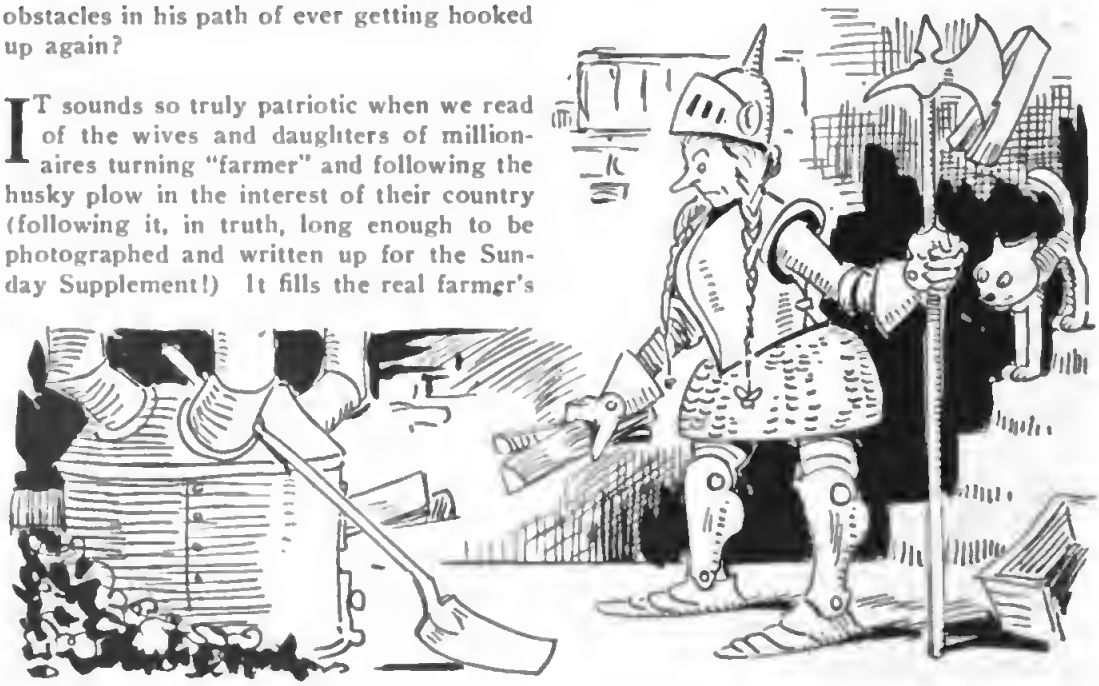
WIMMIN.

THE fellow who invented that joke about wives burglarizing the pockets of friend husband while that innocent and trusting lobster slumbered on should have had his invention censored before it was permitted to occupy a place among jokes of that period. For thirty years the latchstring of my small-change trousers pocket has been dangling from the bedpost and I have yet to record an unacountable disappearance of loose coin. I am not always eager to champion the wife's cause, for that would be robbing married life of its spice and seasoning, but I must and do denounce this jokemonger, this defamer of our noble married woman. It is quite evident that he was not in the habit of bringing home his week's wages and dumping them into the lap of her calico apron, as I have done ever since the fatal knot was tied. The wise man will not wait to be held up. He will fork over the change before the gun is placed against his slats. Unless you are willing to follow such a course, you should never have straggled beneath the arch of orange blossoms and pronounced your self-conviction.

SPEAKING of wives collectively, I have known wives so selfish and inconsiderate of a husband's feelings and of his domestic rights that they would not allow him to leave his bed before breakfast was ready, and would the whole day long compel him to refrain from lifting his hand to the work about the house or premises. Such a woman is capable of driving a husband to distraction! I have seen miserable male martyrs of connubial felicity sneak out to the woodshed with an eye full of determination to chop some wood for the parlor

stove, only to have the ax snatched from their hands and the wood split before their very eyes by the hand that wields the dish-rag and rules the world. And when the obituaries of such wives grace the martyrs' column of the village paper we are inclined to preface our remarks with a deep sigh and ungenerously give credit for their untimely demise to a lazy and worthless spouse. When a man is married he'd better mind his own business because, if the wife loves him, she will deny him the domestic task which is his by divine right, and if she doesn't love him, she will pursue the same course to spite him. So what's the poor, weak, down-trodden creature to do but lie abed mornings till breakfast is ready, loaf around all day, let her split the wood for the parlor stove, and have the neighbors make unkind remarks after her death and in every way lay obstacles in his path of ever getting hooked up again?

IT sounds so truly patriotic when we read of the wives and daughters of millionaires turning "farmer" and following the husky plow in the interest of their country (following it, in truth, long enough to be photographed and written up for the Sunday Supplement!) It fills the real farmer's wife with profound sympathy to learn of the wealthy dears soiling their daintily-diamonded paddies with horrid mother earth and sacrificing many social engagements to meet the dreadful oncoming emergency—and doing it perhaps with rubber mitts. As the season advances we shall expect to see the exclusive section of every American city a miniature truck garden and the annunciators of our ruhberneck vehicles revealing the fact that Mrs. Orris Tockracy's 4 by 6 cabbage patch is situated to the right, and next door is the two million dollar 8 by 10 bean hill of Dolly Doonothing who has removed her cocoanut palm to make way for her new industry. Can you imagine the mirth of the cut-worm and the live-wire potato bug as they read these announcements in our Sunday papers and gloat over



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the additional sorrows they might visit upon the famished and expectant soldier at the front? 'Tis an unquestionable fact that much land is utilized by shrubbery that yields no one any earthly good, which (like the idle rich) might be made to earn its right of existence. The magnolia might be crossed with the Baldwin Sweet or prunes grafted into the priceless (as well as worthless) palms which adorn the gardens of the

goldridden. Let the eye give way to the stomach in this hour of need. The rare geranium and the box-bush border are adornments we could well dispense with, but asparagus we can not.

If you folks with more money than experience wish to make a stir along the line of farming, get in touch with a real farmer's wife and forget the stage effects, the camera and the write-ups. Let the dirt get into the pores of your flesh and the dust into your lungs and cultivate freckles as well as spinach!

Promise us that you'll do this, then we'll believe your amateur farming amounts to a little something more than mere newspaper gush.

SINCE woman is coming to the front and usurping the duties that Providence intended to be man's share upon this sphere, I feel mighty glad for her sake that these are not medieval days, for I should not like to see her slipping into a tin suit of armor and a coal-scuttle headgear, of a frosty morning to tickle the fires and stir up the pancake batter for her lord and master. Let us fancy her also coming home from some glad doings at three a. m. and fumbling in the pocket of her tin pants for the latchkey to steal, unheard and unobserved, into her silent domicile!

MEN are downtown at their offices all day and have a chance to talk. The women have to stay at home, and with the exception of the milkman, the grocery man, the ice man, the old clothes man, a few miscellaneous peddlers and hucksters, and the woman next door, there is nobody to talk to. That is why wifie talks her husband's head off when he comes home at night. Husbands, who through long years of experience, have grown accustomed to this merely answer "hmh-hmh" without hearing. Sometimes the wife will catch them unawares and between remarks will insert a request for ten dollars to buy a new dress with. If the husband, from force of habit answers "hmh-hmh," the wife, of course, gets the gown.

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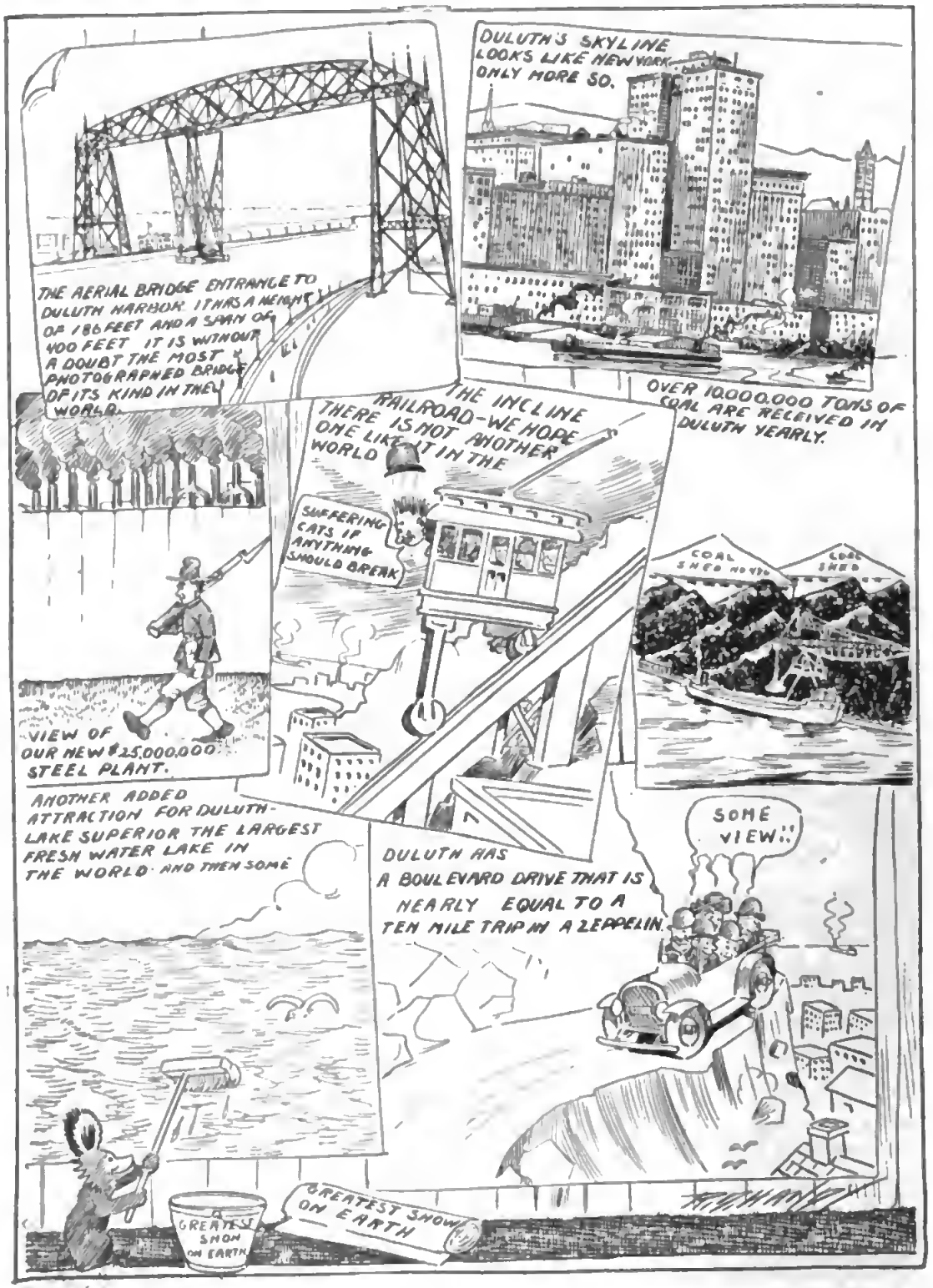
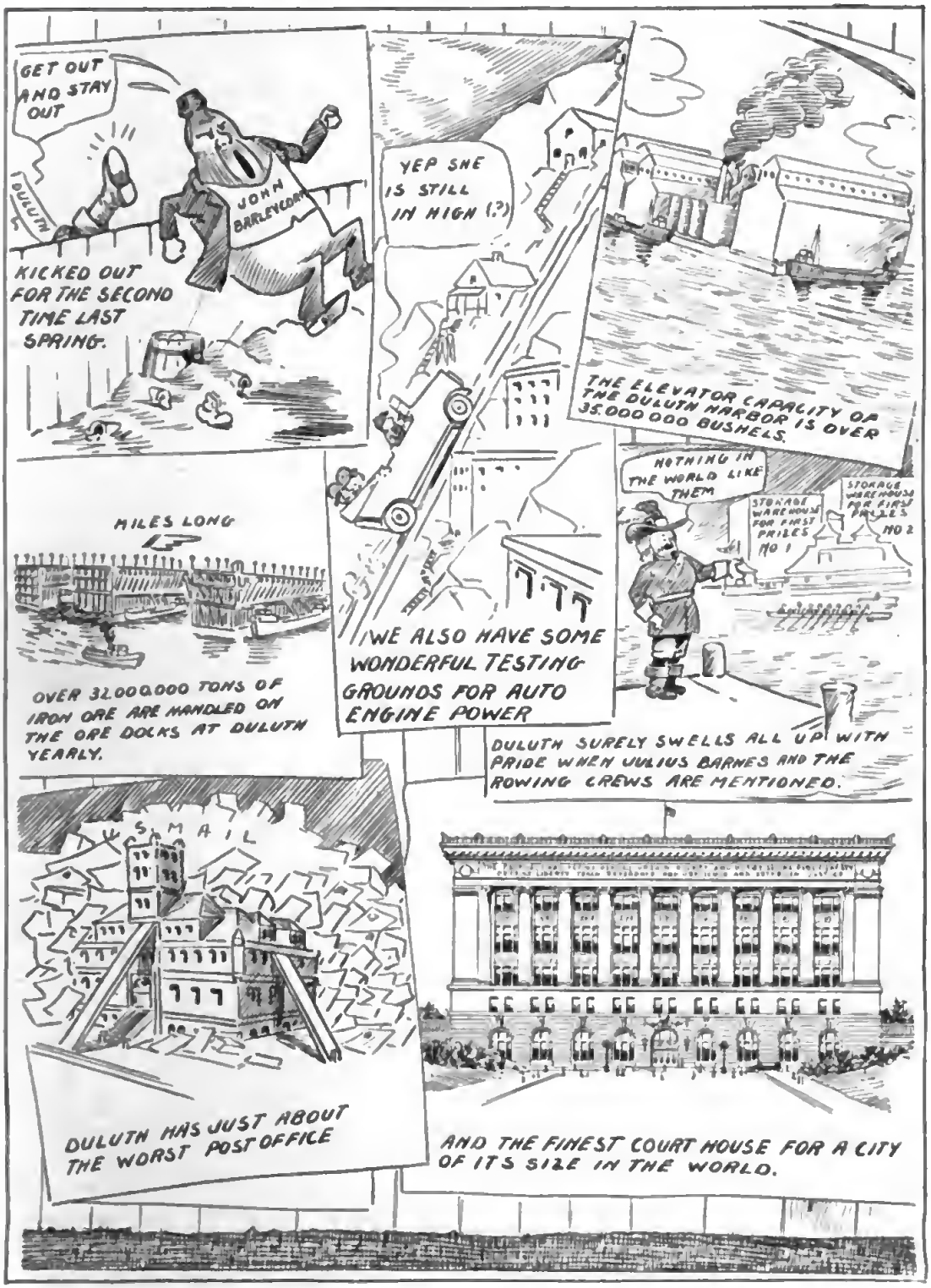
CITIES BEAUTIFUL



8-Duluth by Ray N. Handy



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Levity, the

He: "You don't mind getting sunburned?"
She: "I adore it."
He: "Then why do you paint and powder when you go to town?"
She: "Oh, that's to hide it."—Sydney Bulletin.

Two's Company

In the parlor there were three,
She, the parlor lamp, and he;
Two is company, no doubt,
So the little lamp went out!
—Yale Record.

Tactless

Alphonse—Where is ze maid?

Jean—Ze maid is arranging ze hair of madame!

Alphonse—Oui! Et Madame, is she with her? —Punch Bowl.

The Give-Away

"By Jove, she's a little peach."

"She is. Always peaching on somebody."
—Sydney Bulletin.

He: "What, another new dress! How on earth am I going to pay for it in these war times?"

She: "Well, my dear, I'm your wife—not your financial adviser."—London Opinion.

"HONI SOIT . . ."

Daughter: "Isn't it wonderful to think that this lovely silk comes from an insignificant worm!"

Mother (horrified): "Really, Gwendolin, you mustn't refer to your father in that contemptuous fashion."—The Passing Show.

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Soul of Wit

In Practice

While waiting for the speaker at a public meeting a pale little man in the audience seemed very nervous. He glanced over his shoulder from time to time and squirmed and shifted about in his seat. At last, unable to stand it longer, he arose and demanded in a high penetrating voice:

"Is there a Christian Scientist in the room?"

A woman at the other side of the hall got up and said:

"I am a Christian Scientist."

"Well, then, madam," replied the little man, "Would you mind changing seats with me? I am sitting in a draft."—Journal of the American Medical Association.

Heard in Bible Class

Teacher: "Which one of the Parables do you like the best?"

Pupil: "The one where somebody loaves and fishes."—Yale Record.

DEAD ON

"Would you scream if I kissed you?"

"I don't see how I can if you kiss me on the right place."—Sydney Bulletin.

ACCOMMODATING

The Captain (nervously): ."I—ah—would like to see something nice in silk stockings."

The Shopwalker: "Certainly, sir. Miss Wells, forward!"

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From The Bystander

"Mine" Adrift

TWO SOULS, ETC.

SHE thought the room was very hot,
And so did I!
She thought the porch the coolest spot,
And so did I!
So leaving all the ball-room glare,
Where lights are high, and people stare,
She wandered to a hammock there,
And so did I!

She nestled in that cosy swing,
And so did I!
She thought the moon the nicest thing,
And so did I!
Her rosy lips were very near,
As soft they murmured in my ear,
Till presently they came too near—
And so I did!

—Yale Record.

Young Mistress: "Your master thinks cook ought to boil all our drinking water. Tell her to start today."

Maid: "Yes'm."

Young Mistress: "And tell her to be sure not to burn it."—London Opinion.

"Don't be afraid, girlie; don't you see I have my hands full?"
"Yes, but you might ask me to hold your things."—Le Rire, © Paris.

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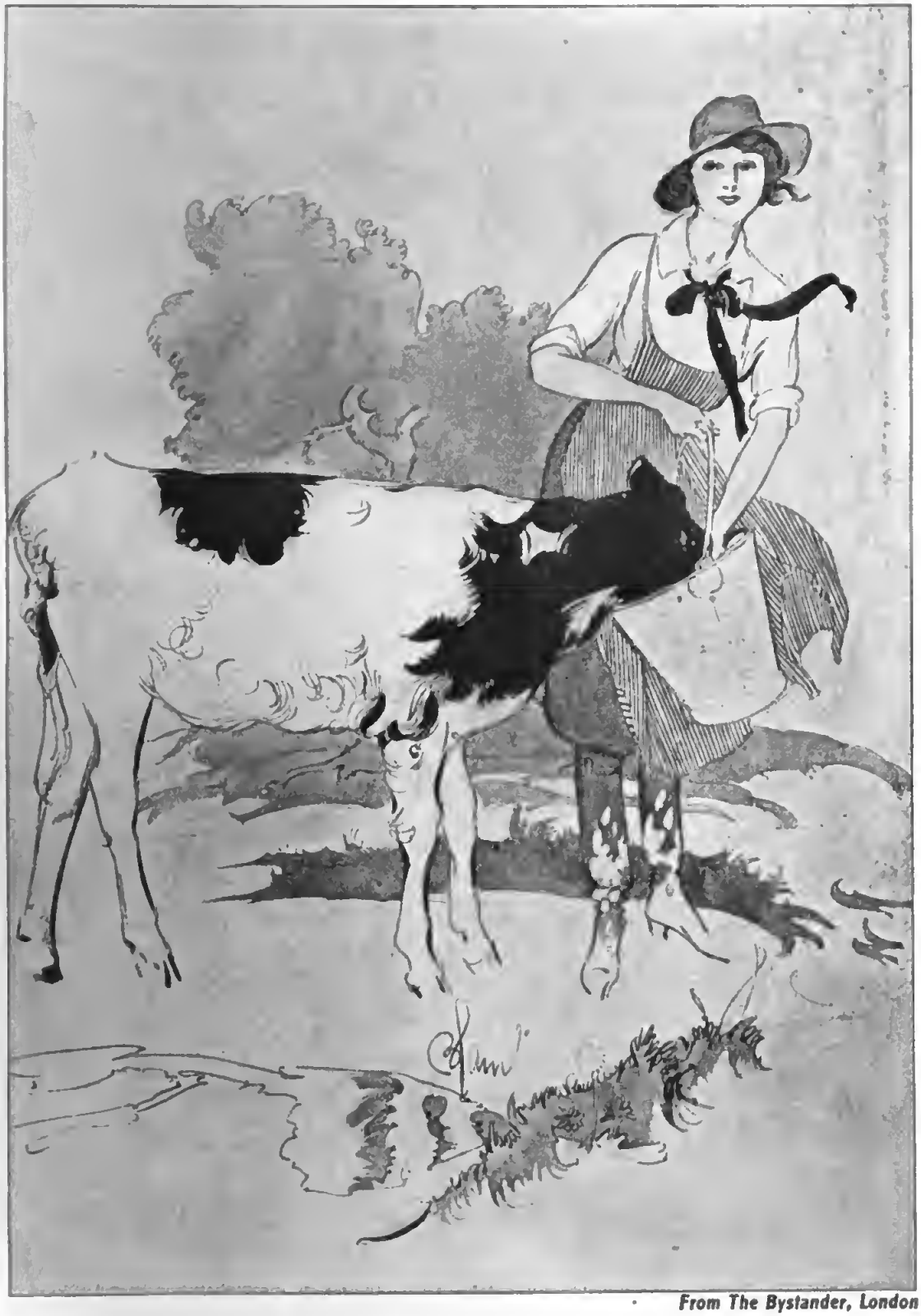

From The Bystander, London

NOTE FROM COUNTRYSIDE

"Squire says he's never seen such nice little calves as Mary's."

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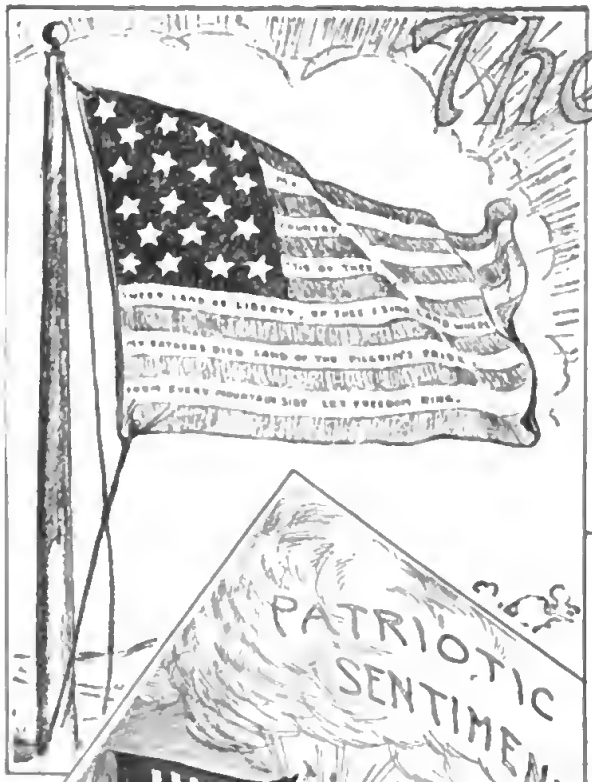
The Days of

THE Fourth of July this year will be more than a day of real sport. Much of the real patriotism of Uncle Sam's birthday will be revived —it was lost for many years in the din of dynamite caps and cannon crackers. Old Glory will take on an added significance as it floats from a million mastheads. It is waving today beside the Tricolor and the Union Jack on European battlefields, leading the way



CLUBB in Rochester Herald

From Ocean to Ocean

TEMPLE in Cleveland Plain Dealer

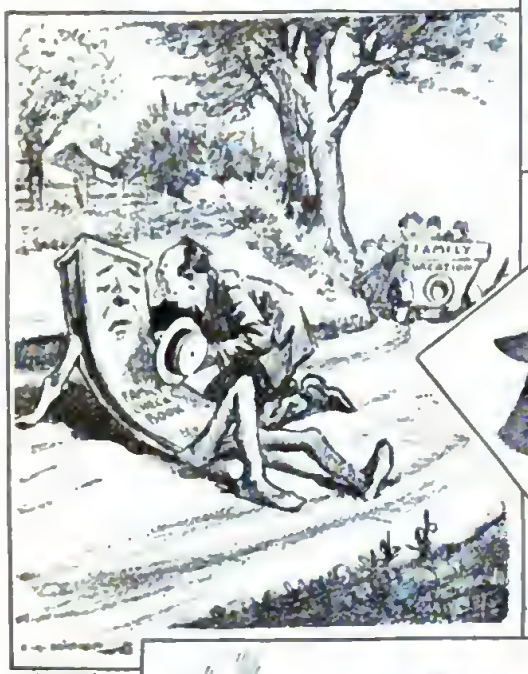
"The swell's got 'im."

DONAHEY in Cleveland Plain Dealer

Men Are Such Brutes!

Real Sport

for the twentieth century knights who will proclaim a new world-liberty. Still, in the midst of our war activities, there will be time for recreation. July is the vacation month, when the mountains and the seaside have a message of their own. And if our sport is modified by changed conditions, the vacation season will have its uses nevertheless. It will permit us to attack the problems before us with new energy.



Copyright, S. S. McClure
BRINKERHOFF *in New York Evening Mail*

The Summer Accident

Copyright, Philadelphia Inquirer Co.
MORGAN *in Philadelphia Inquirer*

The Fourth—a Day for American-Americans.

DONAHEY *in Cleveland Plain Dealer*

Wife: "Oh, very well; I hope you have a good time!"

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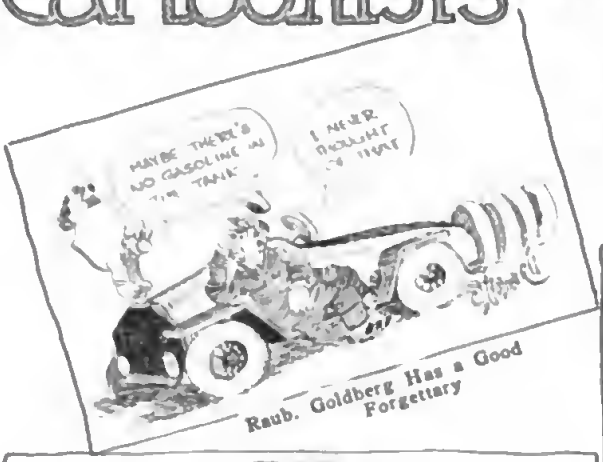
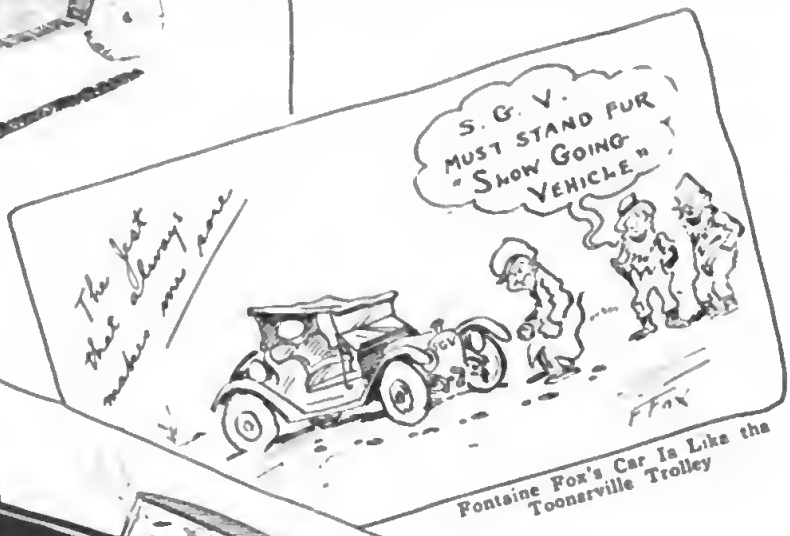
Cartoonists and their Cars as seen by Themselves



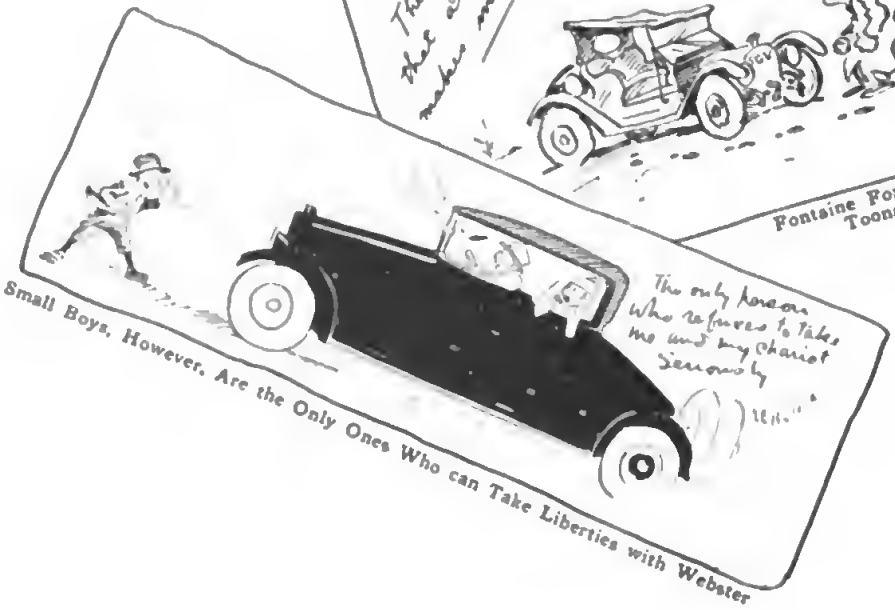
Raub. Goldberg Has a Good Forgettary

Clare Briggs Has that "Glo-r-yus Feelin'"

Mutt and Jeff Joy-Riding in Bud Fisher's Car



Fontaine Fox's Car Is Like the Toonerville Trolley



Small Boys, However, Are the Only Ones Who can Take Liberties with Webster

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THE CARTOONISTS' CONFESSIONAL

Berryman, of the Washington Star, has Cartooned so Many National Celebrities That They Are All Easy for Him

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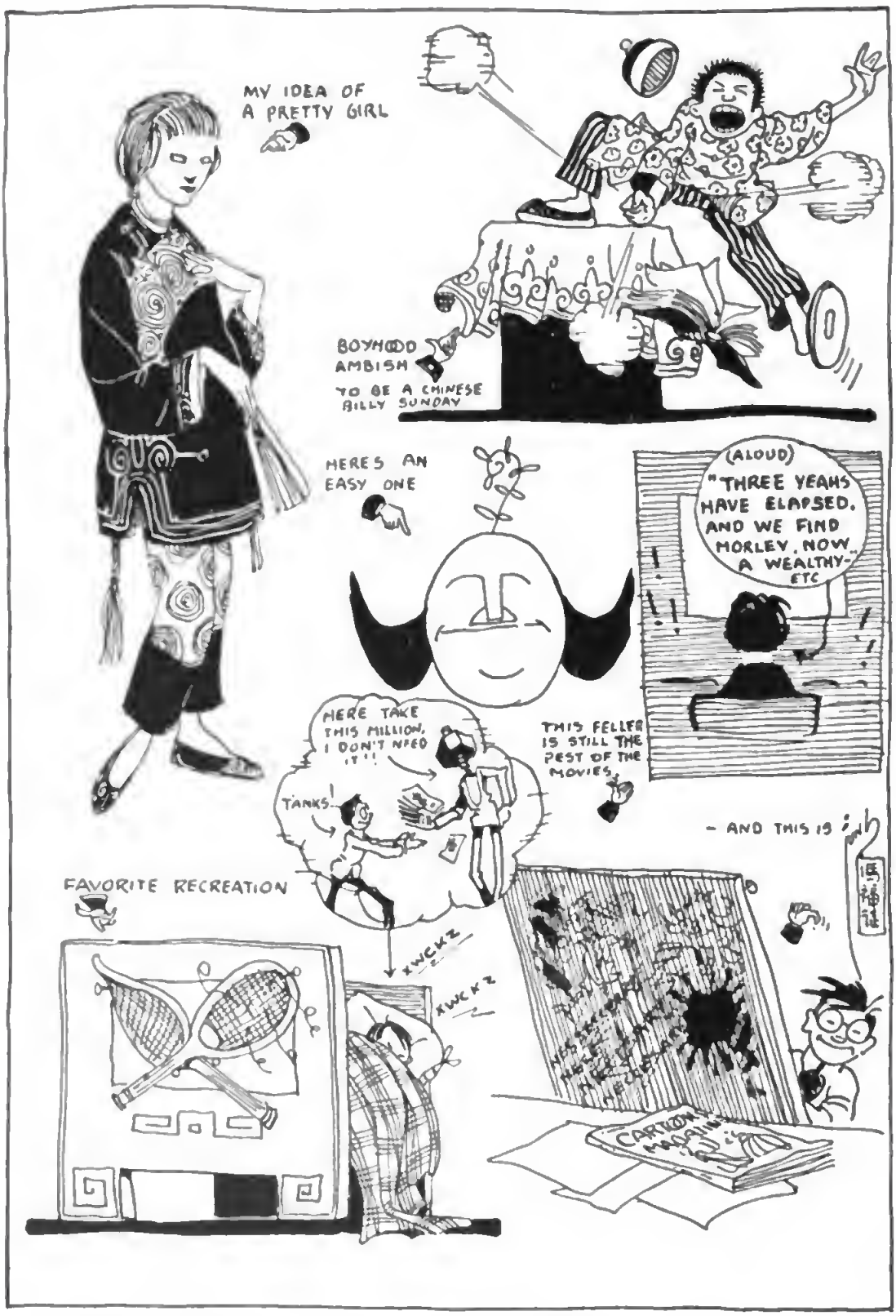

THE CARTOONISTS' CONFESSIONAL

Paul Fung, the Only Chinese Cartoonist in Captivity, Still Clings to Oriental Ideas of Feminine Beauty

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THE CARTOONISTS' CONFESSIONAL

Wherein Bob Satterfield of the Newspaper Enterprise Association Gets in a Puff for His Side-Kick, W. R. Allman

LIFE IN A NAVAL

by Perce

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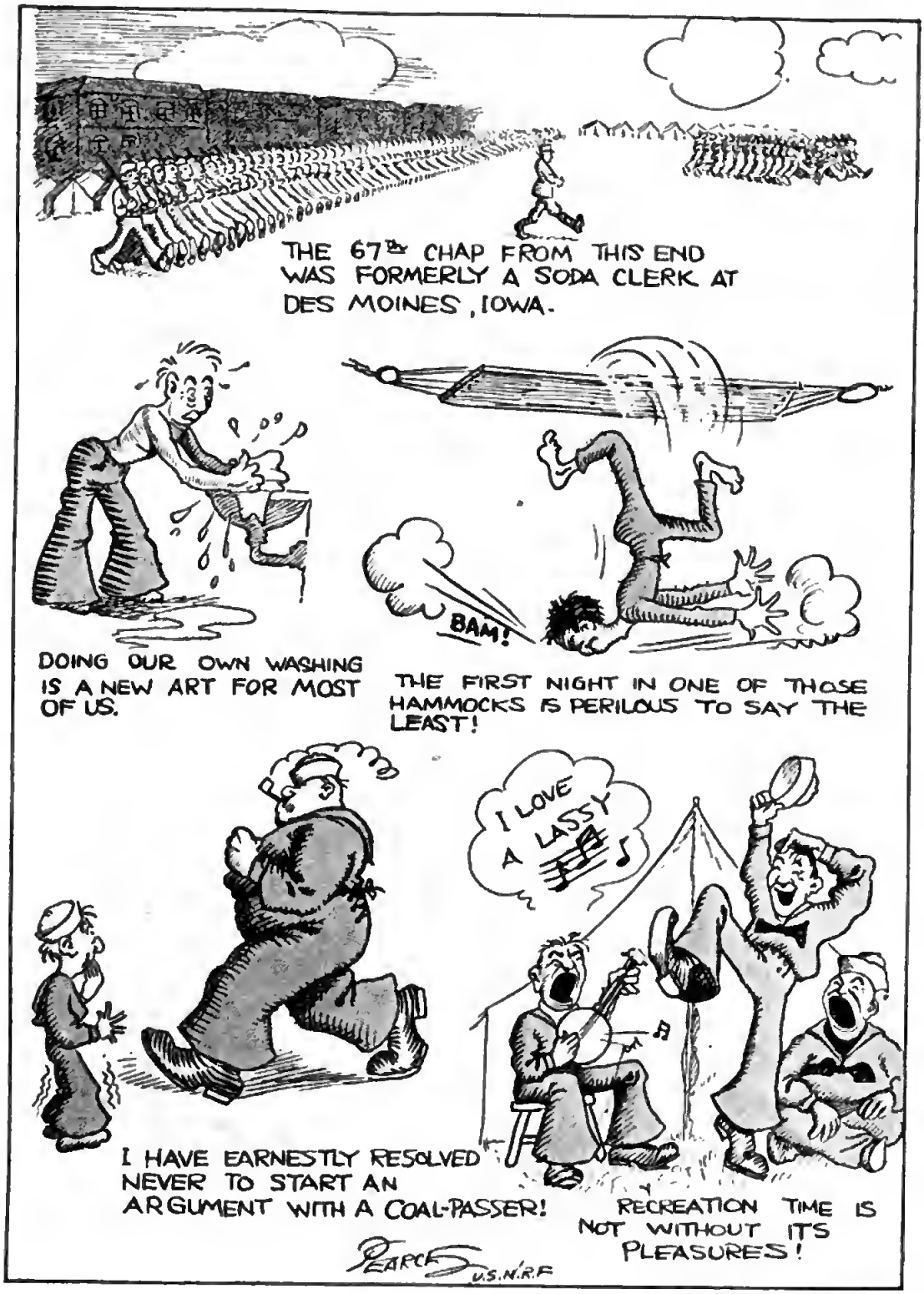
TRAINING STATION

Pearce



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine

Recruiting Posters that

Marine Corps Poster by L. A. Shilton

Marine Corps Poster by Sidney H. Riesenberg

Marine Corps Poster by Sidney H. Riesenberg

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Sound a Call to Arms

Marine Corps Poster by J. C. Lyendecker

Marine Corps Poster by Bruce Moore

Navy Poster by Henry Reuterdahl

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THE SPIRIT OF 1917

A Stirring Poster Designed for the Mayor of New York's Committee by James Montgomery Flagg

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ZEPPELIN AHOY!

A Poster Designed for the U. S. Marine Corps by L. A. Shafer

It shows an anti-aircraft gun in action.

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Chinese Comedy *at the*

"SILVER LOTUS," a fanciful Chinese pantomime, was the principal offering at the entertainment given by the Girls' Life Class Association of the Chicago Art Institute in May. The pantomime dealt with a beautiful princess, whose prince-lover has left her for a far journey, having first given her a charmed lotus flower which renders her as lifeless as a statue. Her hand is offered in marriage to any youth who can awaken her, with the usual penalty, decapitation, for failure. The prince returns incognito, and awakens her only to see her wilt away with the joy of seeing him. Miss Marylka Modjeska gave a fin-

Miss Aithrs Holland

Miss Margaret Caldwell as the Chinese Princess

Miss Asemar

Miss Helen Louise Eastman, Dancer

Pantomime and Classic Art Institute

ished performance as the curtain man. Miss Margaret Caldwell made a very bewitching princess, while the tight-rope performance of Miss Aithra Holland was excellent. As an interlude, Miss Helen Louise Eastman offered a dance fantasy. A Greek comedy, entitled "Helena's Husband," followed, introducing Miss Beatrice Lockwood as the Queen of Sheba, and Miss Victoria Shekleton as the queen's slave. Much of the success of the entertainment was due to the efforts of Miss Gertrude Azemar, who was the press agent, who helped paint the scenery, and who made up one hundred Chinamen nightly.

Miss Beatrice Lockwood as Helena

Miss Holland, Tight-rope Walker

Miss Beatrice Lockwood (left) and Miss Victoria Shekleton in "Helena's Husband"

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GOLDBERG AND HIS SILLYSONNETS

NOT since the "Daffydill" craze of 1911 has anything captured the public fancy like the "Sillysonnets" that Reub. Goldberg has started. Almost everybody in the United States has been writing sillysonnets since Goldberg began them. A sillysonnet is a stanza of four lines, the first three of which are heroic, and the last, an anticlimax. It is a descent from the sublime to the ridiculous. And there is a good deal of philosophy in these sonnets, at that. For instance:

When youthful genius strives to find
A new idea to help mankind,
The wise men shake their heads and scoff—
Go home, my friend, and sleep it off.

Or this:

Whene'er, dear heart, we chance to meet,
The air seems clear and pure and sweet;
The atmosphere is free from care—
You can't support a wife on air.

To satiate the desire on the part of the public to drop into verse, the New York Evening Mail recently offered prizes for the best sillysonnets received. The result was a perfect deluge of sonnets—thousands and thousands of them. Here is one dipped from the stream:

Our country needs her every son,
To wage the war with sword and gun:
We cannot win except by might—
When did you take the oath to fight?

So if you see a man feverishly jotting down something on his cuff or rushing frantically for pen and ink, he has probably just thought of a new sillysonnet.

THROUGH AUSTRALIAN EYES

From the press of Building Limited, Sydney, Australia, comes a volume by George A. Taylor, cartoonist and publisher, entitled "There—a Pilgrimage of Pleasure." It is an account of Mr. Taylor's recent wanderings in America, and is illustrated not only by halftones, but by a number of humorous drawings by the author. Mr. Taylor's observations on American art are naturally of interest. He condemns Whistler's pictures as "mostly anæmic and weakly washed impressions," and refers to the "uneven, careless work" of Chase and Sargent. American art, he says, is best represented in sculpture, as in the work of Gutzon Borglum and Horatio Taft. The American bookstalls were a constant magnet to the author, who was greatly impressed by the arrays of magazines, the covers of which were "of the highest art," and which were as pleasing to him as the best art-gallery exhibits.

KNOCKS

The trouble with the American eagle, represented in the cartoons as screaming defiance at its enemies, is that it seems disposed to take it out in screaming.—Waterbury Republican.

Cartoons in which Uncle Sam is pictured as a fat old gentleman are misleading. He is lean, wiry, and a rough customer in a scrap.—Atlanta Constitution.

Perhaps our cartoonists should be reminded that the military hero of today does not wave a sword with one hand and fire a field howitzer with the other.—St. Paul Dispatch.

Some day, perhaps, some of our patriotic cartoonists will familiarize themselves with the flag code.—St. Paul Dispatch.

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PAUL FUNG

The Young Chinese Cartoonist of the Seattle Post-Intelligencer

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Will Hope

AN AUSTRALIAN HUMORIST

Readers of Cartoons Magazine who have noticed certain whimsical drawings bearing the signature of Will Hope may have wondered who the artist is: He is a native of Parramalta, Australia. His earliest cartoons appeared in the Australian Star and in Steele Rudd's Magazine. Later he became a contributor to the Sydney Bulletin. Mr. Hope spent seven years in the Fiji Islands and in New Zealand as a linotypist, reporter, telegraph editor, and cartoonist for various publications, including the New Zealand Truth. Desiring a wider field, however, he sailed for the United States, and arrived in San Francisco in March, 1915. His work began to appear in the Oakland Tribune and the San Francisco Chronicle. Since then he has done special pages for the New York Globe and the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. During McCutcheon's recent absence from the Chicago Tribune Mr. Hope contributed a number of first-page cartoons.

W. A. Rogers, the New York Herald's cartoonist, has been speaking at the meetings of the Midday Recruiting Committee.

OUTCAULT'S ASSISTANT

One of the most popular features at the recent Actors' Fund fair at the Grand Central Palace, New York, was the cartoonists' booth directed by Dick Outcault. The beautiful young woman who assisted him in disposing of original drawings by Caruso, Opper, Bud Fisher, Goldberg, Dorgan, and others, was the Mary Jane of Mr. Outcault's famous series. Mary Jane is the daughter of the cartoonist. On another page of this issue are shown silhouettes by Miss Beatrix Sherman of celebrities who attended the fair.

Charles E. Howell, formerly cartoonist of the New York World and the New York Globe, is now president of the Cartoonaday Company, which supplies daily cartoons to merchants for window-display purposes. Mr. Howell draws the cartoons himself, and keeps well abreast of the world's news. Branches of the company are to be opened in Chicago, New Orleans, Denver, San Francisco, and other cities. The cartoons are displayed in an attractive metal frame.

Ray Rohn (Top) and Herb Roth

Libels on two popular New York artists committed by Fred Cooper after a shortcake dinner with Helena Smith-Dayton, which upset Mr. Cooper.

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Ethel Plummer

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WAKE UP, AMERICA!
Recruiting Poster by James Montgomery Flagg

SPIRITED RECRUITING POSTERS

The American artists are not slackers. They have been giving the best that is in them to Uncle Sam. They have designed recruiting posters which have called thousands of young men to the colors. They have even donned overalls and painted billboards. Elsewhere in this issue we reproduce a group of posters that are already historic. While not so artistic as more recent ones, they were the first in the field, and have found a place in the archives of the British and the French war museums. The best of these were done for the United States Marine Corps, whose slogan "First to Fight," is no mere boast. For the Woman's Section of the Navy League Miss Neysa McMein has designed an attractive poster of a girl in khaki.

Nor are the western artists lagging behind the New Yorkers. The Chicago Art Institute recently awarded prizes aggregating $600 for recruiting posters. Three young women were the winners. John T. McCutcheon was on the board of judges.

CARTOONISTS PLAY BALL

Hurry calls for ambulances were many on May 27 when Chicago newspaper artists from the two rival morning papers opposed each other on the diamond at Weeghman Park. Their efforts, however, netted $2,500 for the Red Cross, so they did not suffer for nothing. The Tribune team, of which John T. McCutcheon, Sid Smith, Frank King, William Donahey, Carey Orr, and Ring W. Lardner were the stars, claimed a victory by a score of 19 to 3. Will De Beck, who played shortstop for the opponents, made a record of one run and two hits. Orr pitched for the Tribune crowd, and performed almost as well as he draws. McCutcheon qualified as a hero by hitting a two-bagger, while Lardner contributed to the success of his team by kicking himself out of the game early in the proceedings. This rising young artist took exception to a ruling of the umpire, and was obliged to spend the remainder of his time on the coaching lines. Frank King's record, as shown by the box score, was a succession of zeros. Sid Smith made two runs and three hits.

The Tribune score would have been larger, it is said, except for the fact that the umpire rather humanely called the game so as to save the losers further punishment.

Frank King's Poster Advertising the Chicago Newspaper Artists' Ball Game

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Sketches Made by Frank King for Cartoons Magazine of the Newspaper Artists' Ball Game

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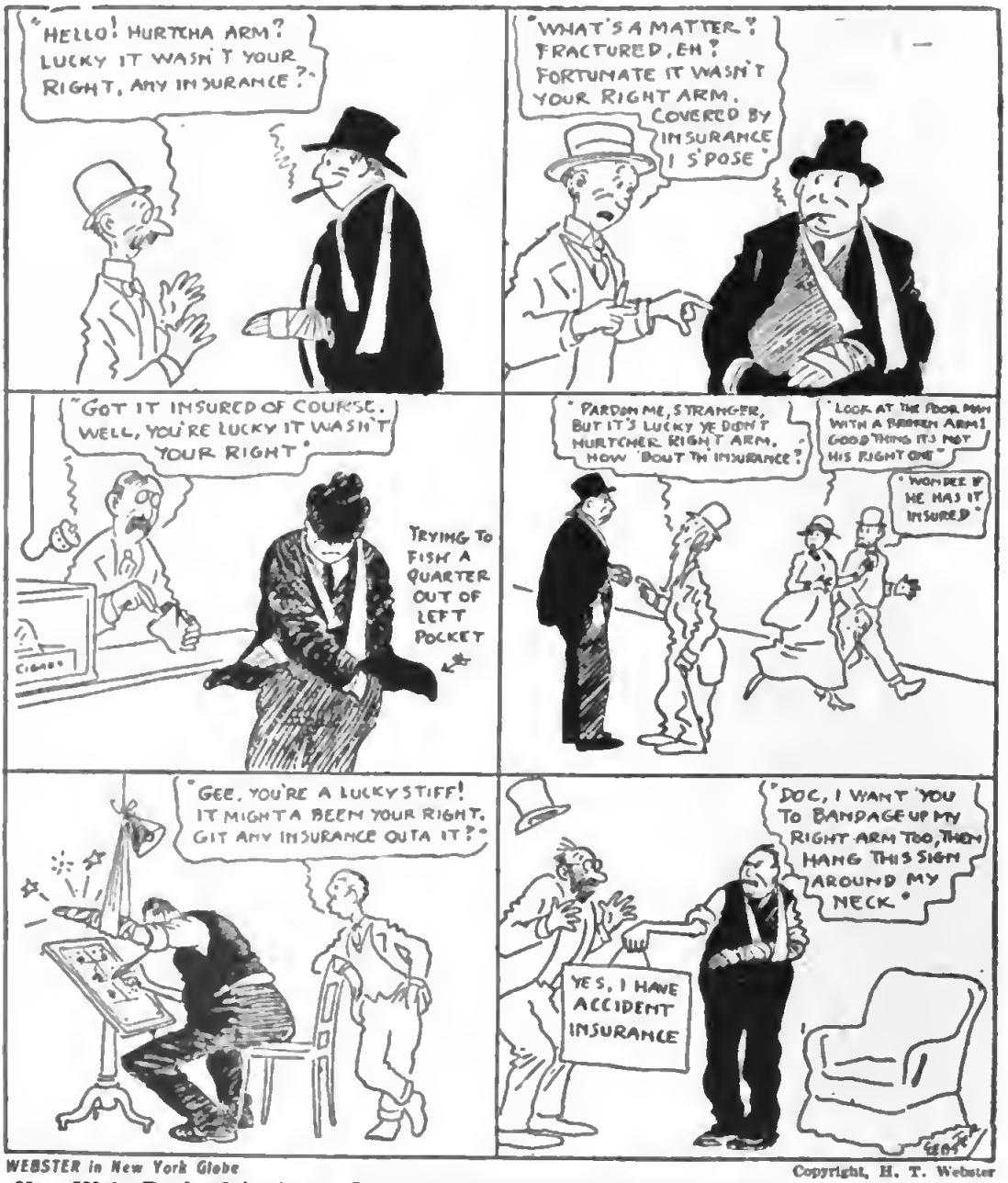
THE NECESSARY CARTOONIST

The cartoonist, according to William S. Kekking, professor of drawing and painting at the University of Kansas, is a product of necessity. Professor Kekking spoke recently on war cartoons before the woman's forum of the university. In France, he said, where the war has struck most terribly, the cartoonists portray the pathos and misery of war, but in Germany, he declared, the cartoons showed contempt for other nations. The United States, the speaker added, has as yet no cartoons which adequately reflected the nation's thought.

Frank M. Spangler, cartoonist of the Montgomery Advertiser, attended the Knight Templars' conclave in Pittsburgh as a member of the biggest and best Knight Templar band in the country.



WEBSTER in New York Globe — Copyright, H. T. Webster

Yes, Web. Broke His Arm. It Was His Left Arm, and He had Insurance. BUT—How did You Do It, Web?

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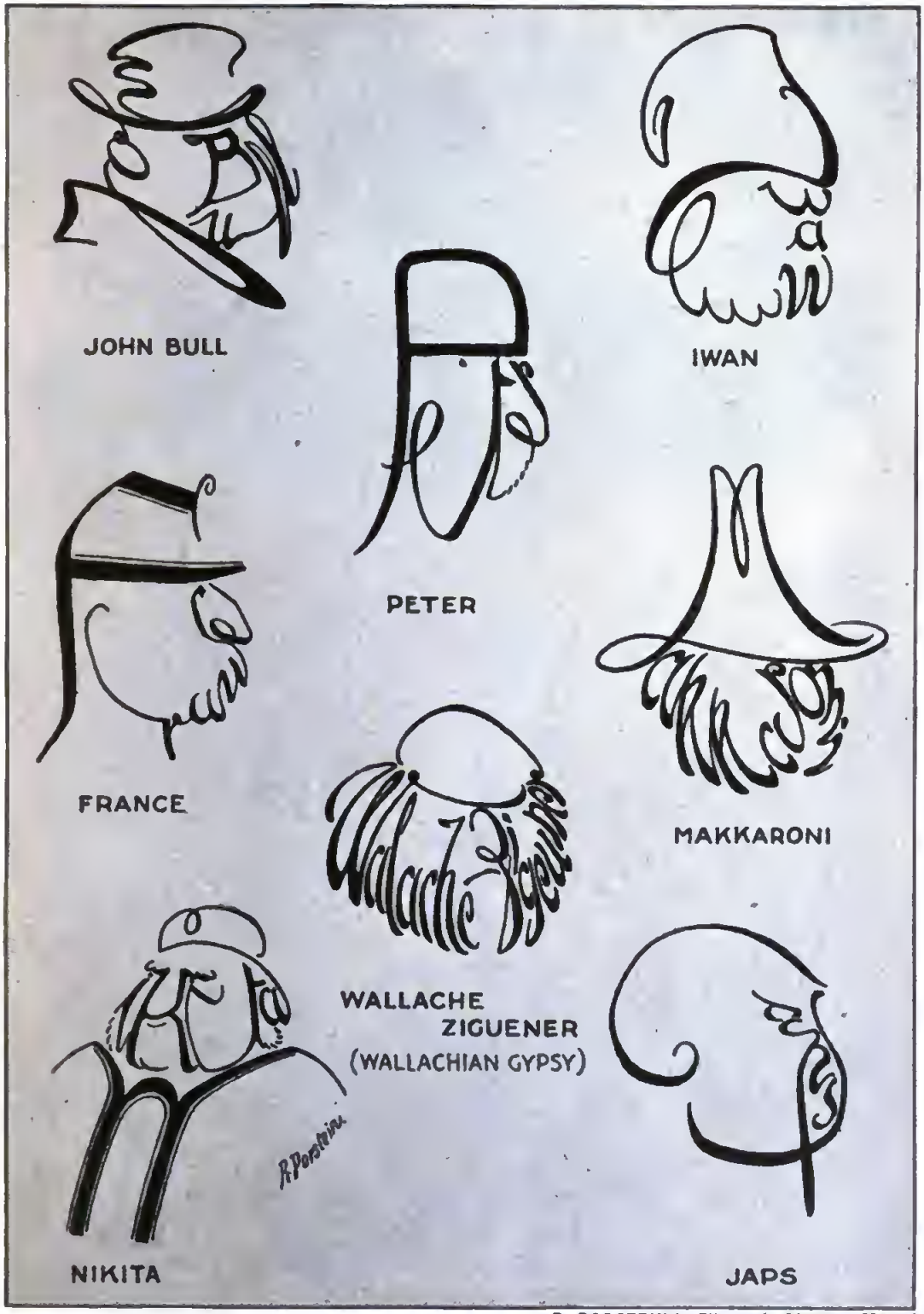

R. PORSTEIN in Fliegende Blaetter, Munich

Our Enemies Spell Themselves

Clever caricatures in script by a Munich artist.

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An Exponent of the New Science of Color

Miss Beatrice Irwin in Her Studio

ONE no longer thinks or speaks of old rose, Alice blue, or bright yellow. It is the thing now to speak of such shades as "sedative rose," "recuperative blue," or "stimulating yellow." At least that's what Miss Beatrice Irwin tells us, and Miss Irwin has not only lectured in America and Europe on the influence of color on our lives, but is the author of a book entitled "The New Science of Color."

Her theories are as unusual as they are interesting. Instead of being "color mad," Miss Irwin is "color sane." It is her extreme sensitiveness to color, she says, that has compelled her to analyze this subject from many angles and to write verse and prose on the relation of color to health and disease, to nature, to literature and the drama. This young lady was born of an Irish mother and a French father somewhere in the Himalayas, and combines the executive energy of the West with the introspective vision of the Orient. Her philosophy has attracted the attention of such men as Abdul Baha, the Persian seer, Auguste Rodin, and others.

She has sought by her experiments to understand why color affects us and how, to be able to define sedative, recuperative, and stimulating color both through knowledge of its physical composition and through knowledge of its psychological effects on us.

In her book, "The New Science of Color," she says: "You should surround yourself actually with the color whose potency you desire, and if this is impossible, then surround yourself mentally with it. The method of mental color envelopments is achieved best by inducing in yourself the conditions that correspond to the color of your choice. The phrase 'He takes on the color of his surroundings' has more truth in it than you are aware of. The chromatologist of the future will command color consciously and not be at its mercy for good or evil.

"In working with colors I should advise you to begin with the physical sedatives, gray, spruce, green, or brown; then use the mental recuperatives, such as crimson, lake, or blue, gradually advancing to night blue, the spiritual sedative. From that revert to the physical recuperatives, turquoise and russet, following them with mental sedatives, and concentrate finally on the spiritual elements.

Generally speaking, Miss Irwin finds men more susceptible to color than are women. Nearly all the eastern races, she observes, have recognized the potencies of color. The Hebrews, Egyptians, Chaldeans, and Persians, she says, have made a special study of the subject. "Could anything be more practical," she asks, "than our health, our clothes, and our houses, and all these are influenced largely by the colors we use."

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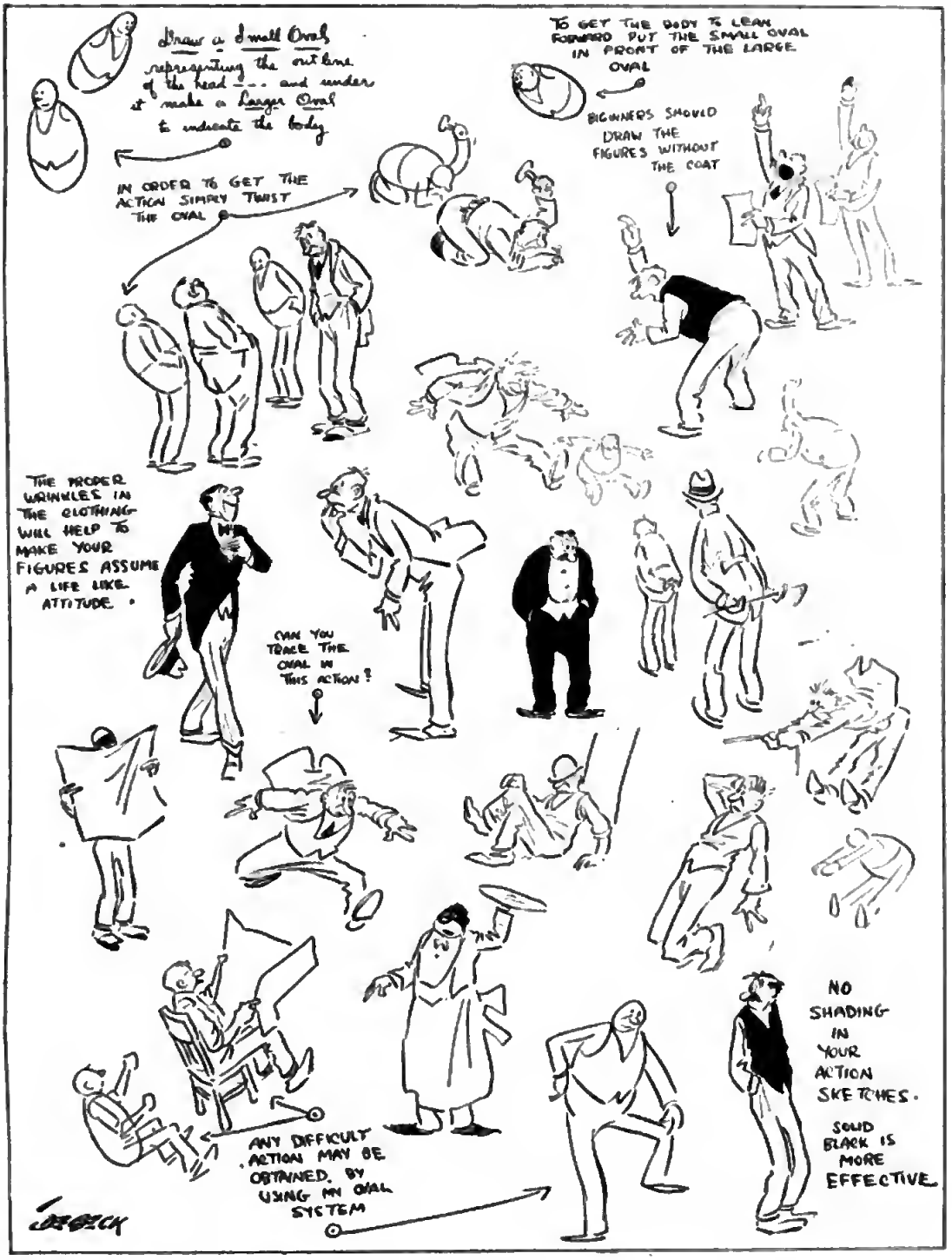

THE EVOLUTION OF THE OVAL—AN EASY LESSON IN ACTION BY WILL DEBECK

This is the first of a series of lessons in cartooning for readers of Cartoons Magazine by Mr. DeBeck. In next month's number there will be a page on faces. This series will be of interest to the layman as well as to the artist, amateur or professional. Just as a magician might disclose the secrets of his illusions, so Mr. DeBeck will take the reader into his confidence and show just how cartoons are made.

WE'RE WAITING, WEB

If H. T. Webster, the New York Globe cartoonist, wants a subject for one of his "Most futile thing in the world" series, here is an idea offered gratis by the Cincinnati Times-Star. "He ought to picture," says this newspaper, "one actor trying to tell a joke to another."

The Times-Star goes into particulars.

"J. Francis Dooley, the vaudeville performer, dropped into Sam Bernard's dressing room at Keith's the other night. 'Listen,' began Dooley; 'a school-teacher gave a pupil ten cents to buy some plums. She told him to pinch one to see if they were ripe. Johnnie returned with ten plums and ten cents. The surprised teacher asked where he got the money.

"'"You told me to pinch one and see if it was good. I pinched the whole lot," explained the pupil proudly.'

"Silence in the dressing room.

"'Dooley, as a story teller you're a fine singer,' was the only comment from Bernard."

HOTEL DES ARTISTES OPENS

"Who's who in art" were present at the recent opening of the Hotel des Artistes, an uptown New York caravansary, among those having dinner reservations being Howard Chandler Christy, Penrhyn Stanlaws, James Montgomery Flagg, Reub. Goldberg, Clara Tice, and C. D. Gibson.

Vic Gauntlett, who has been out of the game for some time, is back on the Seattle Star again.

Russell Henderson, who has been doing prohibition cartoons for the American Issue, the official organ of the Anti-Saloon league, is now cartoonist of the Richmond Virginian.

The Seattle Press Club boasts of one of the best collections of cartoon originals in the country. Among those represented in the gallery are Opper, Bud Fisher, T. A. Dorgan, Donahey, Darling, Herbert Johnson, and George McManus.

Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Walter Wellman

AUGUST

TWENTY FIVE CENTS

CARTOONS MAGAZINE

WITHIN RANGE

After a Cartoon by Charles H. Sykes in The Philadelphia Evening Ledger

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Revelstoke, B. C.

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Lethbridge, Alta.

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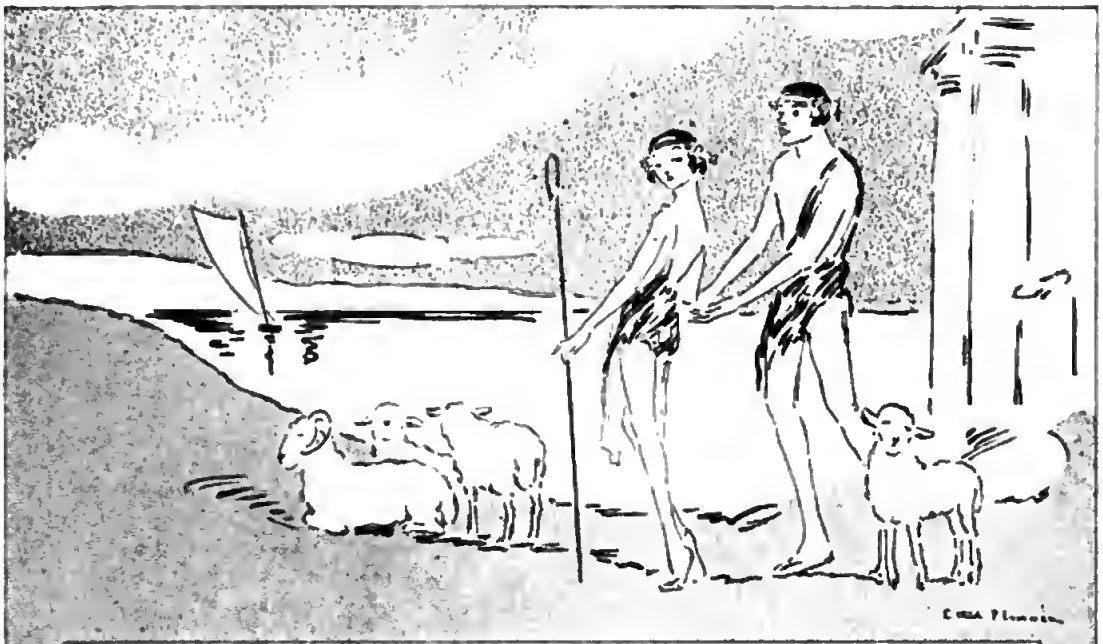

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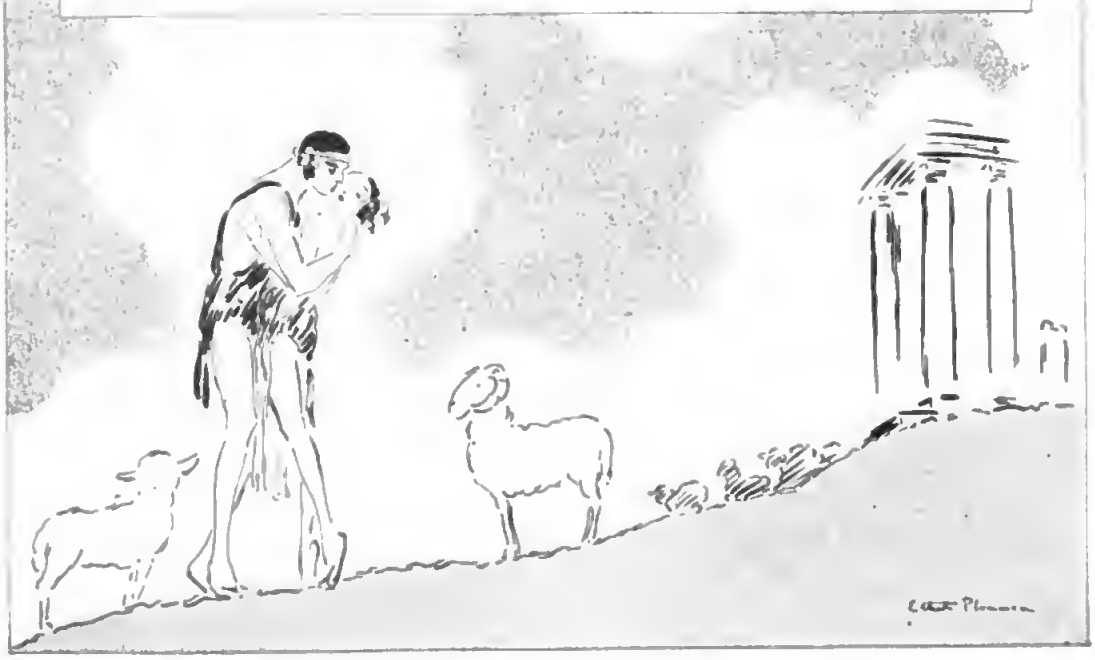


School News

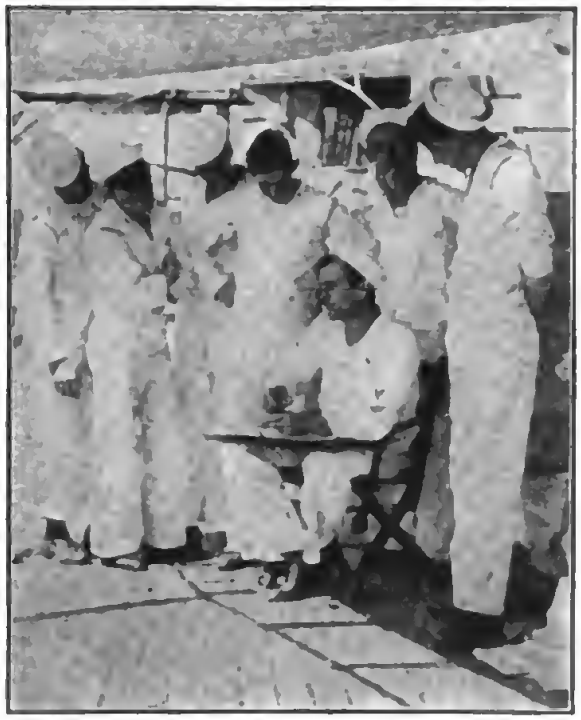
WANT TO LEARN TO DRAW

OHIO 1917

The letters on this page are typical of those which are constantly received from men who are utilizing their spare time by developing their ability through THE LANDON SCHOOL.

Your suggestions, criticisms, and criticism correspondence at hand on Caricaturing. I wish to say how highly I appreciate all of the above mentioned. About a month ago a London, England, publishing firm took two of my cartoons. I have commenced on Composition lesson, which is a fine one indeed. It may be a week before I mail my work on this lesson, for, as you know, I am fulfilling military duties. Very sincerely,

WILLIAM WESTON STEPHENS,
874396, Section B. Co.,
11th Reserve, C. E. F.



Student G. C. Van Voorhis is here shown sketching scenes from the deck of the U. S. S. Nebraska for his comrades off the coast of Cuba

I thought I would write you a few lines just to let you know how I am getting along with my drawing. Well, when I enlisted and went to France, I took with me what lessons I had from you, and as I had lots of spare time I made good use of it. I carried your lessons with me all over France; and when I was at Somme there was plenty of material for comic work, so I started in. Before a week passed I had made quite a few drawings and nearly every officer and private was after me for sketches. Some told me to name my price. I was getting very popular with the boys, as they found it very amusing to watch me sketch. Finally my heart went bad, owing to the concussion of the heavy shelling, so I was sent to England. I am now in a convalescent hospital, and as time hangs heavy on my hands I do plenty of sketching. My drawings are in great demand around here. I must say I owe it all to your course, which is very instructive. Wishing you every success, I remain,

Very sincerely, THOMAS COOPER,
136186, 50th Batt. Can. Inf.,
Wokingham Berks, England.

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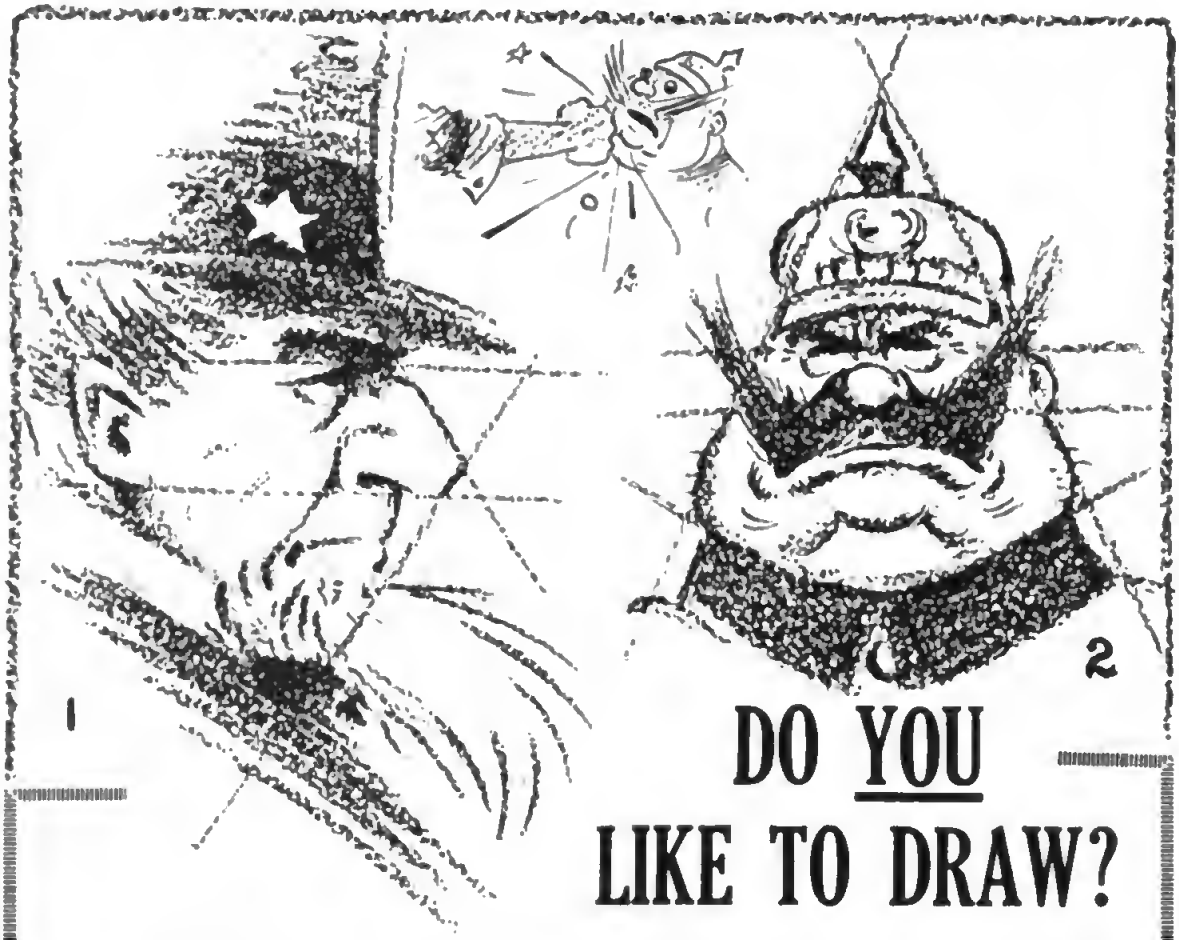

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Former students of this school are drawing for some of the *largest newspapers* in the country; some are drawing *animated cartoons;* others are giving *chalk talks.* We ask that the school be *estimated by* and *judged by what it produces.*

Send a small sample of your work and we will mail you portfolio of cartoons and full details.

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Volume 12 AUGUST, 1917 Number 2

CARTOONS MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT 6 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO

FABIANO in Le Rire, © Paris

THE PRIVATIONS OF WAR

He: "Funny that the government hasn't thought of issuing hat cards."
She: "Well, it isn't necessary. They're so small now that it doesn't matter."

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Getting Into

CARTER in Philadelphia Press

Ringing His Curfew

WE are beginning now to feel the thrill of war. No true American could have read of General Pershing's triumphal reception in France without quickening heartbeats. But with what more intense emotion did we not read later of the landing of the American troops—Jack Pershing's army that is to be the vanguard of the great "Liberty army" which will make the world safe for democracy! We are now doing our part with a will. The great Liberty loan, which, according to German predictions, would be a failure, we oversubscribed to the tune of more than $1,000,000,000. In a single week we raised some hundred million dollars for the Red Cross. The president has called for 70,000 volunteers, and while the response has not been all that could be wished, the machinery of the selective draft will soon furnish the groundwork for a mighty army. Thousands of young men at the officers' training camps have received their diplomas, and will soon be assigned to their commands. Unexpected difficulties have been encountered in the matter of building cantonments for the American soldiers and in that of our ship-building program, but

SYKES in Philadelphia Evening Ledger

The Mantle

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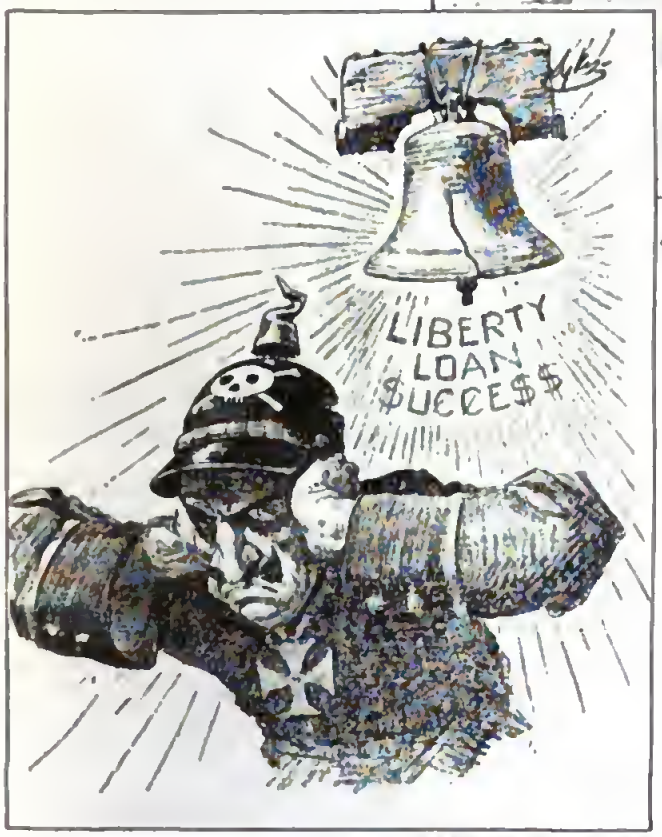
Our Stride

difficulties must, of course, be expected. Behind the talk and confusion at Washington great preparations are going on—as witness the speed and efficiency with which the Pershing army was transferred from the Mexican border across the submarine-infested sea to France—a dual triumph for the army and the navy. We have begun to turn out aeroplanes and airmen, and have made such progress that American supremacy in the air may not be a far-distant goal. Doctors, nurses, and engineers already have arrived in France, and it begins to look as if, like Great Britain, "we had the ships, we had the men, we had the money, too."

SYKES in Philadelphia Evening Ledger

"Sen it I did yet, but belief it I vill not!"



SYKES in Philadelphia Evening Ledger

The Knell

What a subject for a great historical painting that landing of American troops at "some port in France" would be! Picture the gray transports in the harbor, each deck "striped from bow to stern with a khaki-colored band, each stripe superimposed by a layer of healthy, tanned faces." The sleepy little town awakes. The dignitaries rush through the streets to assemble the town band. Flags are hastily hung out, and the women appear in hurriedly assumed finery. The men from overseas have come. They have evaded the hostile U-boats—nobody knows how. We quote the rest from Floyd Gibbons' dispatch to the Chicago Tribune:

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KIRBY in New York World

What Excuse Have You?

"The gross hulk of the transports—the first of the convoy—lay safely within the haven. The ensign of Rear Admiral Gleaves fluttered from the masthead of the flagship. Launches began chugging from one ship to another, while energetic jackies on the bridges snapped signal flags at arm-length angles as orders flew back and forth from one unit of the flotilla to another. Tugs moved out from the shore. The burriedly dressed villagers ranged along the quay moving about with the clatter of their wooden sabots, talking excitedly with mouth, eyes and hands.

"'C'est les Américains!' 'Vive L'Amérique!' could be heard from the babble that rose from groups of old men in soiled white smocks and hastily garbed women donning white lace headgears. From across the water came the sound of the familiar 'Barber of Seville' as negro stevedores in the forecastles tuned up with melodies that made the waiting exiles from homeland grow warm inside and cold outside. Back of the town, the sun beamed on yellow wheat fields and clover-purpled meadows rolling to the horizon.

"A regimental band, gathered on one foredeck, broke loose with 'Au Directoire' and followed with 'The Marseillaise,' which brought

CARTER in Philadelphia Press

Von Tirpitz: "Come away, children. That fellow shoots too straight."

CARTER in Philadelphia Press

The Salute

This, according to the newspaper correspondents, is our first surrender.

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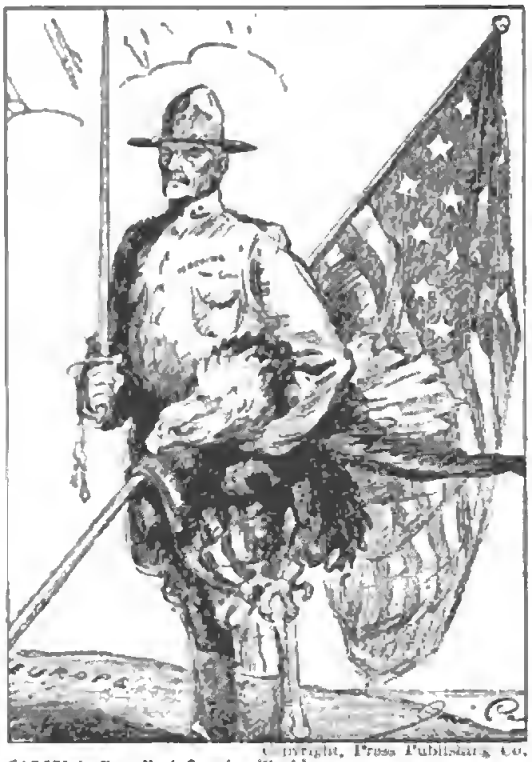

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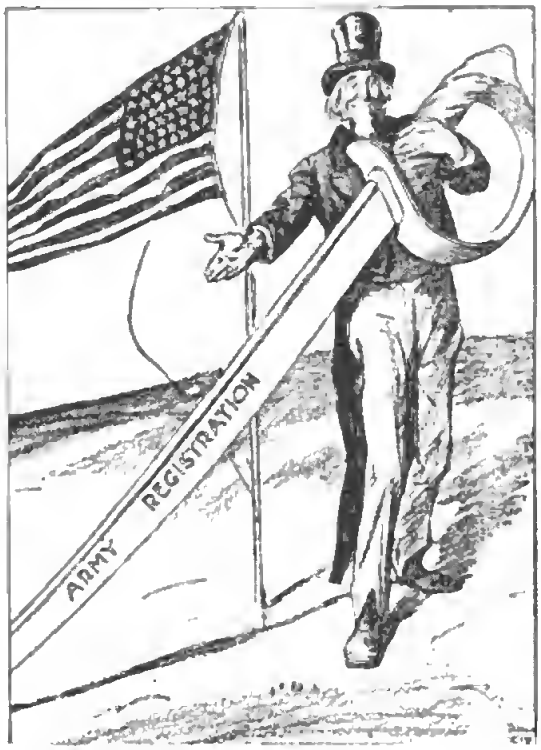
CASSEL in New York Evening World

"We'll play our part."



KIRBY in New York World

What Germany Called a Wooden Sword

KIRBY in New York World

Somewhere in France

CARTER in Philadelphia Press

Uncle Sam: "I ALWAYS lick him."

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From Kladderadatsch, Berlin

The Roar of the American War God

Germany, however, has another guess coming. The American war god does not roar, nor is he identical with our valiant Colonel. General Pershing's sun-browned, weather-beaten "sourdoughs" will be an entirely different matter. America is too busy these days to do much "roaring." The business-like way in which we have set out to win the war is one of the worst possible omens for the kaiser.

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CARTER in Philadelphia Press

The White Feather

a flutter of hands to the hat brims of the crowded decks.

"Again the big horns rumbled out the strains of 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' while troopers stood at tense salute."

One can imagine that to France, half exhausted after three years of bitter warfare, the Americans come almost as liberators. Pershing to France is what Lafayette was to us in the dark days of the Revolution. Naturally the French press hails with joy the arrival of our soldiers. Thus in the Journal des Débats we read:

"The grand democracy of the new world does nothing by halves. It entered this vast conflict in full consciousness of the ends to be attained and with full resolution to neglect nothing in attaining those ends. What we witness today in the arrival of the Americans on French soil is magnificent proof of this fact.

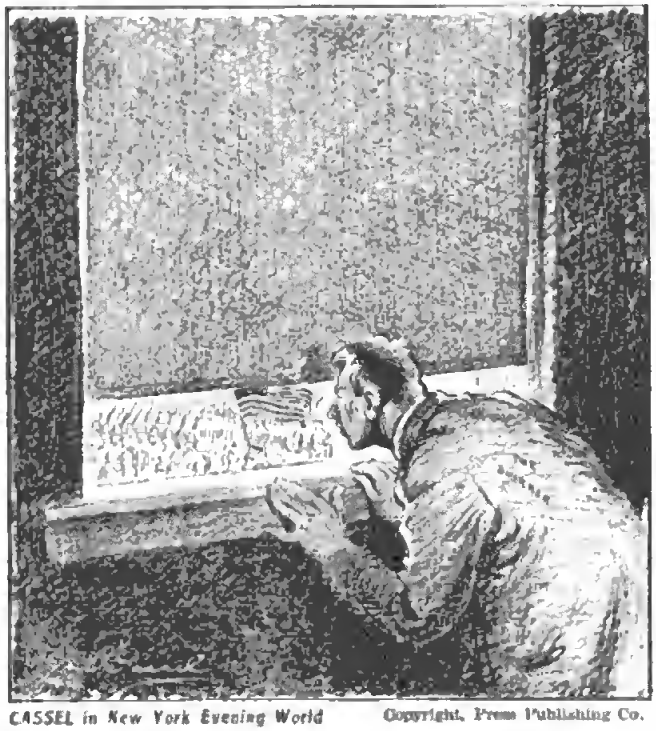
"Those who have been doubtful whether the American concourse would come in time have failed to estimate at its just value the tremendous moral and material American power that German brutality has mobilized against itself. And what we see today is only the commencement."

Nor is our appearance on French soil entirely discounted by the German press. Thus, the military critic of the Frankfurter Zeitung says that Germany must not overlook the fact that American help is really very great, though it will come only by degrees.

Under these conditions, he says, if France is obliged to restrict her military activities, it will signify no strengthening of the German situation.

The critic thinks that entente plans for a greater offensive will be delayed and perhaps will not be carried out until the spring of 1918. Hence, he writes, there is greater opportunity for the central powers to take the initiative.

Naturally the American press looks upon the transfer of our forces as a brilliant achievement both on the part of the navy and the war department. "Somewhere in France," as the New York Tribune remarks, "will be a very real



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The Outcast

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America Hears the Call!

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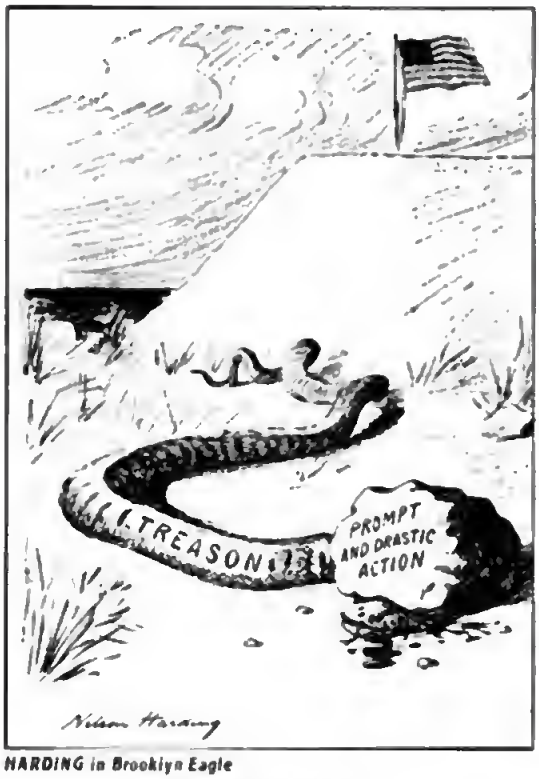

HARDING in Brooklyn Eagle

Safety First

GROVE in Cleveland Press

No Scrap of Paper

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RAEMAEKERS in Philadelphia Public Ledger

Kaiser (to President Wilson): "Your pictures make you look much smaller than you really are!"

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RAEMAEKERS in Philadelphia Public Ledger

Columbia (to France): "When I was a child it was you who helped me in my hour of need."

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CARTER in Philadelphia Press

The Trumpet That Shall Never Call Retreat

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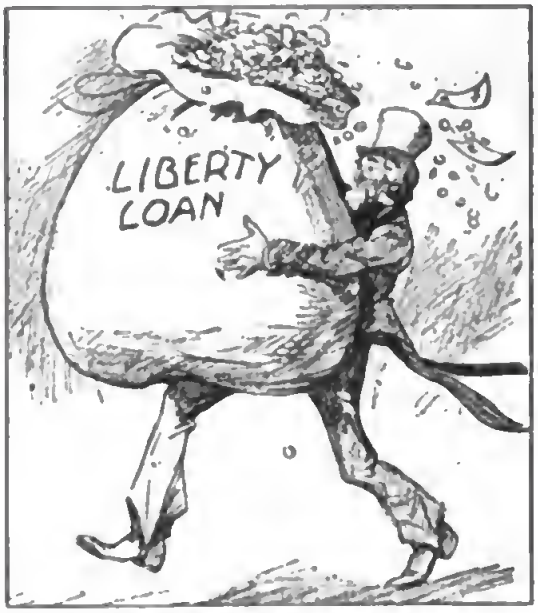


KIRBY in New York World
Bringing Home the Bacon

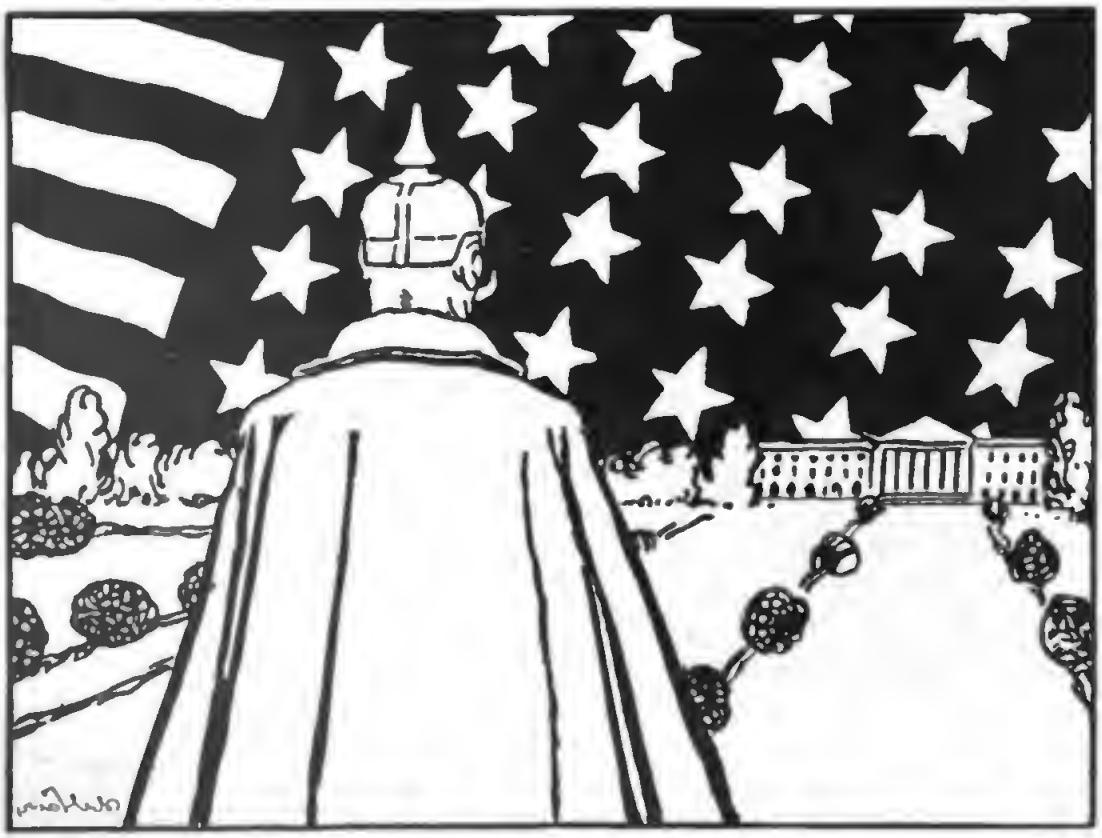
spot for Americans henceforward." The Tribune continues:

"With the landing of our first troops, our regiments of regulars, on French soil, our entrance into the world war ceases to be a thing of talk and the future and becomes a vivid reality of the present. What so many of us have dreamed and prayed for takes form and we can say 'Thank God' with the emotion of a great duty at last begun.

"For us Americans the presence of our troops in France means a national change of outlook, a national development, beyond all others of our history in size and scope. We see completed our cycle of internal growth; no longer can we be satisfied to look within and ignore the world without. As the first American bugle sounds on the fields of France it sounds the reveille of a new America. Its westward course has ended. We sail outward bound on a high and new adventure."

Says the Cleveland Leader:

"All the dangers of the ocean passage are over for some of the best regiments in the United States army. It is impossible now for the most imaginative German in the im-



ABEL FAIVRE in L'Echo de Paris

The Kaiser's Nights

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WEED in Philadelphia Public Ledger

The Girl He Leaves behind Him

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CARTER in Philadelphia Press

The Flag of Victory

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perial government to think of any way whereby the straight-shooting Yankee soldiers can be prevented from doing their share in thinning out the kaiser's ranks.

"Of course the newly landed American fighters will be given a little while to get settled in their novel surroundings. They cannot be expected to take over a few miles of trenches, this week or the next. But very soon they will hold a strip of the lines now entrusted to French troops. And then more Americans will be landing at 'a port in France,' and yet more until a great army under the Stars and Stripes is on the battle front.

"America feels new pride in the American part in the vast world conflict, a new sense of its nearness and its gripping tragedies."

"That the underseas craft of the Germans did not intercept these transports carrying American soldiers across the Atlantic," observes the Philadelphia Press, "is an encouraging fact. It supports the hope that their radius of activity is not sufficient to blockade the French coast and that our other troops will be able to pass over in safety."

KIRBY in New York World

His Day

THE ROAD TO FRANCE

A New U. S. Marine Corps Poster by John A. Coughlin to Celebrate the Order to a Regiment of Marines to Depart for France. It Shows a Marine in a Charge at Sunrise. He is Wearing the New Steel Helmet and Clad in the New Forest Green Uniform. He Carries a Lewis Machine Gun.

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Courtesy Marine Corps Publicity Bureau. *Painted for the Marine Corps by F. C. Yohe*

The Road to France

by Daniel M. Henderson

Daniel M. Henderson, of Baltimore, was awarded the prize offered by the National Arts Club for the best war poem. The poem follows:

THANK God our liberating lance
Goes flaming on the way to France!
To France—the trail the Gurkhas found!
To France—old England's rallying ground!
To France—the path the Russians strode!
To France—the Anzac's glory road!
To France—where our Lost Legion ran
To fight and die for God and man!
To France—with every race and breed
That hates Oppression's brutal creed!

Ah, France—how could our hearts forget
The path by which came Lafayette?
How could the haze of doubt hang low
Upon the road of Rochambeau?
How was it that we missed the way
Brave Joffre leads us along today?
At last, thank God! At last we see
There is no tribal Liberty!
No beacon lighting just our shores!
No freedom guarding but our doors!
The flame she kindled for our sires
Burns now in Europe's battle fires!
The soul that led our fathers west
Turns back to free the world's oppressed!

Allies, you have not called in vain!
We share your conflict and your pain!
Old Glory, through new stains and rents
Partakes of Freedom's sacraments!
Into that hell his will creates
We drive the foe; his lusts, his hates!
Last come, we will be last to stay—
Till Right has had her crowning day!
Replenish, comrades, from our veins
The blood the sword of despot drains
And make our eager sacrifice
Part of the freely rendered price
You pay to lift humanity—
You pay to make our brothers free!
See with what proud hearts we advance—
To France!

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Curbing *the*

CASSEL in New York Evening World

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THE DOLLAR-AMERICAN
Another Hyphen

buys as cheaply as he may and sells as dearly as he can—the Shylock of commerce who would rob the widow and the orphan or filch the pennies from the blind man upon the street car with as much complacency and unconcern as he would evidence in ordering a meal at a restaurant. The measure we propose is a war measure pure and simple.

"It is not intended that any honest business man shall be hurt. It is the crook that shall suffer in the sunlight and it is the crook, unpatriotic, selfish and greedy, that we are after.

"We must either confer the so-called autocratic powers upon the constitutional head of our government or be prepared to have them assumed by the German kaiser."

By the time these words are read the food bill doubtless will be passed and signed by the chief executive. Congress, however, apparently with the object of improving our morals rather than assisting us to win the war, has wasted valuable time in debate, mostly over the "bone-dry"

AS President Wilson reminds us, it is not a "food control" bill, but a "food release" bill, a measure whose object is "not to control the food of the country, but to release it from the control of speculators and other persons who seek to make inordinate profits out of it, and to protect the people against the extortions which would result."

Or, as Congressman Lever, chairman of the committee on agriculture, put it, in presenting the food bill to the house:

"We intend this bill to drive from the established agencies of distribution the market manipulator, the gambler, the man who

or prohibition feature. The prohibitionists, seeing their opportunity, injected this issue, doubtless with laudable intent. But while they appear to have won a signal victory, at least so far as the continued manufacture in the United States of spirituous liquor is concerned, they managed to confuse the main issue, which was, of course, the curbing of the food hogs, and the prevention of "profiteering."

As rewritten by the senate committee, the measure includes:

Extension of government control in addition to food, feed, and fuels, to iron and steel and their products, petroleum and its

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American Food Hog

products, farm implements and machinery, fertilizers, hemp, sisal, and jute.

Limiting government commandeering of mines, factories, and other plants to production necessary for military purposes or "public uses of the common defense."

Limiting federal licensing to products and agencies of interstate and foreign commerce.

Limiting the power of the government to commandeer foods, feeds, and fuels to supplies for the army, navy, or other military purposes, "or public uses of the common defense," but authorizing their purchase for and sale to civilians by the government at reasonable prices to be fixed.

Extending the government's power to maintain minimum guaranteed prices to producers to the storage or sale and purchase of foods and fuels for resale at prices necessary to maintain guarantees.

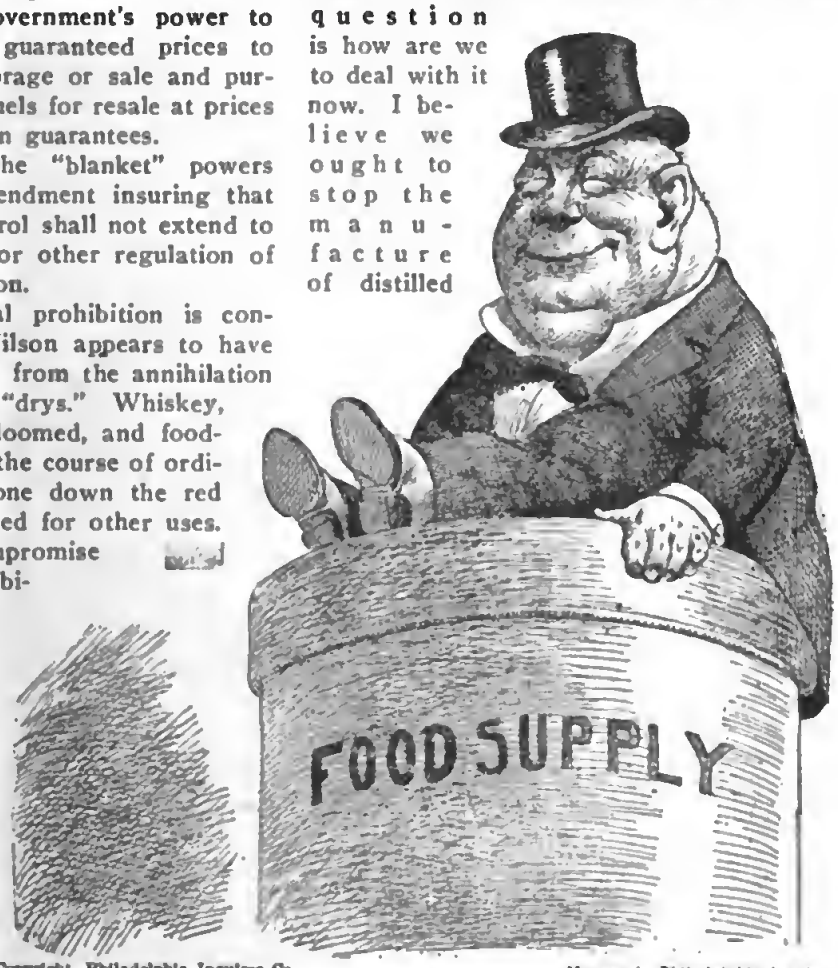
Modification of the "blanket" powers proposed by an amendment insuring that the government control shall not extend to individual rationing or other regulation of individual consumption.

As far as national prohibition is concerned, President Wilson appears to have saved wine and beer from the annihilation threatened by the "drys." Whiskey, however, has been doomed, and foodstuffs that would in the course of ordinary events have gone down the red lane, will be conserved for other uses. In making this compromise he urged the prohibition leaders not to embarrass the administration further by delaying the food measure.

Senator Lodge's reply to the anti-liquor forces is perhaps typical of the debate which marked this fight. Denouncing the effort of the prohibitionists to confuse food conservation with prohibition, especially at a time when the first requisite for a successful conduct of the war was a united people, the senator from Massachusetts said:

"Our one great duty is to win this war. If we could do it by prohibiting every alcoholic beverage, I'd vote for it. The effort to impose general prohibition has been mixed up with the question of food conservation, which is most important to the winning of this war.

"If I could, I'd wipe alcohol off the face of the earth. I am no defender of it. But alcoholic beverages have been used by men ever since they have been on earth. The question is how are we to deal with it now. I believe we ought to stop the manufacture of distilled



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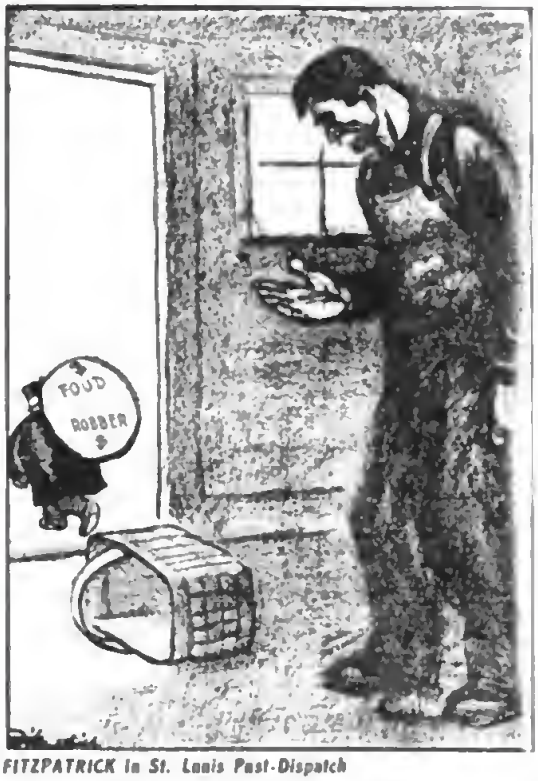
Morgan in Philadelphia Inquirer

While Congress Talks

WEED in Philadelphia Public Ledger

Hunger Lobbies



FITZPATRICK in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

The Private Food Controller

DONAHEY in Cleveland Plain Dealer

Mother Makes Her First Appearance in Her New Overalls

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WEED in Philadelphia Public Ledger

"God bless Mr. Hoover."

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CASSEL in New York Evening World

The Middle Man

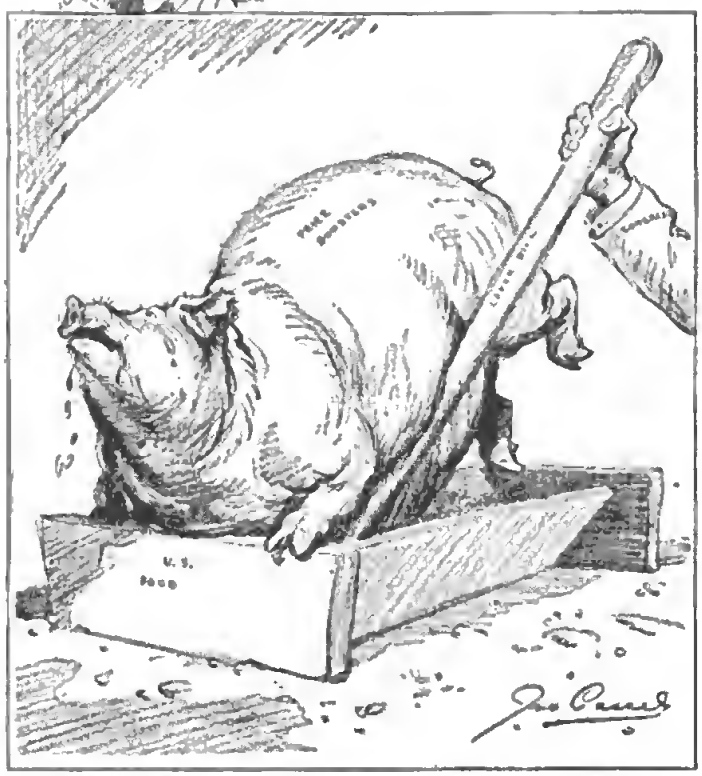
spirits from grains and fruits.

"I now come to the controlling factor in this matter. A united public opinion is the greatest factor in winning the war. Abolish all the breweries at a stroke, throw 100,000 people out of employment, and deprive the hundreds of thousands of laboring and other people who take their glass of beer and see no harm in it, and you will engender dissatisfaction and resentment."

That the food bill confers large powers upon the president, which he proposes to transfer in part to the administrator he has chosen, Herbert C. Hoover, says the New York Times, is not to be denied.

"But," continues this newspaper, "the exigencies of war compel the concentration of great powers. At present the food situation is unbearable. Selfish interests and unregulated competition in buying have raised unreasonably the prices of necessaries. Food is, to be sure, relatively scarce, but the prices charged for flour and other staples should be greatly decreased as soon as the food administration bureau is in operation. Organized labor stands squarely behind the president in his plan to control the food supply."

"Which is better," asks the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, "—to entrust the president, who is charged with the protection of the people, with power to control the supplies of food and fuel, or leave the power of control in the hands of men who recognize no law except that of money making? Is it better to have irresponsible private food despots or official food controllers



CASSEL in New York Evening World

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Throw Him Out!

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EVANS in Baltimore American

The First Step in Food Control

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KIRBY in New York World

By the Throat

charged with public responsibility and public interest?"

That a dictatorship is not as bad as it sounds, is the contention of the New York World, which cites Lincoln's dictatorship during the Civil War days. The World proceeds:

"We are soon to send a million of men to France under the supreme command of the president. Controlled by the same hand, our warships with tens of thousands of bluejackets aboard are on duty in every sea. We are voting and subscribing billions of dollars to be expended within a year, largely at the president's discretion. He has been and is to be given extraordinary power over manufacturing, mining and transportation, and in many cases of prices. But he becomes a dictator only when it is proposed that he be armed with authority to force upon the grain and provision markets vast supplies of food wickedly hoarded, to restrict speculation, to deal sternly with monopoly and in case of necessity to fix reasonable prices.

"There is a dictator more dangerous than any to whom obstructive congressmen in their impassioned eloquence have referred, and his name is Hunger. This grim potentate destroys peoples as well as liberties. He has killed patriots, dethroned monarchs, put an end to dynasties, scattered valiant armies and beaten down the gates of cities and fortresses. His allies are Suffering, Disease, and Death, and his conquests are the bitterest known to history."

Control of the production and distribution of life's necessities in war times, in the opinion of the New York Tribune, becomes a military necessity. It is the duty of the government, says this newspaper, to see to it that the wives and children of the men who are doing the fighting overseas be secured against extortion at home. The Tribune continues:

"No spectacle is more odious in time of national trial and danger than that of private greed fattening on the nation's needs and sacrifices. Governments have heretofore been too tolerant of what

KIRBY in New York World

Food Speculator: "Don't you dare touch me!"

WEED in Philadelphia Public Ledger

Felon!

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EVANS in Baltimore American

Trap That Wolf at the Door

EVANS in Baltimore American

His Version of It

WESTERMAN in Ohio State Journal

In the U Boat Class

HARDING in Brooklyn Eagle

Next!

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we now look askance at as war 'profiteering."

Since it has become known that Germany has been receiving large supplies of food, principally through Denmark and Sweden, opposition to a food embargo has but little ground to stand on.

While we are in duty bound to supply our friends of the grand alliance equally with ourselves, as the Providence Journal observes, our obligations to neutrals is clearly inferior. To quote:

"They have failed to align themselves with us in the struggle against autocracy. If there is enough food and fuel to supply them after we have satisfied our own needs and the needs of the rest of the entente, well and good—provided they can show us that they are not utilizing our exports to supply Germany and her allies.

"The president does not intend to interfere with legitimate international business, except as military exigencies demand. He proposes only that our transatlantic trade shall be so regulated as to strengthen the cause of the allies—our cause—and hasten the end of the conflict. There can be no quarrel with that beneficent purpose."

WEEO in Philadelphia Public Ledger

The Death Warrant

DONAHEY in Cleveland Plain Dealer

Her Afternoon Siesta

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Coming Across

BRINKERHOFF in New York Evening Mail

Another Retirement

AMERICA'S response to the recent appeal of the Red Cross for $100,000,000 to carry on the work of that organization was another manifestation of the spirit with which we have entered into this war. Just as the Liberty loan was oversubscribed, so more than the stipulated amount was raised, and contributions to the Red Cross, it will be remembered, are a gift, and not an investment. Following so close after the Liberty loan campaign and registration day, the Red Cross drive awakened many of us to the fact that we are actually at war and that we shall all have to make liberal sacrifices if we are to win.

The $100,000,000 goal, however, does not mean that the Red Cross will have sufficient funds for the duration of the war. This sum will last, according to a statement from a Red Cross official, only about six months. The statement was perhaps unfortunate, as it was misinterpreted as meaning that the funds will be exhausted before America can pour her new army into the fight. That is by no means the case. Vast supplies will have to be purchased, thousands of nurses and physicians mobilized before the actual relief work can be done. When the "Liberty Army" goes over to France it will be supported by an organization of mercy that is probably

WEED in Philadelphia Public Ledger

Allies

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for the Red Cross

the most effective institution of the war.

As the Philadelphia Inquirer points out, few of us yet realize the gigantic scope of this war. "That," it adds, "is because we are so far removed from the actual field of conflict and because our men are not yet shedding their blood in any considerable numbers in the trenches. When we are overtaken by some great calamity—when our men are returned to us in hospital ships—we shall begin to comprehend. Well would it be if we could grasp the terribleness of it all in advance and be prepared. The lack of preparedness in every way has been our great fault.

EVANS in Baltimore American

Out of the Valley

FITZPATRICK in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Help the Helper!

"The Red Cross realizes the situation. It must be ready with base and field hospitals, with ambulances and trained men to handle the sufferers. It must be ready to look after the little comforts of our men as well as after those who are shot down. There must be on hand supplies of all kinds. Its watchful eyes must be upon the training camps as well as upon those at the front."

"The cause," as the St. Louis Globe-Democrat observes, "appeals no more strongly to people of large means than to those of small or medium means. Its ap-

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IRELAND in Columbus Dispatch

The Cross That Destroys and the Cross That Heals

peal is universal, resting first on patriotism and next on humanity. To the army of young men going across seas to encounter pain, privation, and possibly death, or a wounding which may be worse than death, it is not the homes of the rich, comparatively few as they are, which contribute most. The great majority must come out of middle-class homes, and homes in which the chief treasures are the girls and boys under the roof-tree; homes where suffering is sometimes felt and sacrifices are often made. The Red Cross carries humanity beyond the hospital and the camp. It does not stop at the line where the sound of firing is to be heard. Its soldiers reach to the firing lines for the relief of the stricken and fallen. And to the boy who left a cottage to fight for his country, its ministrations are as freely given as to the one who left a mansion."

Any donation to the Red Cross is, of course, a gift. But glance at the cartoon "What if it was YOUR boy?" and you will understand why the gift must be made now. Or, as the Columbus Dispatch puts it:

"If a hundred thousand of our boys should be today engaged upon a field of battle, with the dead and dying everywhere—if your boy were among the number, 'somewhere in France'—you would not hesitate to give much to know that somebody was looking after him. But it will be too late for the Red Cross to do the work if you wait until that time. The organization must get ready for every emergency; it must be prepared to look after the American soldiers. It must procure blankets, snd hospital supplies, and tents, and a thou-

CARTER in Philadelphia Press

"Lest we forget!"

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WEED in Philadelphia Public Ledger

He Might Be YOUR Boy

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STINSON in Dayton Evening News

Send Your Money on a Mission of Mercy

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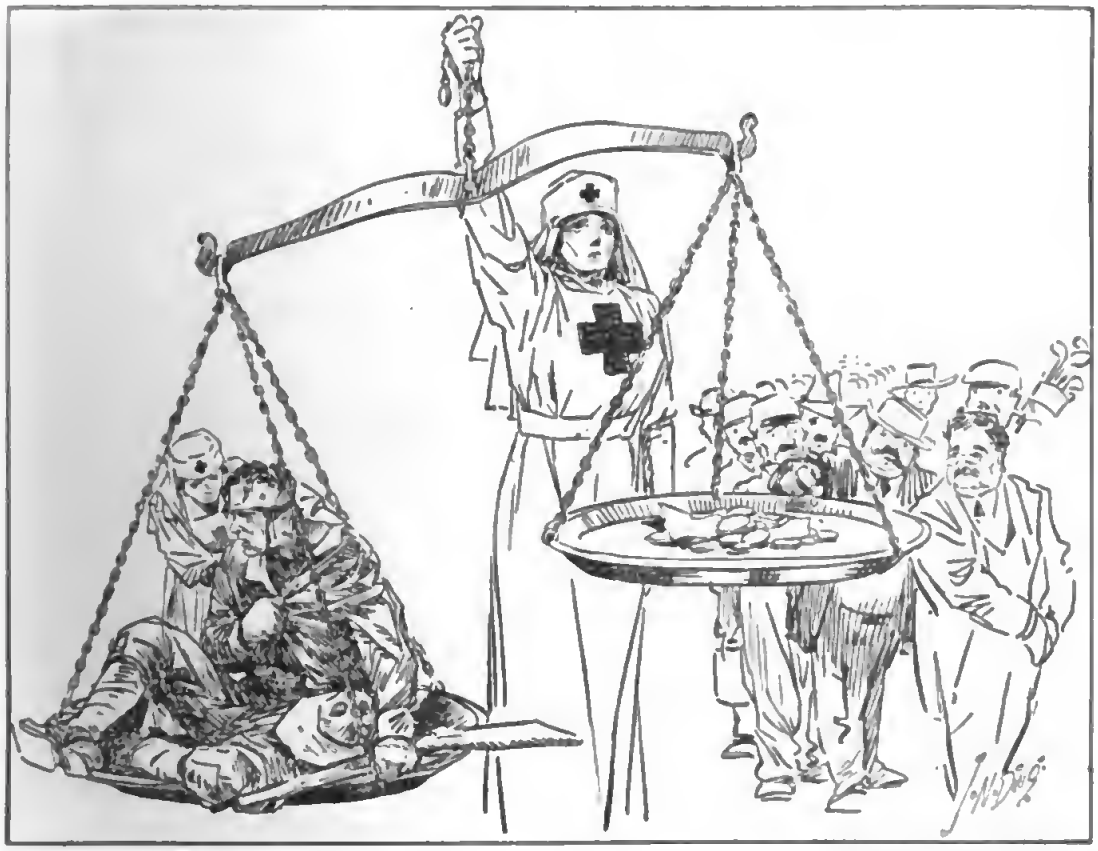
HOWELL in Cartoonaday Service

Maid in America Brand

sand commodities, and have them forwarded to France and stored for use when they are needed. It must have trained people to do its work. It must get ready at once for the most glorious work that it is given human beings to do—to alleviate the suffering. Hence it must have money now, not after awhile."

As Colonel Roosevelt declared in a recent address, the Red Cross is second only to our army in this work of winning the war. To those of us who are not privileged to fight, he says, the Red Cross offers the best opportunity for sacrifice and help. He adds:

"We little realize what is before us. Our own sons and brothers will soon be going into battle. They will be 3,000 miles from home, in a land already wasted by war, a land threatened by famine, a land smitten by disease. They tell us that in many cases today the wounds of soldiers in France must be tied up with newspapers for want of the necessary surgical bandages. When our own men are wounded—as they surely will be in great numbers—are we going to allow them to suffer because we fail to provide those things which can at least mitigate distress? Surely not. But we must do it in advance. If we wait it may be too late!"



DARLING in New York Tribune

Keep It Balanced

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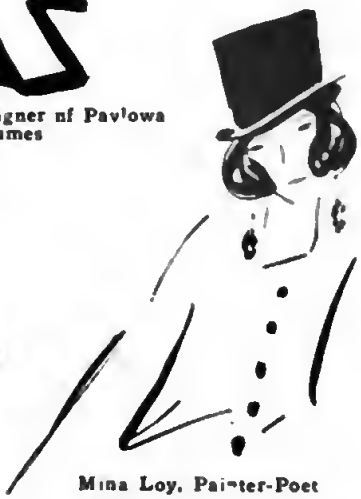
Who's Who in by Clara

Aileen Dresser, Painter

Mary Myers, Designer nf Pavlowa Costumes

Beatrix Sherman, Silhouettist



Mina Loy, Painter-Poet

Lou Arensberg

Louise Norton, Writer

es Stevens, Futurist Painter and Horsewcman

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Manhattan Tice

Betty Turner, Actress

Beulah Livingstone, Press Agent

Helena Smith-Dayton, Sculptress

Daisy Thompson, Shop of Beautiful Things

Ethel Plummer, Artist

Faoia Marinoff, Actress

Drawn for Cartoons Magazine

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Have the Allies

From L'Esquella de la Torratxa, Barcelona

"On les aura!"

PRESSURE by the armies of the entente allies, which relaxed noticeably after the Arras offensive, the Canadian capture of the Vimy Ridge and the Italian drive toward Trieste, is again making itself manifest on all fronts and through the resumption of Russian activity promises the most interesting results. Before these words shall have reached the public it is very probable that a series of offensive operations started by the British against Lens will have resulted in the capture of that important coal city. By steady nibbling General Haig's forces are crowding the Germans back in that sector and although the advance has been slow, it seems to have been at the same time irresistible.

Undoubtedly the most spectacular part of the European battle lines is the Russian front in Galicia where the flaming figure of Minister of War Kerensky, by his personal magnetism alone, has stirred the Russian soldier to an ardor for battle not exceeded since the war began, and where the first day's operations resulted in the capture of more than 10,000 men. Coming at a time when the world had resigned itself to the loss of Russian help until the autumn at least, the latest offensive has fired the soldiers of all fronts with new zeal. That the Russians were able to withstand the most terrific losses is a conclusive indication of their warlike attitude.

Only at Verdun have the Germans been able to take the offensive, and even here it appears that their artillery power has been so weak that they have been unable to hold the small amount of ground they have wrested from the tired French.

There is more speculation in regard to the Macedonian front than any other. Recent shifting of the military units under General Sarrail and the alinement of Greece on the side of the entente have led to a

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Shot their Bolt?

general belief that an offensive will shortly be undertaken.

"Sarrail's disposition of his troops is an indication that an advance is at hand," says the Newark News.

"His outposts at the extreme eastern end of his line, in the Struma River Valley, have been withdrawn, with the not improbable explanation that their positions were malarial and otherwise unhealthful. No military observer has expected an offensive to be undertaken by the Struma route. All have agreed that the drive, when undertaken, would be at the center of the line, along the Vardar River into Serbia, where the allied troops attempted to go to Serbia's relief when she was overwhelmed by the Bulgars. Here alone is there an all essential railway.

"On the western end of the line, the allied troops are established around Monastir, while farther westward, in Albania, the Italian contingent has recently improved its position. Here it holds a line of communication to the Adriatic. The presumption is that the eastern and western ends of the line are being established defensively in anticipation of a forward move at the center, which they are in a position to protect."

The Nashville Tennessean agrees with this view and declares:

"Every indication is that something is going to happen in the near east, and happen soon. The reinforcements for the Palestine expeditionary force are evidently commissioned to keep the Turk occupied at home and prevent him from sending fur-

WHITELAW in The Passing Show, London

One for His Nob!

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The Blind

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GERDA WEGENER in La Baionnette, Paris

Leading the Blind

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RACEY in Montreal Star
Viva Italia!

ther troops into Europe. That would leave Austria and Bulgaria to oppose the allies at Saloniki. The Germans already have their hands full in the West. An offensive by the Italians along their entire front, timed to begin with that from Saloniki, and a possible revival of fighting on the Russian front, would bring about a pressure that would have fine chances for breaking through at some point."

Operations that are the most spectacular may not prove the most important, and by many military critics it is believed that the Lens conflict will result in the most real damage to the Teutonic allies. The Cleveland Plain Dealer takes this view. "Of the immediate objectives of the allies, Lens, Douai, Cambrai, St. Quentin and Laon-Lens are the most to be desired," says this journal.

"Strategically Lens may be no more important than the other cities strung along the Hindenburg line, but its value is greatly increased by the fact that it is the center and dominating point of a rich coal district. For three years the Germans have been drawing from French earth fuel with which to feed the war machine that is endeavoring to crush France. The Germans also hold the coal fields of Belgium and they have other sources of supply. But with conditions as unfavorable as they are at present, Germany is unwilling to relinquish any field of productiveness."

Many journals are of the opinion that

CASSEL in New York Evening World

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Getting There!

BERNARD PARTRIDGE, In Punch, © London

THE END OF THE THOUSAND-AND-ONE NIGHTS

The Official Story-Teller (to Wilhelm-al-Raschid): "I can't think of any fresh fairy tales. Would you like a true one now?"

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CAPT. BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER in The Bystander, London

A MINER SUCCESS

"They must 'ave 'ad good news or somethin', Alf; you can 'ear 'em cheerin' quite plain."

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the allied armies on the western front are in the most favorable position for an advance at any point, and they predict that before the summer is gone Hindenburg will find it necessary to execute another of his "strategic retreats." That is the view taken by the Brooklyn Eagle, which declares:

"It is too early yet to predict a general German retirement in Flanders, but that seems to be the real object of the British in shifting the attack from the center to the German flank.

"The taking of Messines Ridge meets in advance the situation that would be created by a retreat from the Hindenburg line to the Belgian border, so that the next German retreat must go farther back at this end of the western battle front at least. What will happen at the other end of the line depends upon what the French accomplish in future efforts, but since they are in the most favorable positions on the Aisne they may be expected to force the Teutons back as far as the Meuse line before the summer is out."

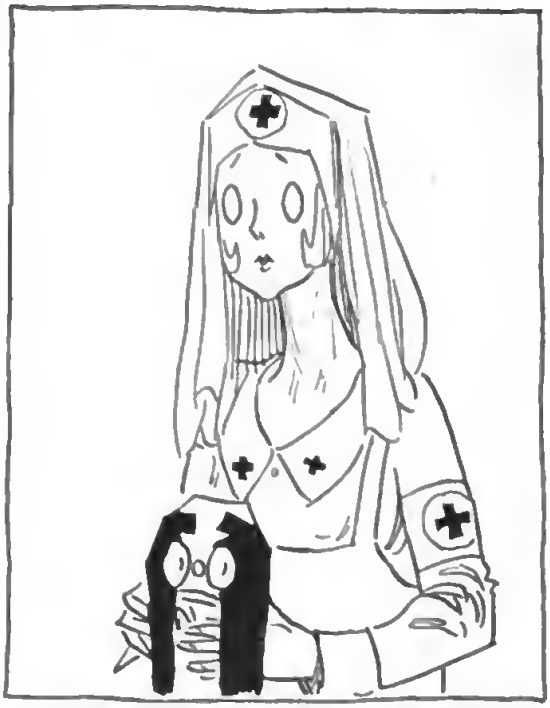
RACEY in Montreal Star

TURN ABOUT
Johnny: "Now it's my turn again, Jean."

The Young Lady Across the Way

By Harry J. Westerman and Robert O. Ryder

We asked the young lady across the way how the team seemed to be on inside baseball and she said she'd seen them play only outdoors.



The young lady across the way says she saw in the paper that the coal miners might decide to walk out this summer, and you'd think they'd get enough exercise in their regular business.

The young lady across the way says she saw in the paper that the railroads are giving a great deal of attention to physical valuation and she doesn't suppose there's any business where it's more important to have the employes in good health.

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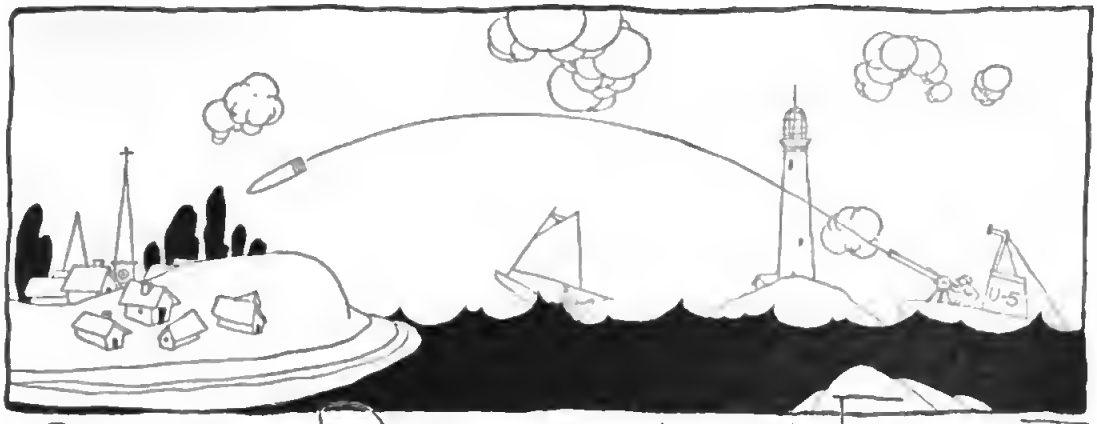

ON THE BABYLONIAN FRONT

BY RALPH BARTON

FORTY miles from New York in the direction of Berlin and just behind the Fire Island lighthouse, which we used to hail from home-coming liners in the good old days before the war, when cats might look at kings and the simplest citizen of these United States at the good things in the shop windows of the Rue de la Paix without being classed as a casus belli, is Babylon. What wag, what droll fellow ever thought of choosing the name Babylon for a south shore, Long Island, clam-and-flatfish village, the chronicles fail to relate. Its gardens hang right side up, and bear potatoes in a highly respectable and patriotic manner, and the once justly famous daughters of Babylon are as scarce as hanging gardens for they simply do not exist. The moment the Babylonian female attains that age when a single swift glance at a male of the genus suffices to tell her the precise figure of his income, she takes the eleven-four to the better husband-stalking preserves forty miles to the west—and she does not return without one, id est, she does not return.

It was not impossible nor even difficult to live in Babylon before the war if you did not mind being either a native or that which supports the native, a city sailor. If you were a city sailor you rented a catboat with open seams and tangled halyards from a native, you named it "Viola" after the girl of whom your sweetheart was most jealous, and singled out the first squally day of spring to sail across the great South Bay into the very jaws of the Fire Island Inlet. The sea, peering in through the inlet, recognized its old friend of many seasons standing and slapped her sides in a coarsely familiar way. "W'y, 'ello, Wiolar!" said the sea in its richest cockney, acquired by having been under British rule for so many years, "Wot cheer, my Judy? 'Ow's the warter arfter dry-dockin' the winter, eh?" It was then that you became disgusted with "Viola." She seemed to enjoy this horseplay, literally to wallow in it, as no truly well-born person could. A barrier rose between you and it was no longer possible to understand each other.

Half an hour later, Captain Gaff was pulling you out of the bay and you were giving him $25 for the service and beginning to understand how clams, selling, when the market was good, for a dollar a hundred, kept the Babylonians in bread and cheese.

So much for the industries, and so much for everything, for Babylon left the outside world to itself in the days before the war. Civilization, struggling for its existence against the Teutonic hordes, meant as much to Babylon as the Italian painters of the Renaissance mean to H*rr*s*n F*sh*r. Germany itself was, vaguely, the place their genial grocer, Ludwig Würmstichigapfel, would rather talk about than sell English jam to his customers. The outside world had long since recognized the Dark Ages as merely the evening ages before the true night set in, and Babylon had not cared particularly, until—President Wilson went one evening before the gentlemen (all but eight) of the congress and read that charming piece of archaistic English which

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"Guns! Dash my tops'ls! Guns!"

plunged us into the war. Then it was that Babylon snatched the geographies from the children returning from school and cast a horrified regard at the map. There was Babylon, and there was the Atlantic Ocean, and there was the best of targets for the vicious submarine, the Fire Island lighthouse! A shell from a deckgun on a U-boat would miss the target and fall fairly on top of the town clerk's office. A few days later the wireless station at the lighthouse reported that the destroyer "Smith" had had a brush with a submarine a few miles off shore. That afternoon the entire youth of Babylon enlisted in the navy in a body. On the fifth of June, only two city sailors and Ludwig Würmstichigapfel were left to register. On the sixth, Ludwig guessed once too often that he ought to know which army was the best shooters, and proved it once too often by just looking at the map, and was arrested. From that time until the present day there has been but one conversation in Babylon and it bids fair to outlive the war itself.

Briefly the Babylonian idea of the world war is this: the kaiser, an insane man covered from head to toe with a coarse growth of bristling hair and feeding nightly on Belgian virgins, has, for some inexplicable reason, decided to put out the Fire Island light. To accomplish this end, he has wickedly forced fifteen or twenty million Ludwig Würmstichigapfels to become gunners on his U-boats. To see that he fails to accomplish this end, Babylon has sent her best—young men like Tom Perkins's boy, Ned—to stem the savage tide. It is true that some other countries "over there" are in with the Babylonian youths, but they have only a minor part to play, the great responsibility falling on the shoulders of the home talent. The end of the war will take place shortly after Ned and the others have had a go at the imperial German navy. This is the Babylonian spirit. If it is also, as we hope it is, the American spirit, Herr von Hindenburg's automatons will find the American army about five times as formidable as even our own optimistic military experts think it will be.

The greatest disadvantage in such a point of view lies in the mighty strain on the nerves of those who must needs rest at home. Captain Doxey (whose people facetiously named him Arthur) sits, for example, in the now little used boathouse telling his admirers what he would do if he were Josephus Daniels. Just as he reaches the point where he is to expose his plan for attacking submarines, a rumble of distant thunder is heard, Doxey stops short and a look of hope spreads over his features.

"Guns!" he roars; "guns, dash my tops'ls!" and he rushes out to witness the fall of Babylon.

"Thunder, isn't it, Doxey?" suggests a city sailor.

"Thunder, my eye! Thunder, your foot! I've been a hearing of thunder for forty year and that—ain't—no—thunder! That's guns, I tell ye, an' Babylon's a goner!"

A flash of lightning followed by another rumble of thunder proves the noise to have been Jove's work and not Mars', and Doxey returns to the boathouse profoundly disappointed.

At the same time, a group of chauffeurs sits about the station awaiting the ten-fourteen. They, too, are talking of Babylon's defenses and of her war. A city sailor with a girl enters the station and reads with ennui the legend on one of those posters which bear the likeness of an American marine "keeping the world safe for democracy."

"Babylon, and here is the handwriting on the wall," he says. Then, to carry on the analogy, he assumes the rôle of a modern Daniel and interprets the legend's meaning. "I should say, rather, he's keeping German East Africa safe for King George."

The taxi drivers, failing to recognize the reference to the scriptures and jealous at

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A City Sailor Enters

having Babylon's war called England's, do not attempt to carry the thing through by assuming themselves the rôle of Belshazzar and rewarding the prophet with a dress of purple and a chain of gold. They instead present him with an eye of purple and the heavy end of a nonskid chain. It might have lasted into the night if a tire on the wheel of a flivver in the parking outside had not become bored with life and blown out with a startling report.

"Guns!" whoop the pseudo-Belshazzars, flinging out of doors, "Guns, dash our spark plugs, and Babylon's a goner!"

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"Them dirty Dutch has landed marines from a U-boat!"

"Oh, suger!" moans the first of them to notice the flat tire; "it's only Jim's fliv and we ain't been attackted a-tall!"

Any noise, strange or accustomed, is hailed with glee as a possible attack. Every tyro aviator from the government field at Hempstead who wobbles over the village, is pronounced a German by the crowd in the street. When the aeroplane passes over peacefully they whisper that "he's savin' his bombs f'r N' York!" Every horse kicking from sheer boredom in his stall is translated by the Babylonian eardrum into a howitzer.

Naturally, these repeated disappointments are beginning to tell on Babylon's nerves. She is becoming a hysterical shadow of her former robust self. The dull moments, heretofore unnoticed, have become unendurable, and the moments of excitement, heretofore unknown, have become altogether too intense. It is an up-and-down life that Babylon is ill prepared to undergo.

Therefore, Cartoons would like to get in touch with those of its readers who may have an influence with the Navy Department with a view to inducing Josephus Daniels to allow just one little U-boat to slip through the guarding warships and hurl just one little shell onto the Babylonian sands. If this is not practicable under the present conditions, Cartoons would like to announce itself willing to sponsor a monster benefit, now that benefits are so popular, to buy Babylon a U-boat all of its own. Contributions of any size will be welcomed at this office and all subscribers will receive a magnificent, hand-lettered certificate, suitable for framing, bearing the legend, "I bought a bomb and saved Babylon from Bedlam."

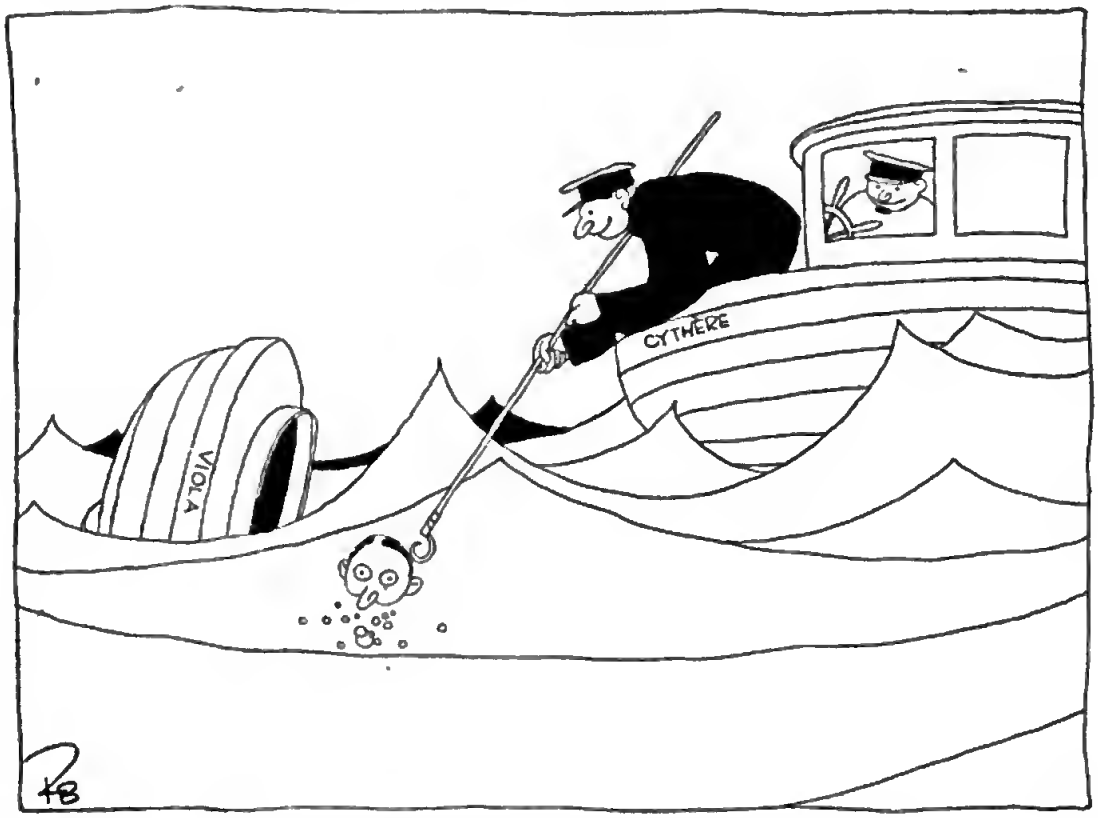
What Did She Expect?

"How is Mr. Dauber getting on with your portrait, dear?"

"Oh, I'm not going to sit for him again."

"Why? Is he too slow?"

"Slow! I should think he was. He wants to just go on painting all the time."—Sydney Bulletin.



Captain Gaff was Pulling You Out of the Bay

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VODVILLE STUNTS BY WELLMAN

Drawn for Cartoons Magazine

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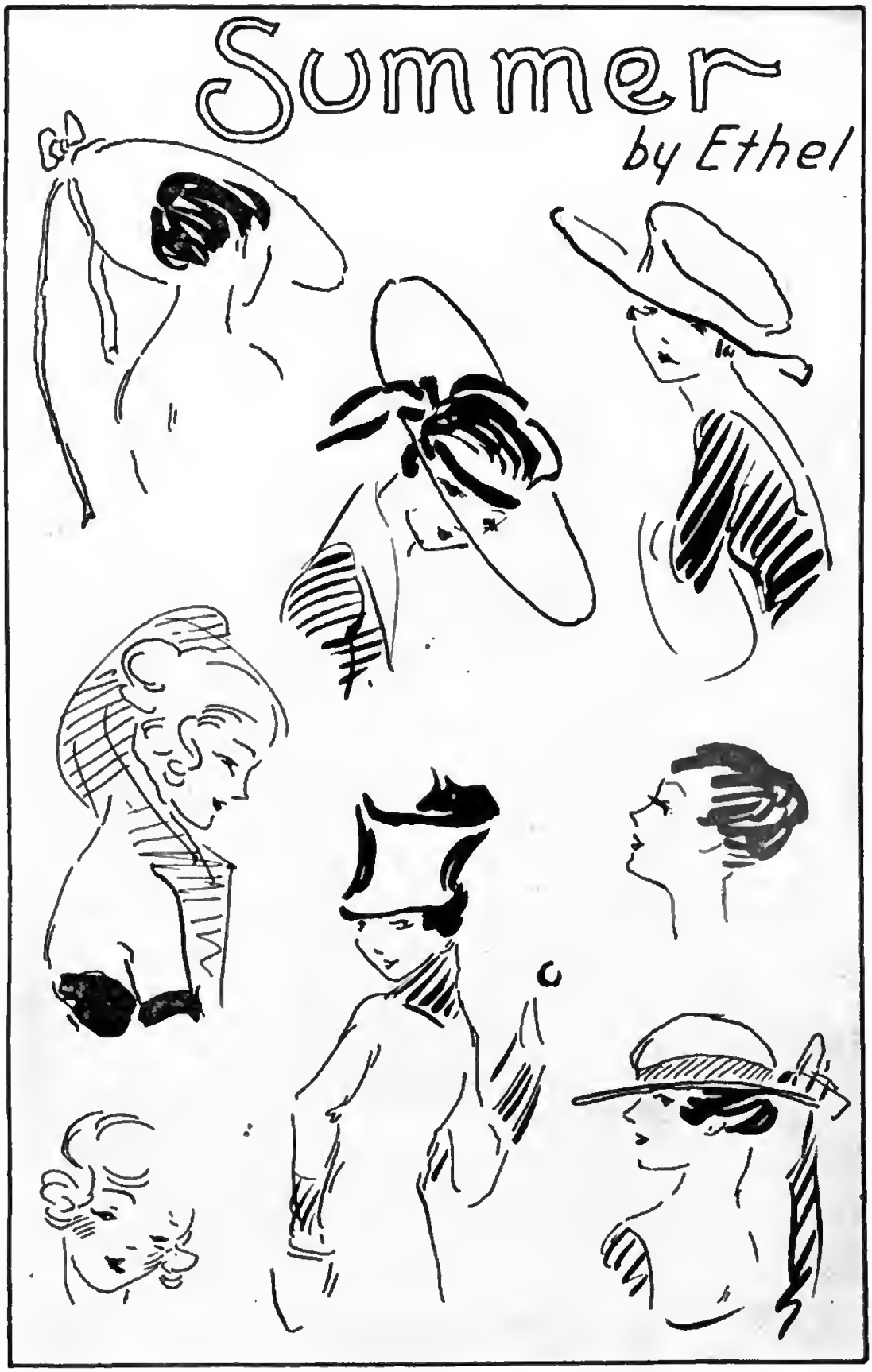

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In the Twilight Kings-

ANOTHER Potsdam-branded puppet, Constantine of Greece, has been swept from his throne by the onrush of democracy, and great anxiety prevails in the king row. To be sure, the kaiser, "with further aid from Almighty God," will restore the Greek Humpty Dumpty to his throne—but that may be a job as difficult as that which confronted "all the king's horses and all the king's men" in the nursery rhyme.

It must be sounding like the crack of doom to the kings, as the Chicago Tribune puts it.

"Good, bad, or indifferent," says this newspaper, "they are losing either their places or their countries, or both. Constantine of Greece has joined the royal unemployed."

Albert of Belgium is practically a king without a country. Peter of Serbia, Nicholas of Montenegro, and Ferdinand of Roumania are exiles. Nicholas of Russia has been placed in safekeeping by his people. Alfonso of Spain has been having some uneasy nights lately, while the German kaiser, if he is capable of interpreting the handwriting on the wall, must realize that his days as a war lord are numbered.

"As a twilight of the kings," the Tribune continues, "it is growing darker. The forces which keep Europe in a fluid state, in which conditions change overnight, are both malevolent and benevolent, destructive and constructive. . . . The captains remain, but the kings seem to be departing."

With the exception of the kaiser, his brother-in-law, Constantine seems to find little sympathy anywhere. Says the Philadelphia Public Ledger: "Elation throughout the entente of allied democracies over the military and naval advantages promised by the freeing of Greece from its pro-German king and his wife, the kaiser's sister, will be great." Says the Brooklyn Eagle: "Constantine of Greece deserves very little more sympathy than Nicholas II of Russia. He pulled his own house down upon his head in an effort to injure his enemies." "Another futile, tinsel monarch

SYKES in Philadelphia Evening Ledger

Convinced at Last

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of the

KIRBY in New York World

"I remember those boys when they both had good jobs."

shaken from his throne!" observes the New York Tribune.

Under the caption "The End of a Tyrant," we read in the Cleveland Plain Dealer:

"Too much indulgence was wasted on Constantine of Greece. He was an enemy of his people and an enemy of civilization. He abrogated constitutional government in Greece, and he did all in his power to advance the unholy cause of Prussianism.

"That Constantine was a man of force no one will deny. In the first instance his insistence on Greek neutrality unquestionably saved Greece from disaster. He declined to join in Great Britain's foolish Dardanelles enterprise, even though to make good his determination he was compelled to set the Greek constitution at naught. Turkey was victorious in Gallipoli, and there followed the devastating German invasion and conquest of Serbia. For all the aid forthcoming from western Europe Greece might have fared as tragically as Serbia had Greece been a belligerent.

"Thus far Constantine's course seemed dictated by wisdom and by patriotism. Even the most ardent sympathizers of the entente could not withhold an admission of his canniness.

"But thereafter the estimate of the world began to change. The pro-German attitude of the king was altogether too consistent. He was too complacent when Bulgaria occupied large areas of Greek territory. His relations with the entente became constantly more and more strained, till the hostility of his partisans culminated in the Athens riots which cost the lives of many entente fighting men and Greek sympathizers of Eleutherios Venizelos. Since that time there has been no doubt of Constantine's hostility to the cause of the entente or of his desire to assist Germany in every possible way."

"With the abdication of Constantine," observes the New York Times, "the crown falls from the brow of a disgraced sovereign, Greece is freed from his unconstitutional rule, the German Emperor loses a servile henchman of great utility to him, and the allies, in reaching the solution of a problem that has much perplexed them, for the first time by their efforts capture one of those outposts where German calculation long ago established a keeper upon whose faithful service to the Empire full dependence could be placed. Another German puppet, Ferdinand of Bulgaria, achieved a more complete betrayal of his people, against their interest and inclination, into German hands, while through the death of her king early in the war Roumania escaped the net Germany had cast about her.

"The gain of the allies is as great as from an important victory in the field. They will no longer stand in fear of an enemy in the

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IRELAND in Columbus Dispatch
Another One of the Boys on the Run

rear of their forces in Macedonia. They will have access to the food stores of Greece, and they are put in a position where their troops will be a much more serious menace to the Austrian and German lines of communication with Turkey."

That Constantine in Switzerland may still be more or less of a menace to the allies and an aid to Germany is the opinion of the Detroit Free Press in the following:

"It is very much to be doubted whether the allied powers—England and France—followed the wise plan in allowing ex-King Constantine of Greece to reach Swiss territory. There is a large possibility, even a probability, that, looking back on this decision from some future date, this leniency if such it was, will prove to be another of the blunders that have marked the management of the Greek problem from the start. And like the other blunders it would appear to have been actuated by moral weakness—an unwillingness to do the obviously wise thing because of its disagreeableness.

"It does seem that Constantine should have been held a prisoner, not in the sense that he should have been put under lock and key but in so far as his liberty of travel, as well as his liberty of action were concerned.

HUNGERFORD in Pittsburgh Sun

Alphonse and Gaston

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WEED in Philadelphia Public Ledger

The Glory That Was—Constantine's

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Surely there is no actual distinction in character between the strong, if belated, action of the allied powers in forcing his abdication and compelling him and his entourage to leave Greece and a prohibition of travel that would have forced him to live for at least the period of the war in an allied country under the watchful eyes of their officials.

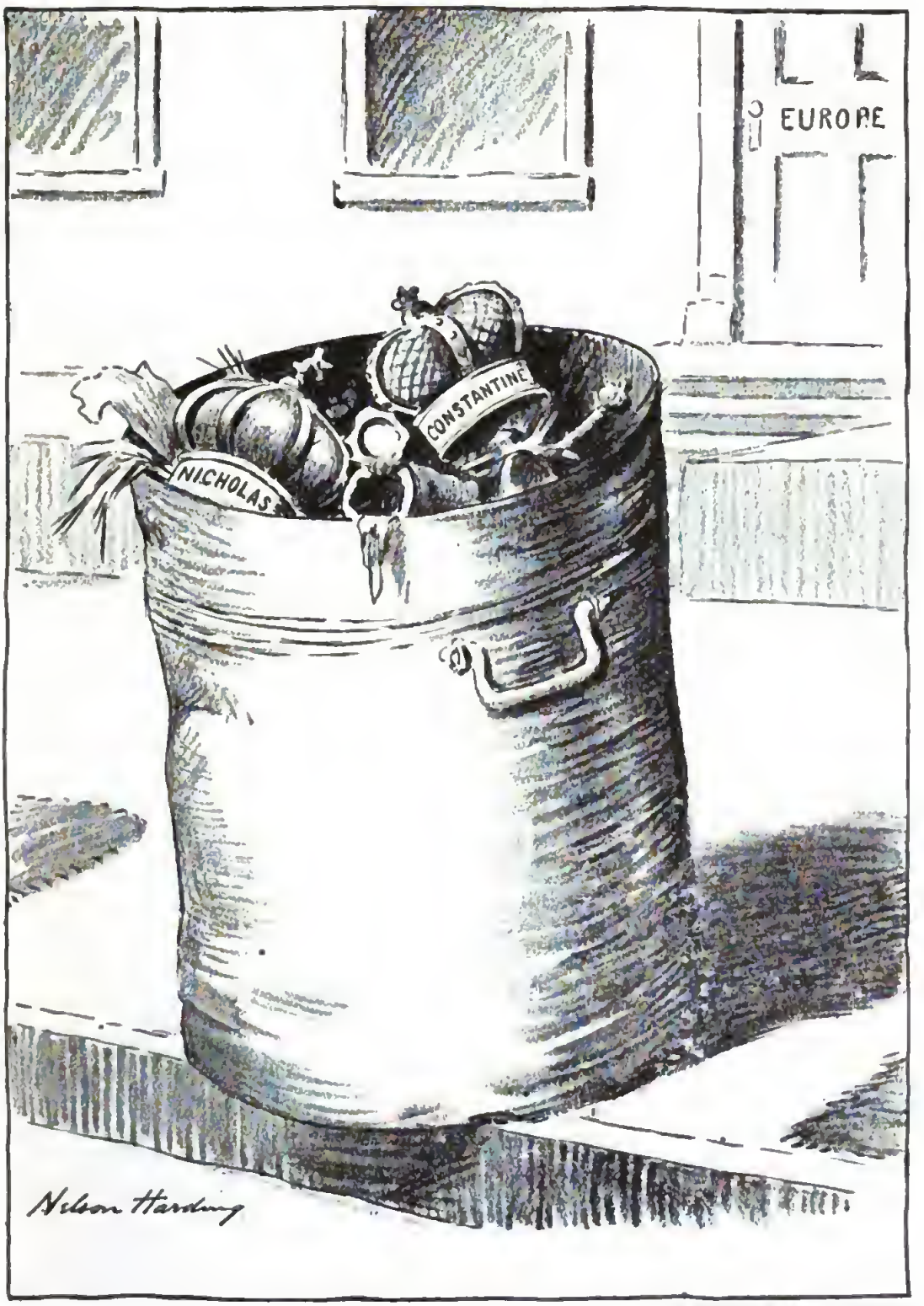
"Now that Constantine has been permitted to reach Switzerland what is to prevent him either journeying to Germany or opening up communications with the German government? It cannot be doubted that he can be, if he so chooses, of incalculable assistance to the kaiser and his army in any future action against the plans of the allied powers in Greece, whatever they may be. In case General Sarrail decides upon a strong offensive aimed at the central armies in Macedonia and it becomes expedient for the German, Austrian, Bulgarian and Turkish combined forces to attempt to clear the allied forces out of Greece, what could more effectively strengthen their efforts than the use by Germany of King Constantine himself at the head or in support of such an attempt?"

Meanwhile Spain, as the Brooklyn Eagle reminds us, "seems determined to be the next country to have a revolution." The Eagle proceeds:

"While the most probable result of revolution in Spain will be the overthrow of the dynasty, and possibly the establishment of a republic, King Alfonso holds a unique position in relation to the situation. He is extremely popular with the people, and is pronouncedly proally. For some time Alfonso has been credited with the view that Spain's participation in the war on the side of the entente is inevitable. And unlike Constantine of Greece and Nicholas of Russia, Alfonso has an English queen. More important still, Alfonso seems to have a modern mind and is even

From De Nieuwe Amsterdammer, Amsterdam

"Come, Junkers, let us one and all
Thank Heaven for a tyrant's fall.
Such things as these are fine and grand—
When happening in some other land!"



HARDING in Brooklyn Eagle

There's Always Room at the Top

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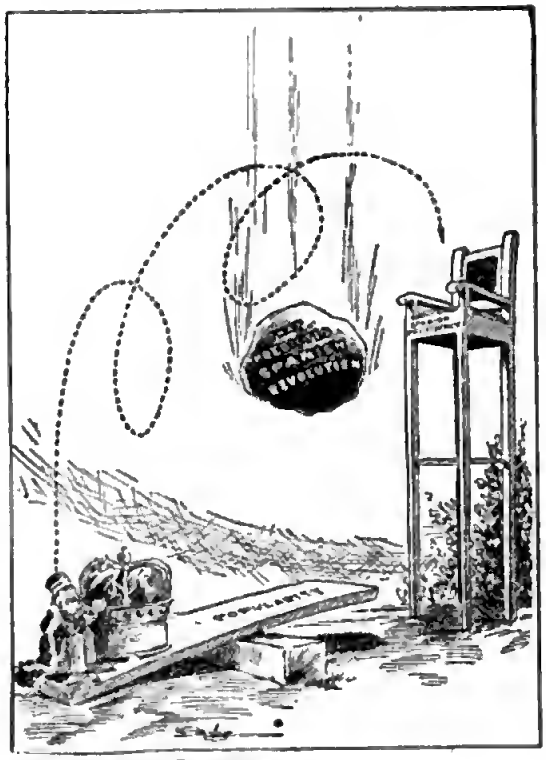
CHAPIN in St. Louis Republic

Then He Lost His Lid

HUNGERFORD in Pittsburgh Sun

A Crack Shot



PAGE in Nashville Tennessean

Keep Your Eye on the King

FITZPATRICK in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Tino: "That's what I get for trying that goose step!"

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The Washington Star sees nothing surprising in the suggestion of Spain as a republic, "for Spain has always had a strongly republican tendency." The Star proceeds:

"The liberalization of the government has been along definite and practical lines for years, and the republican party has grown until, since the Spanish-American war, it has been a powerful factor in Spanish politics. Just now the movement has gained headway that appears to promise early results. Complaints against the court methods are bitter, especially in the matter of the appointment of officers of the army. Favoritism is the rule. So insistent are demands for reform that the government is practically at a crisis of decision.

"King Alfonso, himself of democratic inclinations, has thus far taken no side in the matter, but his influence is believed to be strong for the satisfaction of the popular demand. Pronounced dissatisfaction prevails throughout Spain against the policy of neutrality, which is regarded as a pro-German policy. Germany has given verbal satisfaction for the sinking of Spanish ships, but the shipping losses have seriously curtailed business throughout the kingdom, and great distress prevails among the people."

IRELAND in Columbus Dispatch

Family Troubles

The Willoughby Girls, Eddie Jones, and Dr. Turner's Wife's Sister

East Wallop's

by Helena

EAST WALLOP threw off the gray and became gay for the annual crop of summer boarders. It wasn't that the visitors were so different from the townsfolk, but some of the glamor of the city hung around them and East Wallop warmed under the enthusiasms and simple pleasures of its paying guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Stillwell, and their daughter Loretta, came back again, and Miss Carrie Kibbie, who was private secretary to some big corporation, or other; Professor Kite, the Willoughby girls, another year older, were welcomed back. Eddie Jones, in his first long trousers, was up at his Uncle Chester's, and Dr. Turner's wife was entertaining her sister, who was a singer.

Mrs. Eliza Peck explained that, of course, she had only taken Miss Jane Carter to board, during July and August, because Miss Carter was a relative of the late Mr. Peck. His second cousin had married Miss Carter's grandmother's sister-in-law. East Wallopians excused taking summer boarders on the ground that either they were relatives, or that their houses were so big and they enjoyed the company.

It was Miss Carter who took Emma Sawyer to the picnic out to Twin Lakes. Mrs. Peck said afterwards that she had a "presentment" against it.

Mrs. Peck had rescued Emma Sawyer from an asylum to give her what is considered a good home, but this good home carried with it great responsibilities. Emma was reminded of her good fortune every time Mrs. Peck discovered grape seeds and apple cores in her sitting-room vases. No one but an abandoned orphan would do such things.

"That poor little kid is just starving for a good time," Miss Carter declared. "While I'm here she is going to have one."

"The girl will be spoiled!" protested Mrs. Peck. "After all the trouble I have had raising

"She'll blow up and burst one of these days," Warned Jane Carter

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Stillwell and Their Daughter Loretta and Miss Carrie Kibbie

Hardy Annuals

Smith-Dayton

her. And her a just mere orphant, too."

"She'll blow up and burst one of these days if she hasn't any outlet for her 'temperament,'" warned Miss Carter.

No One But an Orphan would Put Grape Seeds in the Vases

"Emma never showed me any temper, I'll say that for her," said Eliza Peck.

"Temperament," corrected Jane Carter. "I've seen some mighty tame-looking volcanos which afterward messed up the scenery."

"Oh, I have no doubt I'll live to see the day when I will regret my kindness to the girl," Mrs. Peck sighed. "They usually prove headstrong and ungrateful, but I want to feel that I've done my duty, anyway."

Although Emma Sawyer had lived several years in East Wallop, it was Mrs. Peck's guest of two weeks who introduced her to the best people at the picnic. Jennie Boggs was the first of the town girls to make a fuss over Emma.

"Why, Emma dear, I haven't seen you for ages," gushed Miss Boggs. "Isn't this a lovely picnic? I'm so glad you could come. Everybody's here,—even Ralston Simms. He hardly ever goes to picnics. Isn't Miss Carter just too fascinating? Do you think he is interested in her?"

Before Emma had a chance to reply, who should walk deliberately away from Miss Carter's charmed circle and join them but Ralston Simms, himself!

"Well, Little Mouse," he said to Emma, "are you going to help me take some snapshots? One has to take snapshots at a picnic, and we might as well get it over with."

Emma and Jennie giggled. When Jennie had whispered for the second time that she had never met Mr. Simms, Emma summoned up enough courage to present, "my friend Miss Boggs, Mr. Simms."

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Simms," said Miss Boggs, elegantly, as she hoped, and trying to quiet her heating heart while conscious that her face was giving her secret away.

Mr. Simms had the fatal gift of making one feel that he had existed hitherto in anticipation of the present happy moment.

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Emma couldn't Return a Friendly Greeting in the Open Sunshine Without It's Causing Talk

wanted to take my picture for one thing—when Emma just whisked him away by one of the sliest tricks I ever knew a girl to think of.

"It was so clever, and deep, that neither Ralston nor I were aware what was happening, until it was all over and I was left stranded with that awful Dave Mudge. Now mark my words, that Emma is going to make trouble in this town, unless some one puts her in her place."

Of course, all the summer folks added to the complications that arose over Emma. East Wallop didn't like to take strangers into its confidence in the settlement of what it considered one of its own affairs. After the picnic, the townsfolks could have dropped Emma in their own way, but the outside element just mixed things up so that you couldn't make head or tail of it. The city folks included Emma in all of their plans, because they didn't seem to understand that an orphan's place is in the home. The attention she got was enough to turn any girl's head.

Lou Southergill, secure in her social position as the daughter of Judge Southergill, could set her cap deliberately for Ralston Simms and be regarded with amused tolerance, and without loss of prestige, but poor little Emma Sawyer, from an orphanage, couldn't return Ralston's now friendly greeting in the open sun of Post Office

He also had other gifts. Miss Boggs wasn't certain how it happened that she was left stranded talking to that odious Dave Mudge, whom she detested, while Ralston Simms and Emma were strolling off to the rowboat landing.

Miss Boggs' version of what happened ran like this: "While I was trying to be nice to Emma Sawyer—I felt sorry for her, you know—who came up but Ralston Simms! He wanted to meet me. Anyone could see that, it was so obvious. Emma didn't act as if she wanted to introduce me, either. But you know how polished he is, and what they call savoir faire? So she had to. We were chatting along just like old friends, and he was making an excuse to get acquainted with me—he

Square without its causing considerable talk.

No event of the summer season so stirred the social element as the lawn party given by Lou Southergill. The judge always did things right, and Lou was an accomplished hostess. The caterer came from out of town and a platform was built on the lawn for dancing. There were five pieces in the orchestra and the grounds were lighted with Japanese lanterns.

As Miss Wilkins, the lady reporter for the East Wallop Palladium, wrote in her story the next day, "the stately Southergill mansion was the 'Mecca' of beauty, youth and wit. Brave men and handsome women vied with the 'jeunesse dorée in brilliant 'repartee' savoring of the 'Directoire' days of 'La Belle France,' and East Wallop's 'élite' at last came into its own. The spacious grounds were transformed as if by magic into a veritable 'Fairyland,' the gay Japanese lanterns combining with the fireflies and the harmonious music to render the effect quite 'charmant' and 'gai.'"

Everybody who was anybody was invited, because the judge couldn't afford to overlook anyone. Once Emma Sawyer would not have dreamed of being invited to the Southergill home. Now that folks had been so kind to her there was a real hurt in being left out.

Across the fields Emma saw the lights and heard the music. She sat alone on the front steps and a soft-voiced little cricket near her chirped plaintively in sympathy.

The Southergill party was a great success but conversation centered about the absence of Ralston Simms. Lou Southergill worked hard all evening to conceal her disappointment.

In Jake Prue's barber shop, in company with Ed Chisel and his brother George, Dave Smollins and the cracker drummer, Ralston Simms spent a fine evening.

Old Mrs. Peck Gave Emma Sawyer a Good Home

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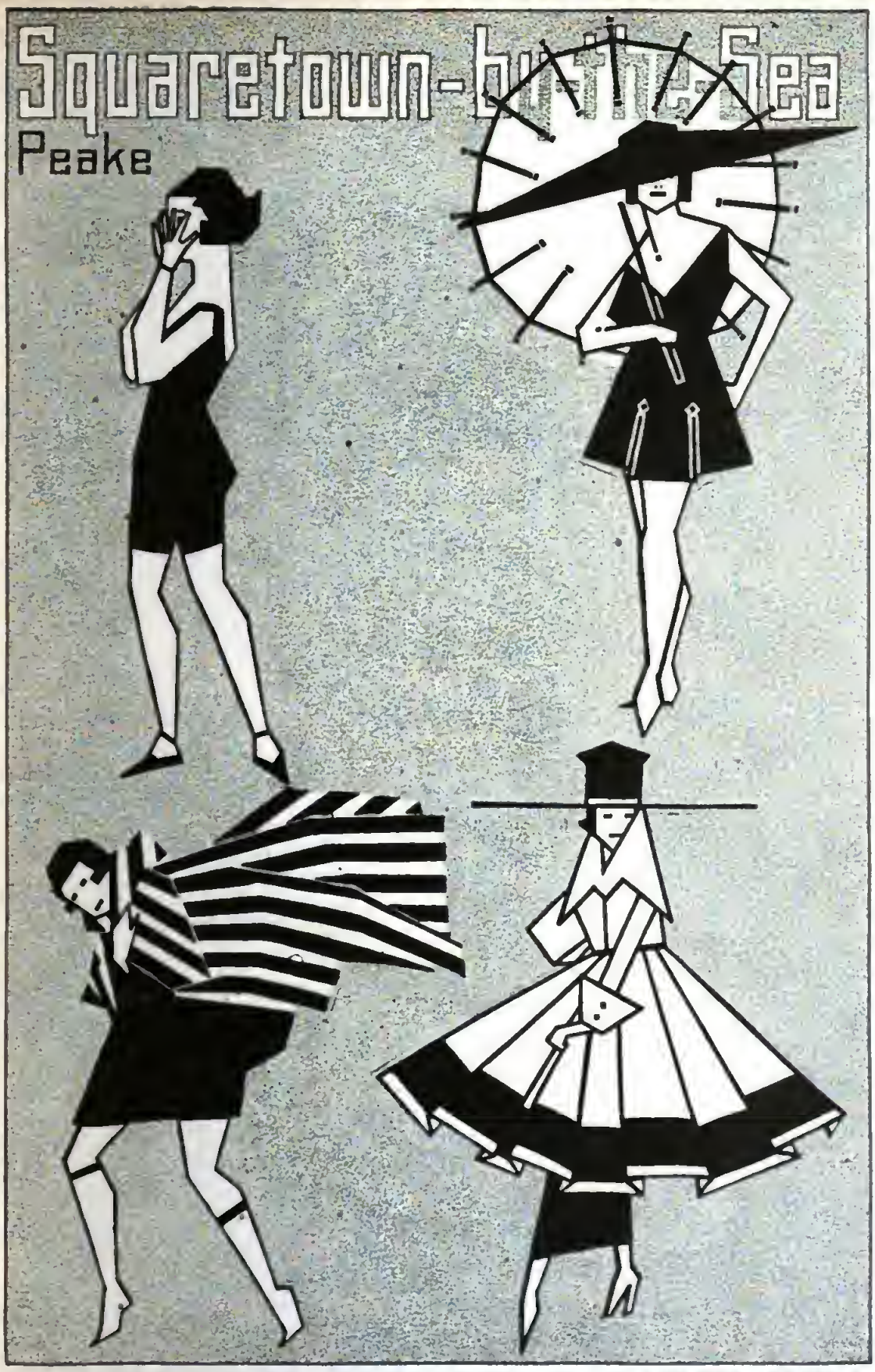

Drawn for Cartoons Magazine

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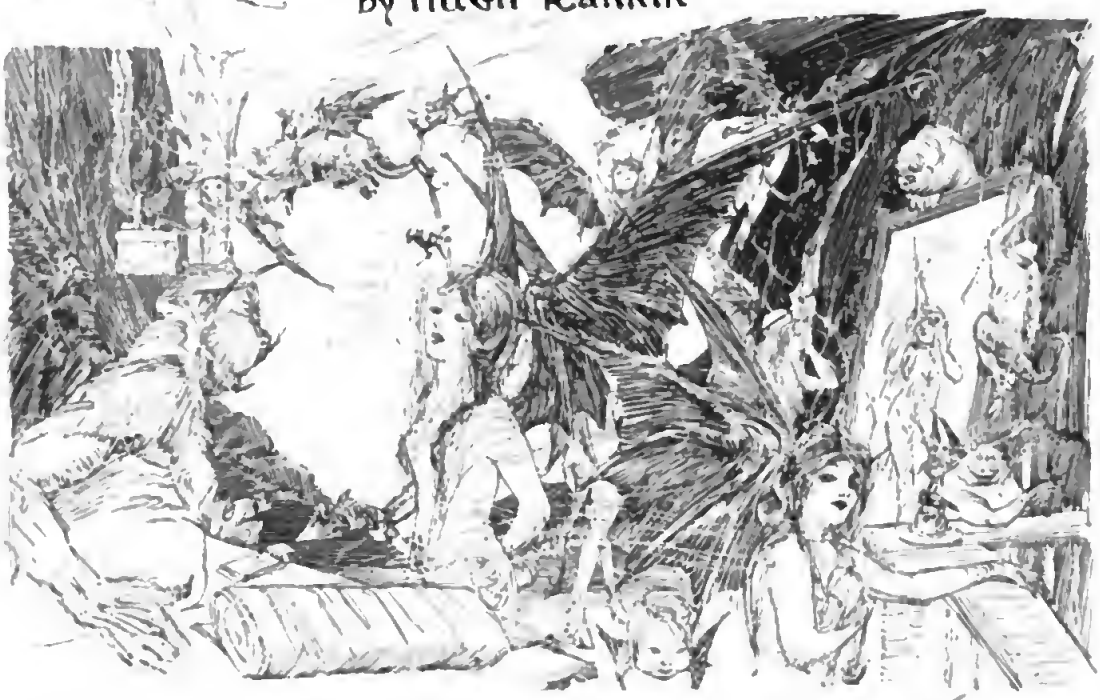
DEVILTRY

by Hugh Rankin



Proprietor of The Devils' Emporium: "Well Miss Brimstone, what can I do you for?"
Bessie Brimstone: "I'm looking for a yard of pick asbestos ribbon for my tail."

New Arrival: "Any good fishing around here?"
Dotty Devil: "Best in the universe. All you catch are already cooked."

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A Lesson In Art

by A. H. Folwell *Drawings by Ralph Barton*

AN artist of the modern school
Was Mr. Payton Guff;
A genius he whose guiding rule
Was "post impression" stuff.

He violated all the laws
Of art and sanity;
And said, "I paint this way because
Things look this way to me."

One day—it was a day in spring,
A wondrous, magic day—
The birds were all a-caroling
A prelude to the May—

This day, we say, went Payton Guff
Upon a quiet stroll;
Away from "post impression" stuff,
To "cultivate his soul."

He left the dingy town behind,
And sought the open road,
Intending to refresh his mind
In Nature's own abode.

But as he turned his gentle eyes
Upon the rural scene,
He noted with a mild surprise
That all the sky was green.

And ere he could recover quite
His normal pow'r to think,
He saw another fearsome sight;
The grass was blue and pink!

He staggered to a friendly grove,
His hand upon his head.
"A most annoying thing, by Jove!
My liver's wrong," he said.

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But horrors! When he reached the shade
He stopped in sudden awe;
Poor Payton shook and felt afraid;
A shocking thing he saw.

The trees they were not trees at all,
But just a jumbled mass,
A blotch of something, fierce and tall,
Above the blue-pink grass.

"Oh, what is this!" poor Payton cried;
"Oh, would that I were blind!"
Behold! A figure by his side—
'Twas Mother Nature kind.

"Young man, a word with you," quoth she;
"To friendly counsel list;
You've had a glimpse of how t'would be
Should I turn futurist!

"Paint Mother Nature as she is;
She thinks she's pretty good;
She has a fairly genial phiz;—
For instance, lamp this wood.

"And lamp, I pray, these maple trees;
What see you growing there?
A watermelon? A Swiss cheese?
An alligator pear?

"And here, within this lovely vale,
Do purple pumpkins grow?
Tobacco and narcissus pale?—
No, no, my boy; no, no."

Poor Payton raised his wobbly head
And eyelids by degrees;
"Ye Gods! The Wood is GREEN!"
he said;
"And—these are really TREES!

"And Oh, your sky is blue again;
No longer pink your grass!
How lovely are your hill and plain!
Some class, old girl, some class!"

With Mother Nature till the gloam
He conned his lesson o'er,
Then humbly Payton hiked for home,
And sinned in art no more.

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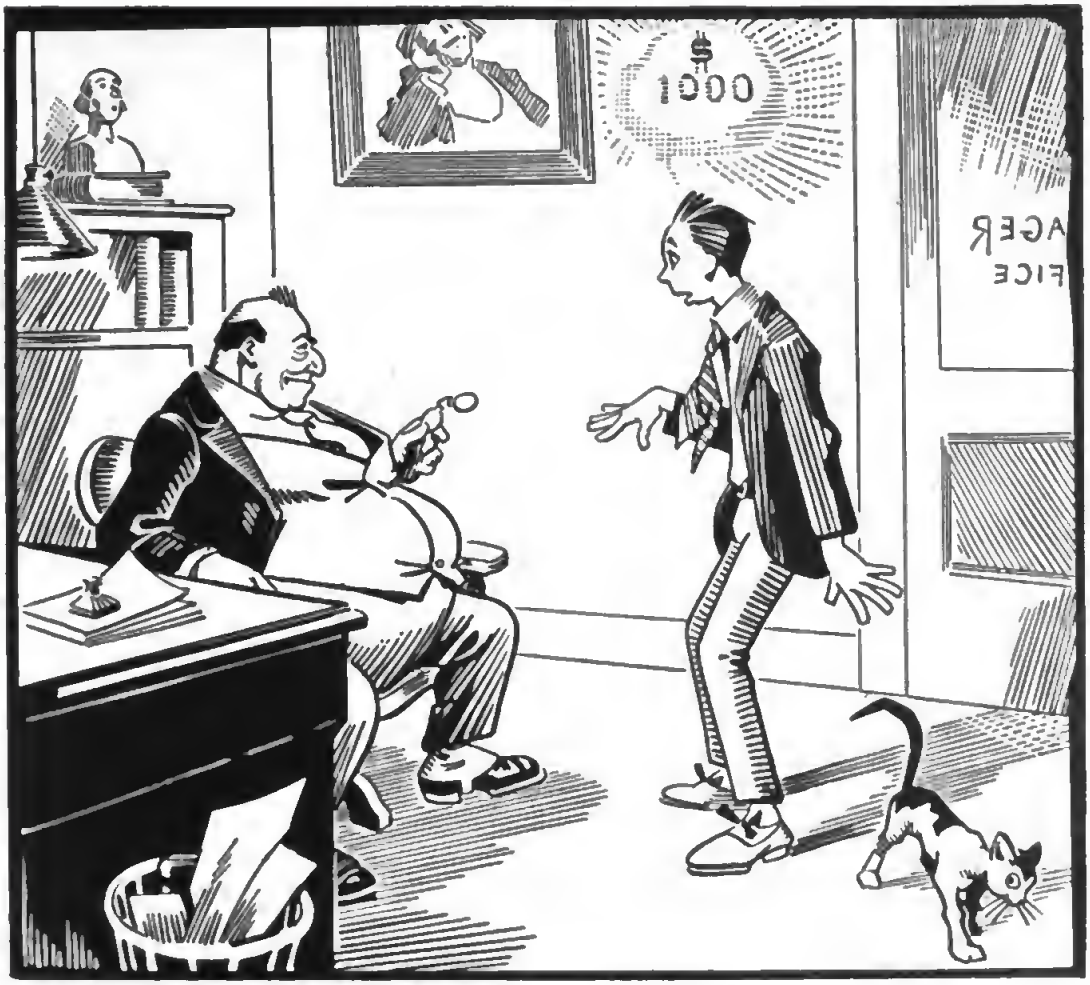

The Story of Boobles

by Harvey M. Hill *Drawings by L. M. Glackens*

CHAPTER I

THIS is the story of James J. Boobles, cartoonist. It is a newspaper story, newspaper films and newspaper stories being the fashion just now. Some day, perhaps, the story of James J. Boobles, cartoonist, will be dramatized. But down in my innermost heart of hearts, I feel that this will never happen. The story of James J. Boobles has an unhappy ending.

The Evening Breeze had not been long in existence when the editors and managers realized that they must have a cartoonist. The paper needed livening up, pictorially. Now, good cartoonists are hard to get unless a paper is prepared to pay big money. The demand for cartoonists of the first rank exceeds the visible supply, and though by no means insolvent, the Evening Breeze did not feel able to enter the open market and bid for one.

"If we can't afford to hire a high-priced man," said Barker, the managing editor, "we shall have to develop one, that's all."

"Who is there on the paper that can draw?" asked the business manager, dubiously.

"Draw?" cried the managing editor; "what has drawing got to do with it? Leave it to me. In two weeks or less, we'll have the highest-priced cartoonist in the United States, and he won't cost us more than a cub reporter's salary."

Here the managing editor rang his desk bell and the office kid came in.

"Boy," he said, "tell Mr. Boobles I want to see him."

CHAPTER II

THE following day, readers of the Evening Breeze were interested more or less in an announcement in black-face type which appeared prominently on the first page. This was the announcement:

> **The management of the Evening Breeze take pleasure in informing the public that they have secured the services of James J. Boobles, the celebrated New Zealand artist and cartoonist, who will hereafter work exclusively for this paper. Mr. Boobles is probably the highest-priced cartoonist now before the reading public, and although his work is quite unknown in this part of the world, still the management of the Breeze feel confidant that he will soon have as enthusiastic a following here as he has in another hemisphere. The first of Mr. Boobles' striking cartoons will appear next Monday, and thereafter they will be daily features of the Breeze. Remember! They will appear exclusively in the Breeze.**

"But I can't draw, I tell you!" said James J. Boobles, for the hundredth time to his superior. "I never took a drawing lesson in my life. Besides, I came here as a reporter."

"And the first duty of a reporter," replied the managing editor, "is to do as he's told. This assignment I'm giving you is a cinch. All you've got to do is draw a war cartoon for the first page every day. When you're through, you can go home. What more do you want?"

"But I can't draw, I tell you!" cried James J. Boobles, in desperation.

"I know you can't," replied his boss, "but that's all right. We'll tell 'em you can, and that you're a wonder, and after a while the public will believe it. We're going to feature your stuff, boy, and spread a rumor around town that your salary is a thousand per."

"Month?" asked the dazed Boobles.

"Week, my boy, week," said the managing editor. "Remember, you don't know anybody in this town; if anyone asks you who you are, you're James J. Boobles, the great New Zealand cartoonist. Incidentally, I've told the cashier to raise your salary to $20 a week."

CHAPTER III

WHO is this man Boobles, who's drawing for the Breeze? Gee, but he's awful!"

All over town you might have heard them make this comment during the early days of Boobles' cartooning. Had the Breeze tucked his work away on an inside page and made a small cut of it, people might have passed it by as the work of some amateur artist, or aspiring contributor to the children's department, but Boobles' work did not appear on an inside page. Far from it. It appeared on the first page, top of column, right under the date line. And every day there appeared with it in black face type, a line to the effect that the drawing was by James J. Boobles, the great New Zealand cartoonist, who was now working exclusively for the Breeze. By and by people changed their tune.

"By Jove," said the average man, "I guess my artistic education has been neglected. I can't see what there is in that fellow Boobles' work to make him worth the thousand a week which they say he's getting, but I reckon the fault's with me and not with Boobles. Newspapers aren't throwing money away in these days of high paper cost, and they wouldn't pay him even half that sum if he wasn't the goods. There's a certain rude strength about his pictures that sort of makes up for their lack of finish."

Never a day passed without a Boobles cartoon in the Breeze, and an accompanying reminder to the reader that the drawing was by James J. Boobles, the great New Zealand, etc., etc., and that he now worked exclusively for "this paper." It was rumored that a big movie concern had offered him a five-figured salary to draw for the screen, but that Boobles had said, No; his contract with the Breeze would prevent him from accepting. Then, gradually, Boobles became an institution. Everything he did was "great."

"Say, but that was a great cartoon by Boobles in this evening's Breeze," exclaimed the populace.

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Or—

"Did you see that great cartoon by Boobles in tonight's Breeze? There's the boy that can draw. He's got 'em all skinned as a cartoonist, I tell you. They say he gets a thousand a week."

When the Chairman of a Campaign Committee selected one of Boobles' cartoons for billboard uses and had an enlargement of it pasted on all the fences in town, people remarked "great" again.

Then the Breeze organized a Boobles syndicate, and began to supply out-of-town papers with the work of their master draftsman. He became a national figure, an institution. The Breeze was simply coining money out of him.

Incidentally, Boobles' own salary was hoosted to $30 weekly—more than the average for a cub reporter.

CHAPTER IV

THERE was something the matter with James J. Boobles, formerly the great New Zealand cartoonist and now the leading cartoon light of the United States. The people in the Breeze office realized it vaguely, but couldn't locate the trouble. Somehow or other, the "rude strength" for which Boobles' early work was noted had been missing in his later efforts. Occasionally people were heard to say that Boobles had "gone hack." Then the crash came one day when four of the out-of-town papers which had eagerly jumped at the chance to pay real money for Boobles' stuff wrote in to the Breeze, and said they didn't want Boobles any more. His drawings of late, they wrote, had "not been up to the old standard."

"There's the boy that can draw."

Barker, the managing editor, tore his hair. The business manager looked glum.

"Send for Mr. Boobles," cried the managing editor to the office boy.

Boobles came; the situation was explained to him; the complaints were shown to him; he turned pale.

"What is the matter with you?" asked his employer. "Are you ill? Do you need a rest?"

Boobles shook his head. No; he wasn't ill or tired.

"Well, have you any idea what has caused these kicks?" persisted the M. E. "A fellow who can't draw in the first place can't go back in his work, so that's not the explanation. Besides, not only these out-of-town people say they don't like your stuff, but a lot of our own readers have written in and asked why you don't take a brace. Some of my friends, too, have spoken to me about you. They say, 'What's the matter with Boobles? He isn't doing the work he used to for your paper.' What is it, Boobles, my boy? Tell us, if you know."

And then it was that James J. Boobles broke down and told all.

He made a full confession, keeping nothing back.

For several months, it seemed, he had been a regular attendant, under an assumed name, at a night school for drawing, and his progress, so his teachers said, had been remarkable. By dint of hard study and great application he—

The managing editor buried his face in his hands. The business manager left the room abruptly, unable to conceal his emotion. The thing was now as clear as day.

James J. Boobles had learned to draw!

His Progress, So His Teachers Said, had Been Remarkable

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The Road to Yesterday

by E.A. Bushnell

Drawn for Cartoons Magazine

The Graduation Speech

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The Golden Girl

BY PAUL T. GILBERT

"THE fire on the hearth has burned low,"
Confided the charming Lenore,
"So sketch for me, prey, ere you go,
The one little girl you adore."

"There are maidens and maidens," I said;
"Ah, yes," sighed bewitching Lenore—
"By many allurements we're led,
But one—only one—we adore."

"Well, her eyes," I began, "must be blue—"
"Like mine?" asked delighted Lenore—
"From the roses her cheeks take their hue,
This one little girl I adore.

"And then," I paused, "as to her hair—"
"It must be of spun gold," said Lenore—
"As the tresses of dawn, rosy fair,
Are the locks of the girl I adore.

"And her heart must be also of gold—"
"Ah, it is!" exclaimed lovely Lenore—
"She must be about eighteen years old,
This sweet little girl I adore.

"She must live in a world of romance—"
"But I DO!" said the darling Lenore—
"And a blush or a shy downward glance
I admire in the girl I adore.

"And the lips of this maiden so sweet—
"Are you listening? —" "Yes," said Lenore—
"When the lips of her lover they meet
Proclaim her the girl I adore."

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Drawing by Alice Harvey

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Winning the War Air

IMAGINATION is dulled by the stupendous figures in which legislators and bureau chiefs at Washington are computing war activities. At a time when congress is granting and the government continues to ask for appropriations of hundreds of millions here and billions there, it is not surprising that a request for $600,000,000 for airplanes should be received by the country more or less apathetically. Yet many eminent strategists both on this side of the ocean and on the other have told us that the war must be won in the air and that the United States must bestir itself if it is to perform its full duty to the cause it has espoused. "The air is the place for the eagle to fly to triumph" is more than a catch phrase.

That the country intends to do its level best is evident by the size of the appropriation asked for the construction of an air fleet and the training of airmen. The program is a tremendous one and fails to thrill the country only because the country has become so accustomed to huge figures that it cannot comprehend their significance. In editorial offices, however, there has been a ready and an enthusiastic response to the plans of the administration for air activity and many editors agree with the war department that the carrying out of the contemplated plans at the earliest possible moment is urgently necessary. Reports that the recruiting of the air forces has been completed are roundly condemned as coming from pro-German sources and young men of daring and intelligence are urged to enlist in the aviation corps as soon as possible.

"That the war may be won or lost in the air rather than on the sea or the land is a possibility that must be reckoned with," says the Providence Journal. "It will not he taken rightly into account if we do not keep our flying-machine factories working at top speed and if we do not put new factories to work turning out the planes.

"Enough is already proved regarding the efficiency of the fighting flying corps to warrant the United States in the enormous outlay proposed by the strategists on both sides of the Atlantic. No error can be made by meeting their requisition without hesitation, and a mortal mistake might be the penalty of reluctance or refusal."

The requested appropriation for an air fleet is warmly approved by the New York World, which declares:

"An aviation program calling for the expenditure

CASSEL in New York Evening World — Copyright, Press Publishing Co.

The Flight of the Eaglets

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in the

GROVE in Cleveland Press

The Open Road to Berlin

of $600,000,000 may well be war economy. Both combatants have used every exertion to gain preponderance in the air, and on the whole with a pretty even balance of success. If of late our allies have had a shade the best of it, the more reason why a heavy reinforcement of their flying forces might hasten victory if not determine it."

Similarly the New York Times quotes Admiral Peary in favor of a great air fleet. "Why not take the initiative and lead?" cries Peary. "Why not, indeed?" seconds the Times.

"The development of aviation here, where it has been neglected more than in France, England, or Germany, will serve to do more than to end the war. It will vastly increase our usefulness in peace. The aviator is destined to play a great part hereafter in the world's affairs. We shall need thousands of flying machines in the development of trade. The time is not far distant when airplanes will cross the Atlantic in a single flight. The immediate demand for airplanes, however, is military. We are at war, but not yet in the war. Let us go in with thousands of scouting and battle machines and help our allies to win the fight."

More than ever before, editors are calling attention to the fact that in the United States was invented the submarine, while Germany developed it to its highest efficiency; in the United States was invented the ironclad ship, which Great Britain has developed and finally the airplane was evolved at Dayton, Ohio, while European nations were to make the largest use of the device and bring it to a standard of perfection that eclipses any of the efforts of our manufacturers. There is a belief, however, that we are capable of overcoming our past imperfections and that we can begin hostilities next spring with an air fleet of such magnitude as literally to smother the enemy. This belief is voiced by many journals, the Washington Star putting it this way:

"In all probability the American fighting forces cannot get into line at the front in sufficient numbers to be of material aid until next spring. By that time the gigantic fleet of airplanes should be constructed and the men to operate them trained. This will require intensive work, the kind of work for which America is famous the world over, the sort of work that has put American motor cars into every country and made American machines familiar to the inhabit-

EVANS in Baltimore American

Blind the Enemy!

ants of the remotest quarters of the globe."

The Cleveland Plain Dealer takes the same view of the proposal for huge expenditures for airships, declaring:

"It is a proposal that may well stir the enthusiasm of every American. The airplane is a product of American genius. It is fitting that American courage and American money should utilize the plane to make the earth a fit habitation for American democracy.

"'A few thousand trained aviators,' declares Secretary Baker, 'with the machine for their use may spell the whole difference between victory and defeat. America must make sure that the allies and not Germany secure the permanent domination of the air.'"

The question of transatlantic carriage is entering largely into the calculations, the advocates of great expenditures for airplanes arguing that the transportation of machines and airmen in sufficient numbers to overwhelm the enemy can be accomplished much more easily than the proposed army of a million men, and some experts even go so far as to assert that 100,000 airplanes will be much more effective than ten times as many infantrymen.

"With the mastery of the air goes the assurance of victory," says the New York World.

"On land and sea," it continues, "in no way can the United States more effectively make its power felt than by employing its industrial forces in manufacturing airplanes on an unprecedented scale and in manning them as rapidly as they are available with the volunteers who await the opportunity to get 'to and over the line.'"

IRELAND in Columbus Dispatch

One Way to End the War

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NEMECEK in Fantasio, © Paris

Aerial Music

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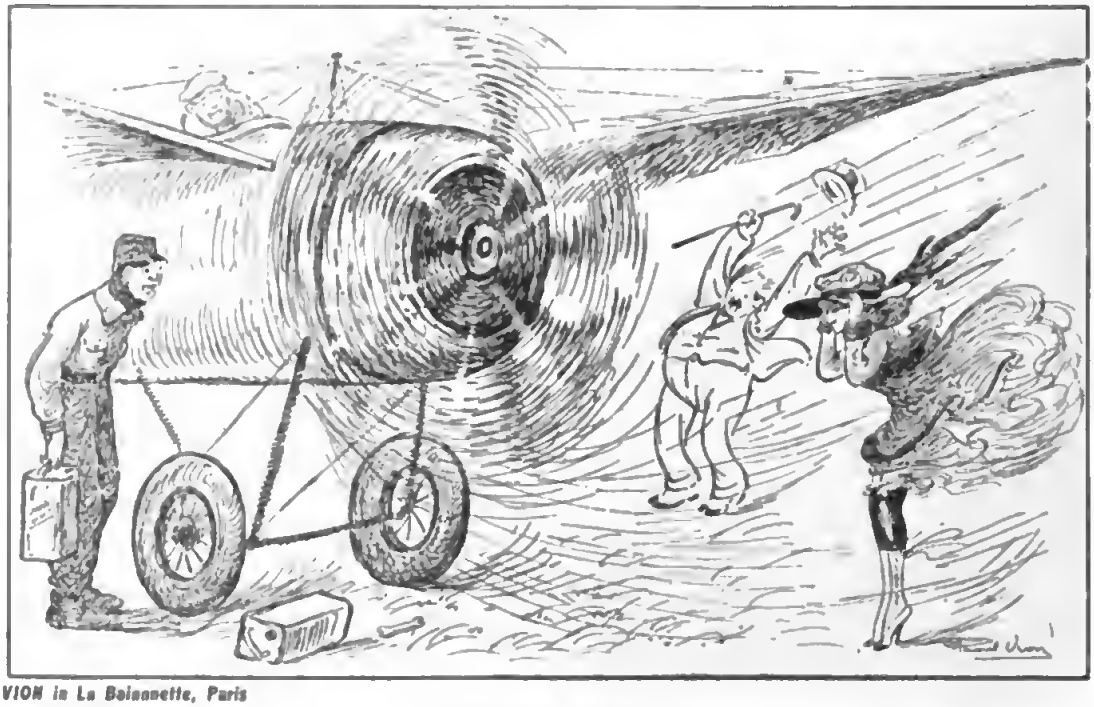
ICART in Fantasio, © Paris

The Hero's Departure

The movement for a vast campaign against Germany in the air, the Cleveland Leader believes, is sound and timely, and will gain strength rapidly. The Leader adds:

"Supremacy in the air is a matter not of enormous numbers of disciplined and armed men but of individual prowess, money to furnish unlimited aircraft and facilities for using them, and ingenuity and resourcefulness in warfare where there can be no trenches and no slow crawling to a goal fixed months before. It means skill and daring in the field which is best calculated to stir the blood of the boldest and the most resolute and give personal fighting power its fullest reward.

"That is what Americans have always liked. It is the kind of work they have always done with remarkable skill and success. Their country is so rich in money and in every mechanical resource that it can give them facilities beyond those of any other power."



VION in La Baionnette, Paris

"It's an ill wind—"

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Things That Never Happen!

Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Virgil E. Alford

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A Painter of Japanese Dolls

O Hara San in the Garden

MAGDA HEUERMANN, a Chicago miniature painter, has developed something new in art—the painting of Japanese dolls, posed in miniature landscapes. Miss Heuermann has never been in Japan, but she has used her imagination in the creation of these quaint little figures with their moonlike faces, shimmering black hair, slit eyes, and brilliant costumes. Their olive complexions make a striking contrast to the scarlet, carmine, and bright orange of their kimonos and sashes.

One of her favorites is O Hisa San, who is seen playing with her little dog, Komo. Her rich, oriental costume, with the pink cherry blossoms behind her, make a charming tableau indeed. Then there is O Hara San, who is too absorbed in her bootlets to pay much attention to the beautiful flowers in her garden. "Ready for the Drive" shows two little ladies wearing their best afternoon kimonos. They are admiring the beauty of the Japanese scenery while their rickisha awaits their pleasure. In another group, entitled "Dolce Far Niente," the dolls are seen lying asleep on the ground under a bright-colored parasol.

Magda Heuermann

Ready for the Drive

O Hisa San and Komo

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From Novy Satirikon, Petrograd

Russian Democrat: "Shake hands, brother German proletariat."
German Proletariat: "Can't! I'm too busy making shrapnel."

Russia Consecrates Herself to War

OUT of the labyrinth of fantastic social creeds which deluged Russia on the day of success of the revolution, there is surely and in a measure swiftly being evolved a program of liberty, order, and aggression against the foes of the entente. Every day's dispatches bring reassuring messages, and buttressing and giving point to these are bulletins from Berlin, first acknowledging that efforts for a separate peace have gone awry and finally announcing that the Russians are attacking in Galicia.

The program of the entente and particularly of the United States, expressed through its mission headed by Elihu Root, has thus won a signal victory over the insidious propaganda of Germany and it is not displaying too much optimism to predict that before the summer has passed the Great Bear will have assumed his proper proportion in the task of defeating the central allies. We have abundant evidence of this. The reception accorded to Mr. Root and his associates; the efficacy of Admiral Glennen's straightforward appeal to the mutineers of the Black Sea fleet; the amazing activity of Minister of War Kerensky—all these are indicative that the troubles of the country are not due either to faults of the head or the heart, but to ignorance which is being combated in a most efficacious manner.

We may see these things as facts without in the least ignoring the other fact that Russia has a long way to go before the goal of satisfactory government has been reached. It would be expecting too much to conclude that in a moment a mighty change could be made in Russia's government and that orderly processes would come with the waving of a political wand. There are sinister influences still at work in that country, and more than that, there are sound principles to be instilled in the mind of the proletariat by which every anarchistic tendency must be overcome. It is reasonably certain, however, that the provisional government is daily growing in strength and influence; that sporadic instances of lawlessness are being dealt with successfully through candid argument and that the spirit of the army is becoming more warlike as the soldiers have

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KIRBY in New York World

Feeling Better

been made to see that the only safety for their newly won liberty lies in a victory over Prussianism and trust in their leaders.

How much the American mission has been able to assist in this work we cannot conclude from the meager dispatches which we receive, but the American press has inferred that the mission is performing its work in a manner to justify all the expectations that were centered in it. Premier Lloyd George of England voiced some of this feeling when he declared that while the revolution was temporarily a blow to the allies, in the long run he fully expected it to prove of substantial benefit. It had long been observed by the other members of the entente that the old Russian régime had played its biggest cards and that henceforth it would play a negligible part in the war if indeed it did not make a separate peace with Germany.

Ambassador Bakhmetieff, heading the Russian mission to the United States, appealed, in an address to the senate, for patience with the new order in Russia and this appeal found a ready response in our press. The Philadelphia Public Ledger, reviewing the difficulties of Russia, says: "The people of Russia are ruling through temporary and poorly developed instruments as yet, but with patience they will achieve a system that will meet all national aspirations and the practical demands for a government that can carry on the great work of readjustment within the empire and deal with and face enemies and friends without."

The New York Evening Mail analyzes the qualities of the Russian people, and from the fact that they are of many nationalities, concludes that they will have problems to meet which other nations did not have to contend with. "There is vigor, pushfulness and idealism in the veins of the Russian people," says the Mail.

"These qualities come from the European side of the house. There is also fatalism, immobility, resignation in the Russian soul. These

KIRBY in New York World

Working for Wilhelm

KIRBY in New York World

Why Accept a New One?

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LOUIS RAEMAEKERS in Philadelphia Public Ledger

A Poison-Gas Attack on New Russia

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German Social Democrat (in the streets): "Down with our rulers! Down with government!"

qualities derive from the Asiatic side of the house. The two contending spiritual forces, with the pressure of centuries behind them, are constantly clashing in the political, social and economic life of the Russian people. At one time one of these forces is in the ascendant, at another time the other.

"The result is that the Russian betrays curiously childlike qualities. He is by turns deeply passionate and coldly stoical, supremely energetic and hopelessly indolent;

From Novy Satirikon, Petrograd

German Social Democrat (at home): "Amelia, dear, put some new brimstone in this bomb. The last is burnt out."

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SYKES in Philadelphia Evening Ledger

Our Russian Mission

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RAEMAEKERS in Phila. Public Ledger

The German Wolf: "Why won't you trust me, Little Red Ridinghood?"

keenly aspiring and flabbily indifferent."

All of the publications agree that the diplomatic missions of the United States and the other members of the grand alliance, bear a heavy responsibility for the restoration of the vigor of Russia. Regarding the work of the American railway commission there is a surprising dearth of information, although we may be very sure that these men are working diligently for the reorganization of the arteries of the country. Reviewing the political efforts, the Providence Journal declares:

"The diplomatic and military missionaries the United States and its allies are sending to Russia bear a mighty responsibility in quieting the turbulent people and in checking the well-laid intrigues of the Berlin government to cut Russia away from the grand alliance. That they are discharging it with both devotion and skill is manifest from such reports as are coming from Petrograd. M. Albert Thomas, the French minister of munitions, and other entente representatives in Russia, too, have been ably assisting the new government in its unflagging effort to bring about a renewal of effective cooperation with the allies. M. Thomas returns to Paris from an extended trip through the country with the cheering report that an offensive by the Russian army is both a material and a moral possibility."

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RAEMAEKERS in Philadelphia Public Ledger

A Fool's Paradise

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SYKES in Philadelphia Evening Ledger

No Rest for the Weary

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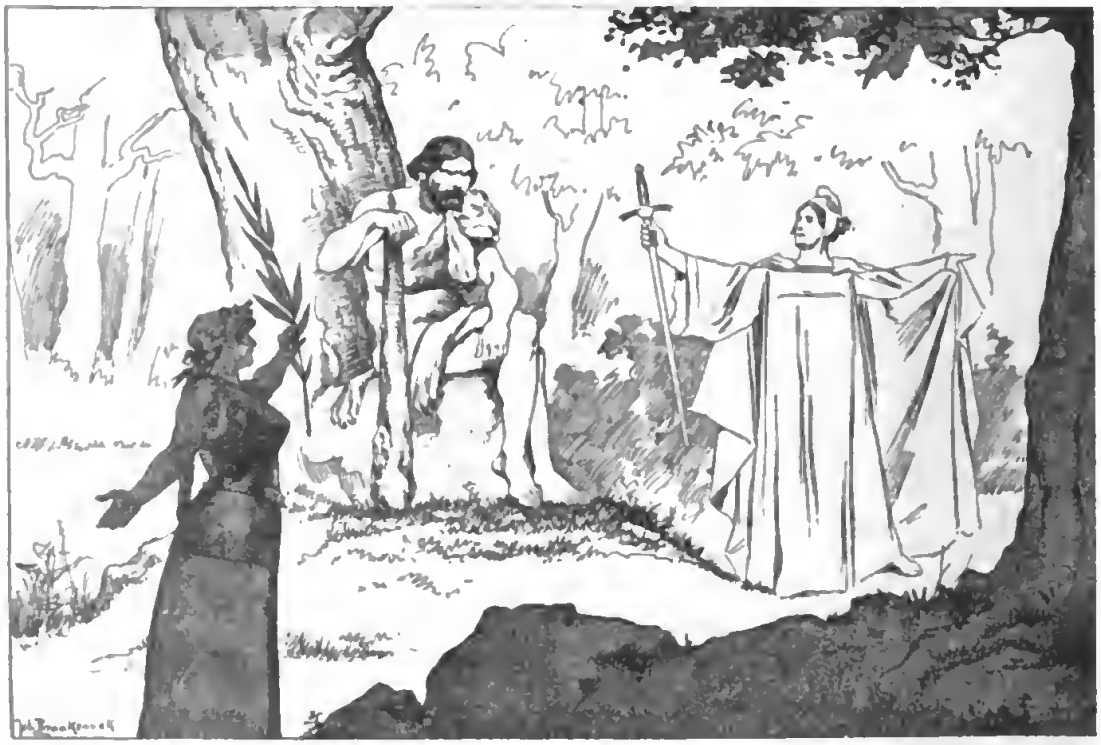
JEANNIOT in Le Rire, © Paris

SAMSON AND DELILAH

Be On Your Guard, Moujik. Remember Samson

The New York Times sees a good omen in the readiness of the Russian soldier and sailor to listen to reason. "Over and over again," asserts the Times, "some regiment or battalion or garrison has been led by agitators into rebellion, only to become instantly loyal on some short speech addressed to them by some plain-spoken general or civilian official. The argument used to convert them, when it has been reported, has been some simple statement of what to us are the obvious facts that discipline must exist in an army, that true liberty involves order, or some other of the elementary things which here we take for granted. Thus it is evident that many of these mutinies are founded on nothing but ignorance, and that the Russian soldier's heart and even his head were right enough, though at first misled by glittering phrases to which he had never heard the answers."

"The action of the Russian duma in ordering an immediate offensive by the troops representing the nation on the eastern front," observes the Pittsburgh Sun, "is the best indication that American diplomacy, or whatever one cares to call it, has been effective in Petrograd."



From De Amsterdammer, Amsterdam

The Russian Hercules at the Fork of the Road

DOWN IN DIXIE.

HAMBONE'S MEDITATIONS

MISTUS TOL' DAT AIH NEW COOK AH'S DE SLOWES'. NIGGUH SHE EBUH IS HAD EROUN' EN DAT GAL SORT O' GRIN EN SAY— "YASSUM, HE SUTTNLY IS BACKWÂHD!"

AH SHO WOULD LAK T' HAB DAT MOUF ENDURIN' WATEH-MILYUN TIME!!

"EARLY ON ONE FROSTY MAWNIN'!"

DON' YOU KNOW YUH'S HANGIN' ROUN' DIS JINT WID MAH WASH-MONEY IN YO' POCKET? NIGGUH, AH C'N SEE 'EM RIGHT NOW HAULIN' YOU OFF DOWN DE STREET WID DE WHITE GLOVES EN SAD MUSIC TRAILIN' ATTEH YUH!

J. P. Alley

Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by J. P. Alley

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Country

by A. H. Folwell ~

"Finally we called in a specialist from New York."

Scene: Any country place, any place at all. Time: Summer.

MERE MALE BOARDER: Ah, here is a cool, shady spot. I guess I'll sit on this bench and invite my soul, as Walt Whitman said. (Does so.)

FEMALE VOICE (close by): Yes, that is exactly what they did to my sister Julia. The poor woman suffered something awful for nearly four months and none of the doctors we called in could tell just what it was that was the matter with her. One said it was one thing, and another would say it was another. Finally, we called in a specialist from New York, because Julia seemed to be in such a bad way. The specialist made an examination and said we would have to have an operation at once, or he wouldn't be responsible for my sister's life. He said she had a complication of troubles, but would you believe it, after they had performed the operation they couldn't find a —

MERE MALE BOARDER: Good lord, let me out of this! Is that all women can find to talk about when they're away in the country? I guess I'll stroll down by the lake.

Scene II

The shore of the lake. Time: About two minutes later.

MERE MALE BOARDER: Well, this is solid comfort. No cackling Cassandras here. I'll just relax under this tree and watch the ripples. (Three minutes elapse.)

FEMALE VOICE: Here's a nice place to rest. You know I can't walk very far. The doctor told me not to. I don't know whether I told you about it when I was introduced to you last night, but I have had the worst trouble with my feet you ever heard of. Do you ever have any trouble with your feet?

SECOND FEMALE VOICE: Indeed I do. Sometimes they pain me so I can scarcely stand on them.

FIRST FEMALE VOICE: That is exactly the way mine are. I have tried, it

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Conversation

Drawings by W. E. Hill

seems to me, every remedy there is, but nothing does me the slightest good. I have two great hard spots on the bottom of my feet, and at times they are just like knives sticking in me. They hurt me so it makes me feel ill all over. Does it ever affect you that way?

SECOND FEMALE VOICE: Indeed it does. Just that way exactly. My doctor told me to consult a chiropodist, but I haven't been, because I have such a terror of the knife. My sister-in-law had a frightful experience with a chiropodist; she—

MERE MALE BOARDER: I can't stand this. I'll beat it up to the barn, I guess, and take a snooze in the hay-loft.

Scene III

The hay loft. Time: Three minutes later

MERE MALE BOARDER: Now, when I get this window open a little wider, I shall have a breeze and solid comfort, except for the spiders. Ah, that is something like! This is the real thing. . . . Hello, what's that? Is somebody else up here? Good gosh!

FEMALE VOICE (on the other side of the hay): Now, I don't want to interfere in your personal affairs, Mrs. Miggles, but if I were you, I simply would NOT let them operate.

SECOND FEMALE VOICE: You wouldn't?

FIRST FEMALE VOICE: No; I would NOT! Of course, it is your affair, and you may do as you please, but my Aunt Sarah was operated on, and there was absolutely nothing the matter with her, absolutely nothing. A specialist said she had goodness knows what, and it scared all of us almost to death, but when they operated, the surgeon found that there had been a wrong diagnosis, so they took out her appendix—a perfectly good appendix—just to have something to do while they were there. That's all they did it for, and they charged a big price for it, too.

SECOND FEMALE VOICE: I really don't know what to do about it. I never was so undecided about anything.

FIRST FEMALE VOICE: Yes, it's a terrible position to be placed in. Now,

"I have tried, it seems to me, every remedy there is."

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"What! Y'ain't goin', be ye?"

there was another case in our family, the case of my husband's brother's cousin's wife. She suffered for years with— Why, what was that? Did any one fall?

SECOND FEMALE VOICE: It sounded like somebody falling down the barn stairs. Oh, maybe it was that man, that new boarder who came up last night. There he goes now; see? He's running. Perhaps he's been taken sick. Well, as I was just saying—

Scene IV
The office of the proprietor.
Time: Jig time.

MERE MALE BOARDER: How much do I owe you, Mr. Redneck?

THE PROPRIETOR: What? Y' ain't goin' he ye? Why, ye only just got here las' night!

MERE MALE BOARDER: I know, but I have an important date in a distant city; just remembered it. Can you take me down to the station?

PROPRIETOR: Sartin; I'll hitch up the buggy an' take ye.

MERE MALE BOARDER: No; take me down in the car. The buggy doesn't go fast enough.

Scene V
A cloud of dust.

Rara Avis is Right

By J. P. Mc Evoy

I DO not mind the traps of sand
And beetling bunkers I can stand;
For water hazards I don't care a rap;
When playing golf the dreaded "rough"
Has no effect upon my stuff,
My honesty's my greatest handicap.

Another fellow makes a score
That's "nothin' very much before
An' rather less than 'alf of that he'ind"
(I thank you, Kip') but he, you see
Instead of foolish probity
Has callouses and bunions on his mind.

Oh rocks and trees and stubborn breeze
Are all a jest, are all a wheeze;
The stymie is a stimulus for me, sir,
And when I get a rotten lie
I do not lay me down and die,
For rotten lies just suit me to a tee, sir!

But when I make a slender score
My conscience always waxes sore,
For probity unyielding is my pap;
I'd he another Evans
But my heart is in the Heavens,
And my honesty's an awful handicap!

Oh, if I could slip my ethics
Soporific anaesthetics,
And attach unto my honesty a can,
If old Nick and I would team it
I could make a dunce of Weemit,
But I'll always be a dubbing alsoran.

For my tally's rugged diction
Doesn't deal in golfing fiction;
It reflects the truth, come triumph or mishap.
I could be another Travis
But I'm golluf's rara avis
For my honesty's my greatest handicap.

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American War Verse

WEARING THE FLAG

I'LL never wear the Flag till I've enlisted,
Till I've shouldered on my back an army kit;
I'll never wear the Emblem till I've earned it,
Till I've toddled up and done my little bit!
My heart is filled with daring, when I feel the Nation's pride,
But thrills won't aim a rifle in a battle's raging tide!
So I'll join the Great Advance,
Under Pershing there in France,
And win a holy right to wear the Flag!

I'll never wear the Flag till I've enlisted,
Till I've helped a submarine to cash its checks;
I'll never wear the Emblem till I've earned it
With a scrapping bunch of sea-tanned leather-necks!
I love our noble country, it's the haven of the free,
But love won't swing a turret at a U-boat on the Sea!
So I'll join the fighting band
Of the soldiers, sea or land,
And win a holy right to wear the Flag!

I'll never wear the Flag till I've enlisted,
Till my name is on the roster of a crew,
I'll never wear the Emblem till I've earned it,
In a Jackie's uniform of sailor blue!
I've cheered for our defenders and the things that they have done,
But cheers won't handle cannon that are fed shells by the ton!
So I guess it's up to me
To sign papers for the Sea,
And win a holy right to wear the Flag!

I'll never wear the Flag till I've enlisted
In some way to help the boys that cross the pond;
I'll never wear the Emblem till I've earned it
In the Red Cross or by purchasing a bond!
Our duty is before us, to our comrades over there,
To justify the flaunting of the colors that we wear;
So let's all be soldiers now,
Put our muscles to the plow,
And win the holy right to wear the Flag!

—Albert Jay Cook, in
Pittshurgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

FOR FRANCE!

WHILE hugle calls are ringing clear
For legions to advance,
Let all the war hosts lift a cheer
For scarred and valiant France.

To-day she stands with lifted hands,
As erst of old we stood
Amid our torn and wasted lands
And needing brotherhood.

She saw our bitter plight and woe
And answered with a will;
Now let our loyal legions show
How love remembers still.

Oh, land beloved, let memory flood
Anew the hattle line
Where alien valor tracked in blood
The field of Brandywine!

Pay what ye owe to France, O, land!
That long uncancelled debt,
The cheer she gave, the helping hand—
Remember Lafayette!

Benjamin F. Leggett in
New York Herald.

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THE GAGE OF THE SEA

WE have bandied a boast of our prowess,
We have flung down the gage of the sea,
From the coasts of the East to the gates of the West
Our pennons have flaunted free!
With the pride of our wondrous treasure,
With the zeal of our youthful hour
We have measured our strength with the ocean Kings,
We have scoffed at their pomp of power.
The banner of Stars, unrended,
Has flown thro' the storm and the wrack,
It has shone thro' the smoke when the battle broke—
It has followed the simoon's track—
Yet, dream not that days of glory,
The deeds that our fathers wrought,
Can carry the boast of an unarmed host
And fight the fights to be fought.

Not thus did the old sea-rulers
Who fashioned the laws of the main,
Not thus did the kings of the ancient time,
Not thus wrought the builders of Spain,
The stanch old burghers of Holland,
In the days when she swept the wave,
Tied her broom at the head of a thousand masts
And ten thousand hearts of the brave!
Look now to the proud sea islands
At the gate of the Northern seas—
Lo! Cities of ships with glistening lips
Speak stern command on the breeze,
And the Teuton giant yonder—
Think you he dreams, in his hold,
Of a phantom peace when war shall cease
And the weak shall keep from the bold?

No! not in the plaint of the sluggard
And not in the miser's plea
May be found the shield of a mighty race
Set down by the coasts of the Sea!
When the winds shall burst upon us
With the hail of the fire-ringed guns
We shall look in vain to the deeds of our sires
And the strength of our unarmed sons.
Set down by the seas of half the world
We shall turn to the sea our ken,
And out of her breast from the East and the West
Shall come strange armed men;
The boast we made, in our hour of pride,
Shall crumble beneath their hate
And our fame of the sea, that we held in fee,
Shall be blown on the winds of Fate.

—John Jerome Rooney in New York Evening Mail.

DIES IRAE

MONSTER in mail—in madness grown—
School-tutored thing of guilt!
No word of tongue can now atone
For blood that hand has spilt.
Up, rovers of the Spanish main,
Wild slavers, buccaneers!
Behold your peer of perverse brain—
Black spawn of hateful years!

You bearded brutes of ax and pike,
You men of the Crusades—
Look! for you never saw the like—
Glare down, you whithering shades!
Again the pillage and the flame,
The killing done in hate!
Freemen, arise in Freedom's name—
The Hun assails the gate!

Wistful the pity that men feel
For those who may not shoot—
The human wreckage under heel
Where treads the hobnailed boot.
No whining sophists front the foe
Where frail defenses fall;
Those—those who saw but would not know—
The night is on them all!

Reckon our maimed, the murdered dead—
You men of stalwart soul!
Stern hearts of courage, blood that's red,
Must now exact the toll
Of justice from each blood-mad crew
That crouched those pirate decks.
And courted Satan's smile anew
With murder's stricken wrecks.

But only Justice—God forbid
Red vengeance sear our path;
Go, calmly judge them what they did,
Bid reason temper wrath.
Fight in the sight of Him who sees
The virtue in the thrust;
Strike, till the war lords lift their pleas
In suppliance from the dust!

—Dr. P. R. Minahan in Baltimore Sun.

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Aunt Mandy was Stirring Soft Soap in a Kettle under Which Glowed a Bright Fire

Fo' Yards o' Pank Gingham

by Isabel Million *With Figures in Dried Apple by the Author*

A WARM blue haze flooded Turkey Egg Cove, thin curls of smoke crept through the ravine, the iron-weed flaunted its purple fuzz. All these foretold the coming of Indian summer—but Indian summer and the beauty of its rich coloring meant nothing to the stolid figures who sat on the steps of the tiny cabin perched on the mountain side.

The hot September sunshine of mid-afternoon fell on the steps, on the porch where long strings of red and yellow pepper, bunches of herbs and twists of tobacco hung drying.

A serious-faced, thin-legged girl of twelve in a skimpy brown cotton garment, occupied the lower seat. She crumbled a portion of greasy corn pone between her thin brown fingers and the bits were snatched up greedily by a flock of dusty, nondescript chickens.

"Granny," said the child in her slow monotonous voice, "You ax him. I'm afeerd."

"I did ax yo' gran'pap but he says you don't need no new dress jist 'cause you're a-goin' to school."

To this the child made no comment but her mouth grew straighter as she poked out her bare brown foot, pushing back Old Samp, a greedy rooster who was getting the lion's share. The two sat in silence, for words are few and demonstrativeness is unknown to mountain folk. Old Viney twisted her knotty hands which hung limply in the folds of her greenish black calico skirt as she sat watching the curls of blue smoke which floated lazily through the valley.

Miss Thompson, the pretty teacher of the settlement school, attracted by the wistfulness of Suebell's face, had after much wheedling persuaded Stingy Jeff Rupe to allow the child one term of schooling, but at the mention of replenishing her meager wardrobe, the old man proved adamant.

The shadows grew longer, a misty haze covered everything, dusk came on. The old woman rose, one hand on her rheuma-

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"I heered you-all wuz a-goin' to send Suebell to school," Said Babe.

tic hip, entered the cabin and from the odor of frying bacon one knew that supper was being prepared.

Viney cupped her hands to her mouth calling, "Supper's a-waitin'," to a bent old man who leaned against the rickety rail fence encircling the stump-speckled clearing around the cabin. Jeff Rupe was credited with being the stingiest man in Turkey Egg Cove and "closter than bark" because of watering his moonshine whiskey. He was engaged in conversation with Babe Sliger, the miller, who had ridden in on his mud-spattered mule Rosie.

"I heerd you-all wuz a-goin' to send Suebell to the settlemint school," observed Babe, jerking his flat miller's thumb toward the cabin.

Stingy Jeff bit off a generous chew of long green before replying.

"Yep, but danged if I waste any money on clo'es like her and Viney wants."

Supper, luke warm slices of white bacon, yellow corn pone and sorghum, was eaten in silence. Gran'pap, with his cane-bottomed chair propped against the frail porch rail, was cleaning his old squirrel rifle while the old-woman and child cleared the dishes.

Presently Suebell came to the doorway and, picking a cockle burr from her faded skirt hem, addressed Jeff.

"Gran'pap, Pearlie an' Sallie Maude has got a new dress apiece. Cain't I hev one too?"

"No, you cain't," thundered Stingy Jeff, bringing down his chair with a sharp click. "Hain't I fed an' clothed ye might' nigh ten year? What ye got is fitten' thout a pesterin' me fer mo'."

Suebell made no answer but turned and climbed to her bed in the dim cabin loft.

In Viney's heart rose a well of bitterness at the old man's verdict and as she tossed on her lumpy shuck mattress she wondered to herself "How kin I git some money? Whar kin I git some? She must have it."

Mountain women, faded and aged before years have made them so, trudge weary miles through burning heat, through sloppy rains, heavy baskets swaying their lank figures, to market blackberries, "yarbs, aigs, an' sassyfrac root," but into the pockets of the Jeffs and Andys go the proceeds. To the mountain women five dollars is fabulous wealth.

Back and forth tossed the worried old

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Viney as the moonlight flooded the loft, silvering the poor beds with their bulging shucks and straw ticks, the sagging chairs and the tall stacks of quilts piled high in the corner.

There was the Double Irish Chain, pieced the winter her boy Dave returned from "Chattanoogy" bringing her shoes—real shoes—not brogans to which her feet were accustomed. There was The Ocean Wave. How well she remembered when it was finished, for a feud between the Sligers and the Rupes had marked the day. At the top was Grant's Victory and on this her gaze rested fondly, for it was her pride. Twice at settlement fairs had the prize been awarded it. Miss Thompson had offered to buy it but no—it was the last work of Hanner's deft fingers. Hanner was Suebell's mother.

The next morning, breakfast over, Stingy Jeff shouldered a bag of corn and set out for the mill while the old woman and the child packed the big willow baskets for market. "Be sure and git mo' fer them aigs than ye did last week," was the old man's parting shot.

Silently Viney and Suebell trudged through the mass of laurel and rhododendron, Suebell stopping occasionally to pluck a brier from her bare heel, sometimes lagging behind, sometimes humming a doleful verse of "Barbara Allen."

Leaving the cool tangle of undergrowth, they came upon a tumble-down shack turned black from the ravages of winter winds and hot suns, its roof swaybacked, a jumble of rocks serving as a chimney. They stopped for a moment to speak to Aunt Mandy Tucker, a wiry little woman of seventy, whose face resembled a winter apple. Aunt Mandy was stirring soft soap in a shiny brass kettle under which glowed a bright fire.

"Well, air ye a-goin' to school nex' week with Pearlie an' Sallie Maude? They air a-makin' they dresses now," said the little old woman, pointing to the cabin doorway where two half grown girls sewed long seams of gaudy gingham.

A Bent Old Man Leaned against the Rickety Rail Fence

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"Yes, I'm a-goin', but," the child's eyes filled, "I ain't got no new dress."

The long white road stretched like a clean ribbon in the sunshine, its sides lined with flaming sumach and goldenrod. Wearily the dusty pair tramped along.

"Granny, this here aig basket's heavy to tote an' I'm tard."

Viney, her bent, time-warped back propped against an accommodating cedar, fanned herself with her limp split bonnet.

"Fo' yards o' pank gingham 'ud make ye a dress."

"Ugh-huh, I reckon, but Gran'pap won't give us no money."

Pulling the basket nearer, Viney lifted bundle after bundle of herbs and pats of butter. At the bottom lay Grant's Victory!

"I'm a-goin' to sell hit to Miss Thompson, honey. Don't tell yo' Gran'pap."

"Well, I wisht I may die," exclaimed Suebell, rising to assist Viney repack her load.

On and on they trudged until their figures were obscured by a sharp turn in the dusty road.

TO AMERICA

NO doubts had we, nor need of man's approving:
Clear was our mandate from the Eternal Throne;
We, to the aid of outraged Freedom moving,
Needs must have ventured though we marched alone,
Not all alone nor friendless have we striven;
Comrades marched with us 'gainst embattled sin,
Comrades the bravest, lealest under Heaven,
Yet lacked we one—the nearest of our kin.
Now, as a man who 'mid dear, friendly voices,
Hearkened for one sans which the world seemed dumb,
England today, with heart upraised, rejoices,
For thou hast spoken, thou hast said, "I come!"

—London Chronicle.

"Granny, this here aig basket's heavy to tote, an' I'm tard."

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Cartoons in Cocoanuts

by Cobb X. Shinn

You Don't Need a Garage for a Michigan Mercedes—Just Keep It Back of the Piano

Nobody Home But the Engine—and That's Dead

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Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by John Argens

She: "How are you getting along with your suit for Miss Rock's hand?"
He: "Oh, I'm making progress."
She: "But I thought her father kicked you out every time you called."
He: "Yes—but he doesn't kick me quite as hard as he used to."

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It Can't Be Done

BY F. R. MORGAN

Drawn for Cartoons Magazine

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THE GLORY OF A NATION

A Tableau Posed by Paula H. Blackton, "Honey Boy," and Sister to Aid the Comfort Kid Fund of the Stage Women's War Relief. The Tableau Is Also Entitled "Womanhood."

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Returning Home

Shown by Josef Israels at the Kraushaar Gallery, New York.

PAINTINGS *of the* MONTH

JOSEF ISRAEL'S painting, "Returning Home," which strikingly suggests Millet, stands out among the canvases shown in New York this month. It is to be seen at the summer exhibition at the Kraushaar gallery. The delving peasant is depicted with his spade over his shoulder, returning from a hard day's work. He is smoking his clay pipe, and leads his child by the hand past the grain field almost white unto the harvest. Both father and daughter are wearing sabots. The mackerel sky is admirably handled.

Dana Pond in his "Nasturtiums," on view at the summer exhibition of the Knoedler gallery, has produced an exceptionally well painted picture. Into it he has projected the figure of a girl with a décolleté waist of pink. The face, neck, and breast are admirably painted. So are the arms and the silhouette of the face and head against the background of greenery seen through the open windows. The artist will donate the sale proceeds of this picture to war relief.

"Peacock Feathers," by Helen Watson Phelps, which enters into the summer exhibition at the Pen and Brush Club, is a fine study of a woman's head and shoulders. Her pink kimono has fallen from the right shoulder, exposing a superbly shaped contour. An undergarment of blue is in delightful contrast with the pink of the kimono. The coiffure is built up rather high, but the touch of red ribbon in it becomes exceedingly effective. The light glint on the woman's comb is a feature of the picture. The subject's face is turned toward the observer, and is beautiful in its outline.

A pink-coral necklace and a peacock feather fan, together with a bit of hung drapery at the left of the canvas, enter well into the composition.

W. G. BOWDOIN.

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Peacock Feathers

Shown by Helen Watson Phelps at the summer exhibition of the Pen and Brush Club.

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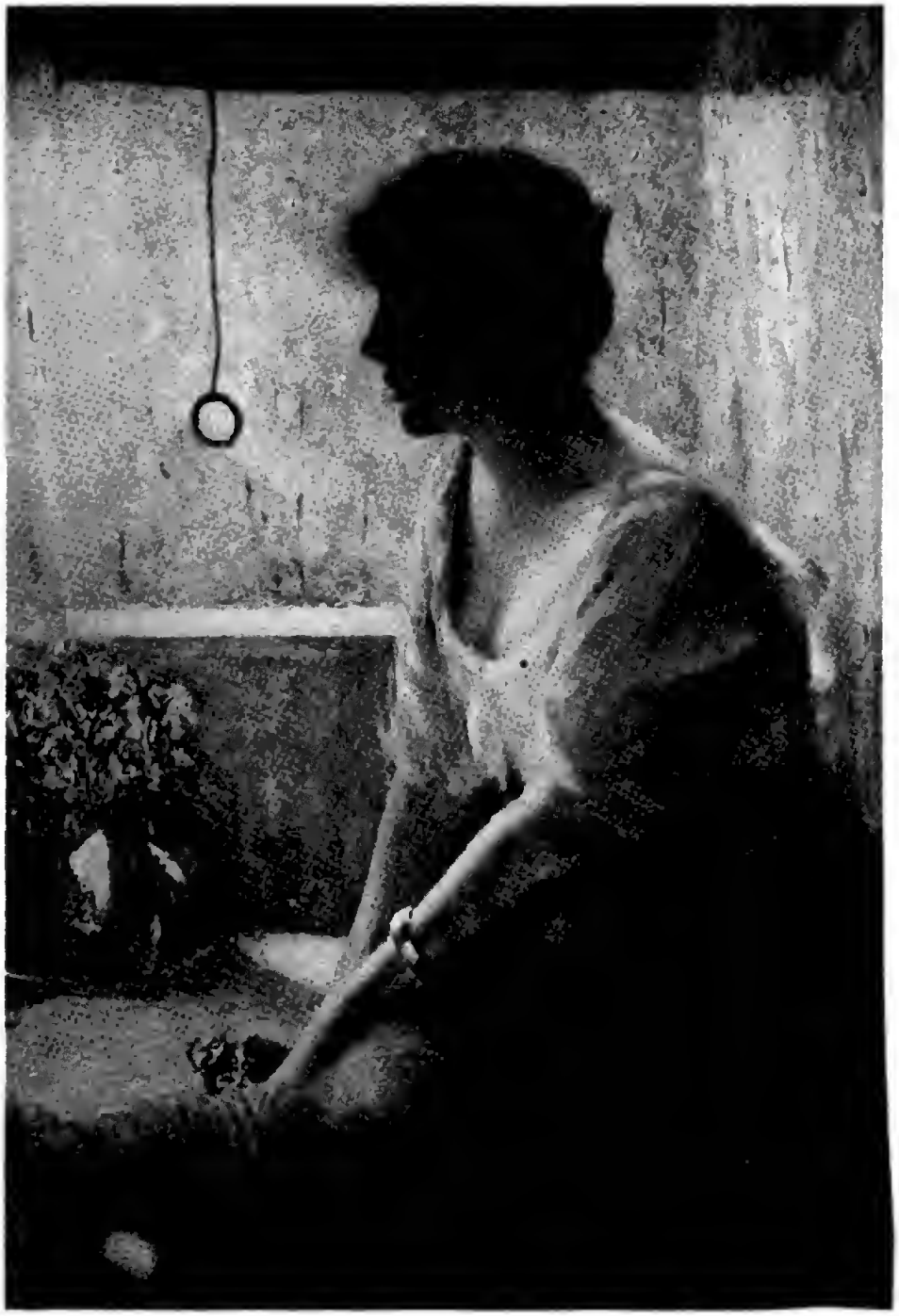

Nasturtiums

Shown by Dana Pond at the exhibition of paintings by American artists at the Knoedler Gallery, New York.

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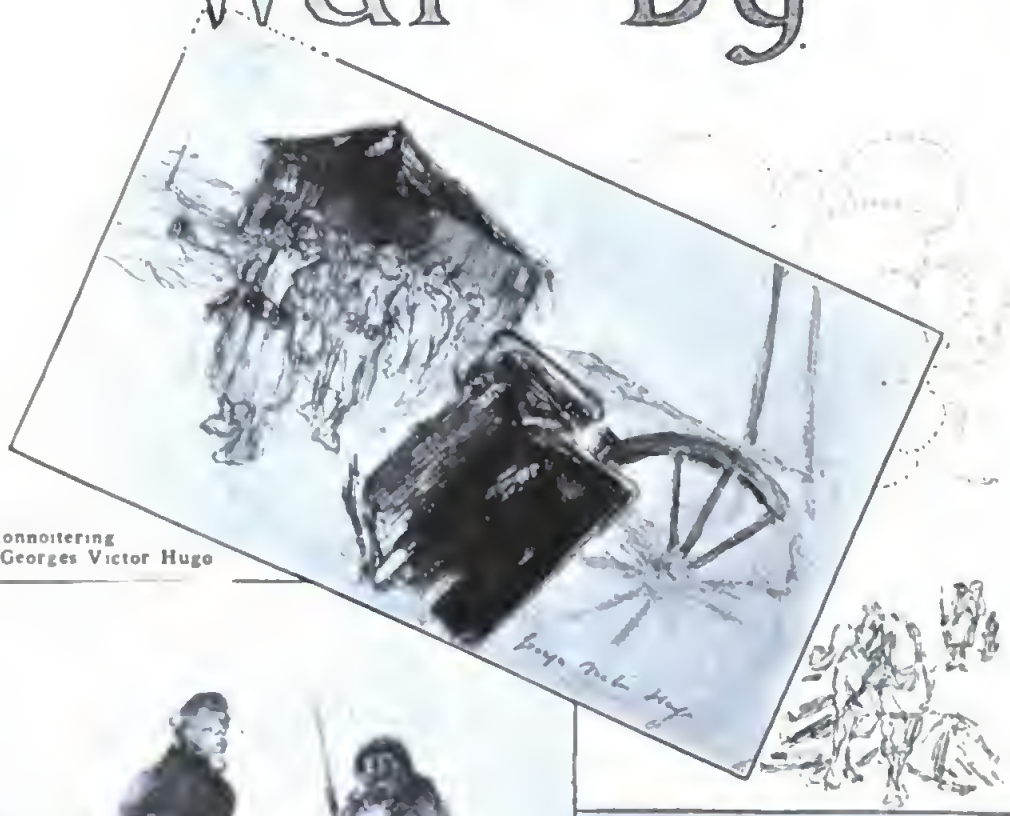
War by



Reconnoitering
by Georges Victor Hugo

A Prisoner is Brought to Us

The Grenadier—a Sketch Made at Verdun

At the Salon des Armées in Paris recently was held a wonderful exhibition. It consisted of hundreds of paintings and sketches and objets d'art made by the French soldiers at the front. Many of the artists whose work was here represented are now among the dead and wounded.

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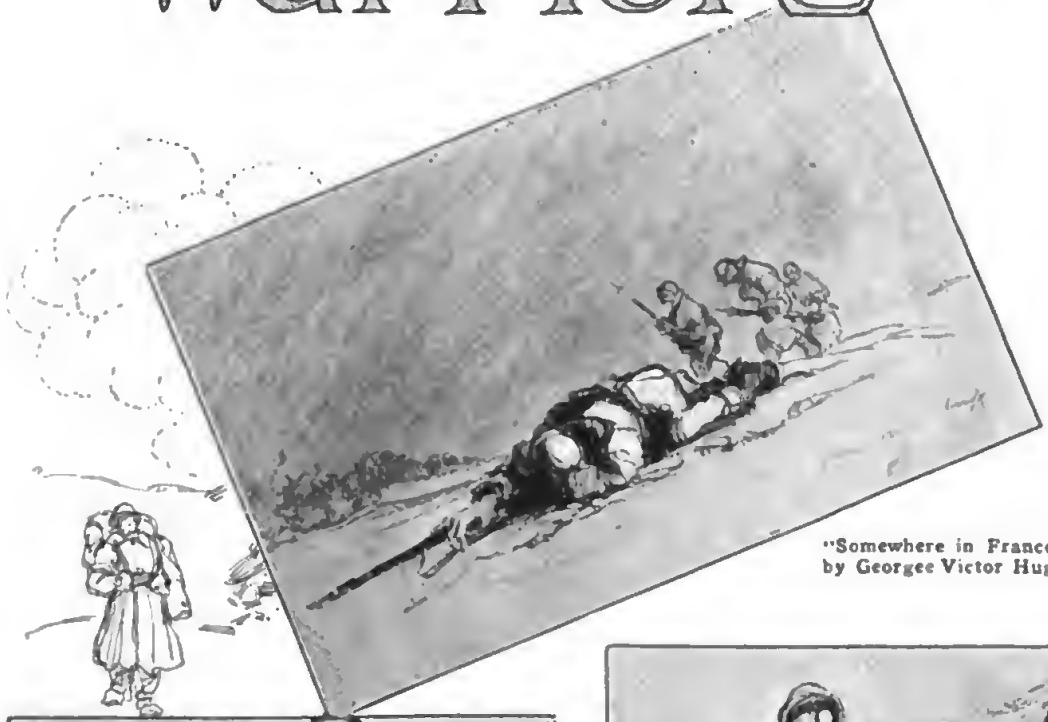
Warriors



"Somewhere in France"
by Georgee Victor Hugo

A Mounted Gunner by V. Martens

In the Firet Line Trenches by M. Hugo

Conepicuous in the exhibition wae the work of Lieutenant Georges Victor Hugo, the talented grandson of the great French writer whose namesake the lieutenant is. M. Hugo'e work wae described in e recent edition of Cartoons Magazine.

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Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Alice Harvey

A SUNNY DAY ON CHICAGO'S BOUL MICH

Paris Has Her Champs-Elysées; Berlin, Her Unter den Linden; London, Her Strand; Petrograd, Her Nevsky Prospekt; Vienna, Her Ringstrasse, and New York, Her Broadway. But Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, Is in a Class by Itself. This Sketch Shows the Avenue from the Tower Building Where Cartoons Magazine is Published

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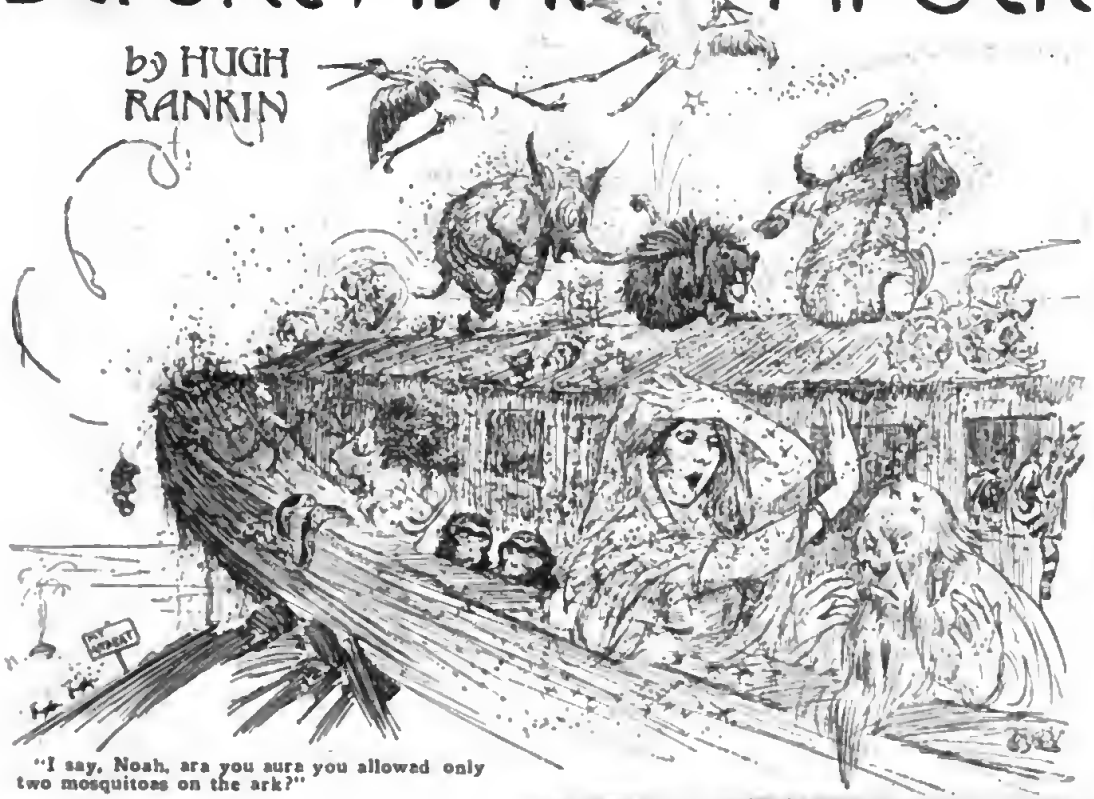
BEFORE ADAM and AFTER

by HUGH RANKIN



"I say, Noah, are you sure you allowed only two mosquitoes on the ark?"

Prehistoric Paulina: "I heard your elopement was very formal."

Antediluvian Annetta: "Oh, yes; quite so. He insisted on dragging me off by the hair, and I chewed off one of his ears."

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Silhouetted at the Alley Fiesta

by Beatrix Sherman

Macdougal Alley, Where New York's Wealth, Bohemianism, and Art Meet, Recently Had a War Fete All Its Own. Everybody Was There, from Miss Flora Whitney, the Daughter of Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, to Bob Edwards and His Ukulele. Miss Sherman Silhouetted a Few of Them for Cartoons Magazine

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Under The Big Dome

By Elisha Hanson

CHAOS continues to reign supreme in Washington. It is king in every department, in every bureau and in every branch of the government service.

The question is how long will it reign?

Some people believe only for a short time more; others until the present administration is compelled to admit its inability to handle the war situation alone and consent to a general shaking up and making over, in which party lines shall not be considered.

But while everything looks chaotic on the surface, in some places there is a confidence that, slowly but surely, America is getting its war organization built—an organization which will look woefully weak if the war should collapse in 90 days or six months, but which will be stronger day by day as the war grows into years.

Those who are doing the building place three years as the minimum of the war and five years as a possible minimum. They are planning for an indefinite struggle, one which will be a wearing-out test between the United States and its allies on one hand and Germany and her allies on the other. They are not so much concerned about what Russia is to do this year as to what Russia will do year after next; everything they are concerned about is in the far future. But at the same time they insist that they are caring for the exigencies of the situation now.

THERE are two schools of thought in this war management, typified best, perhaps, by the factions in the United States shipping board. One faction, headed by Maj. Gen. George W. Goethals, builder of the Panama Canal, believes in accomplishing things irrespective of cost. The other, headed by William Denman, chairman of the board, believes in figuring the cost first and doing things later.

The most extreme advocate of this latter view is, of course, Josephus Daniels, secretary of the navy, who, up to today, seems more concerned over saving $5,000 or $10,000 on small jobs than in getting submarine chasers and other war vessels out several weeks or several months earlier than they will come at the rate he is now paying for the work done on them. Mr. Daniels, after turning down ship building concerns' bids on chasers which were above $50,000, gave a contract to a New York bookmaker without any facilities even to build a chaser. The "bookie" at last reports was still holding the sack.

The whole row between Goethals and Denman, which has been aired in the newspapers, has centered over the general's desire to get the fleet built and Mr. Denman's desire to build it as cheaply as possible.

THIS row, like all others, finally reached the president for a solution. The poor president! He certainly has his hands full now, fuller than they ought to be. But he does not seem to have a chance to escape additional responsibilities, for he is a man who wants to do everything himself. Mr. Wilson's burdens would be much lighter if he were the least bit inclined to share them with some one else. But that is not his type, and there is nothing for him to do but the whole job.

Recently I ran across a letter from a man back home asking why the vice president didn't pitch in and help the president. The question seems a natural one. But there is no chance. The vice president has one job. That is to preside over the sessions of the senate and keep his mouth shut.

Vice President Marshall is a particularly good presiding officer, and except when he becomes peevish over the senatorial delays he manages to keep mum.

So far as assisting the chief executive is

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FITZPATRICK in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Democracy at War

concerned, that is the last thing Mr. Marshall wants to do. He never goes to the White House except to attend formal social functions of some sort or other. He never requests any favors from Mr. Wilson or from any cabinet officers. From the business of running the government he keeps his hands off entirely. He has reasons for doing so. In the first place, he doesn't want to appear to he butting in. In the second place, Mr. Marshall confesses he is slightly lazy. If he started out to do some small things which it might be proper for him to do, in a jiffy he would be the leading business man in congress.

Elected a nonentity, and that is his view of the vice president's job, he prefers to remain a nonentity.

DURING the last few weeks congress has been panned right and left because of its failure to accomplish things quickly. Poor old congress! It thinks it is mightily abused. And particularly over the matter of special days.

Up to the time President Wilson sailed into Washington and began wrecking precedents right and left, congress never had what are known as special card days, on which members can seat only one person each in the galleries. Then President Wilson started addressing congress in person, and to keep the galleries from becoming jammed, cards had to be issued for his visits.

Since the British and French missions arrived in Washington some weeks ago, congress has been busy listening to addresses by the heads of the various delegations from our allies.

M. Viviani was the first speaker; Mr. Balfour the next; the Prince Udine the third, and so on. Even Tay Pay O'Connor is expected to get a whack at it before he goes back to Old Erin.

M. Viviani spoke in French. When he appeared before the senate no one understood a word he had to say. When he spoke in the house, however, there was one man who could understand him. That was Congressman Medill McCormick of Chicago. McCormick stood down in front, an official reporter on each side, and translated Viviani's address as given. Five minutes later it was put in the press gallery in English and sent all over the country.

The new Russian ambassador, Boris Bakhmetieff, delivered his address in English. Bakhmetieff also spoke English when he received the newspaper correspondents.

HARDING in Brooklyn Eagle

The Big Push

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SYKES in Philadelphia Evening Ledger

He won't Be Happy till He Gets It

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He made a hit with them instantly, something his predecessor of the old oligarchy never had done.

Strangely enough, the two ambassadors have the same name. The old one still resides in Washington, in a handsome home out on Sixteenth street. Just after the new one arrived, a friend of Ex-Ambassador George Bakhmetieff met him on the street and asked what, if any, relation his successor was to him.

"The same that Booker T. Washington was to George Washington," was the caustic reply. But, nevertheless, Boris Bakhmetieff, if he keeps up as he started off, will make good in Washington, even though only with the newspapermen.

SPEAKING of the war and allies and enemies, attention is frequently being called to the names of Secretary Baker's three principal advisors. They are Keppel, Frankfurter, and Lippman. All of them are good fellows, however, and no one who knows them has ever criticized Mr. Baker for appointing them to office. Rather, he is being praised for increasing the efficiency of his staff by putting such able men to work.

HERBERT C. HOOVER, the food administrator, is making friends fast. Every one who gets acquainted with him appears to believe Hoover is the right man for the place.

The other day a chap dropped in to discuss his work with him and put the question to Hoover:

"Just how long do you expect to last?"

"Not over eight months," came the reply. "No man alive could stand it for more than that time. If I'm not fired because of general dissatisfaction, I'll be killed by overwork."

But notwithstanding this view, Hoover persists in going ahead to the best nf his ability.

Mr. Hoover's chief duty of course is to regulate food prices and conserve the food supply of the country.

Recently the federal trade commission was authorized by congress to investigate the food situation. Anticipating such an order, the commission began sending out circulars to producers, retailers, and consumers asking about prices. The other day this letter arrived:

Gentlemen of the Commission:

Please don't send me any more of your inquiries. I am an old man, 74 years of age, and have been doing business in this one place for more than 50 years. I have never cheated anybody in my life. I don't know why you are picking on me, but yon are and I have been made sick by your letters. Honestly, I'm doing nothing wrong.

Sincerely yours,
J. H. Black.

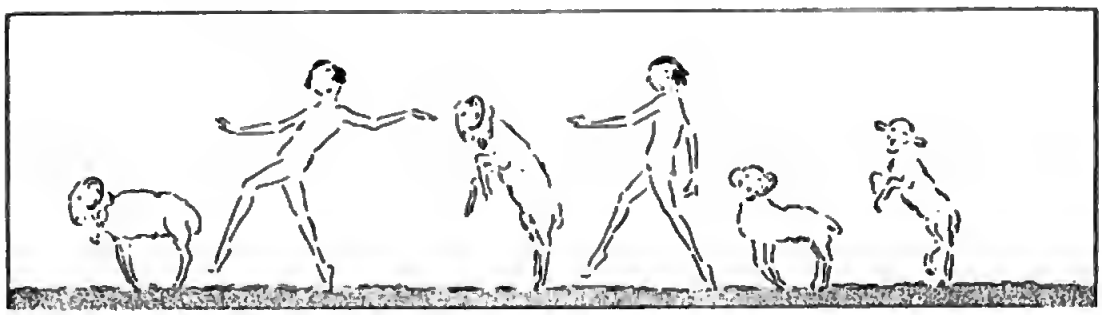
THERE are two men in congress who have exactly different ideas as to the value of their services. Both are wealthy.

One, Senator Goff of West Virginia, in addition to drawing his salary of $7,500 a year as a senator, gets pay as a retired brigadier general of the United States army, and also as a retired federal judge.

The other, Representative Fuller of Massachusetts, declines to accept pay for his services. He refuses his own salary, his secretarial, stationery, and mileage allowances, and pays all of his own bills, even those for stamps, as he never uses his congressional frank.

Senator Goff is seldom in Washington.

Mr. Fuller is always here and always on the job.



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Life's Little Jolts

by Oscar Hitt

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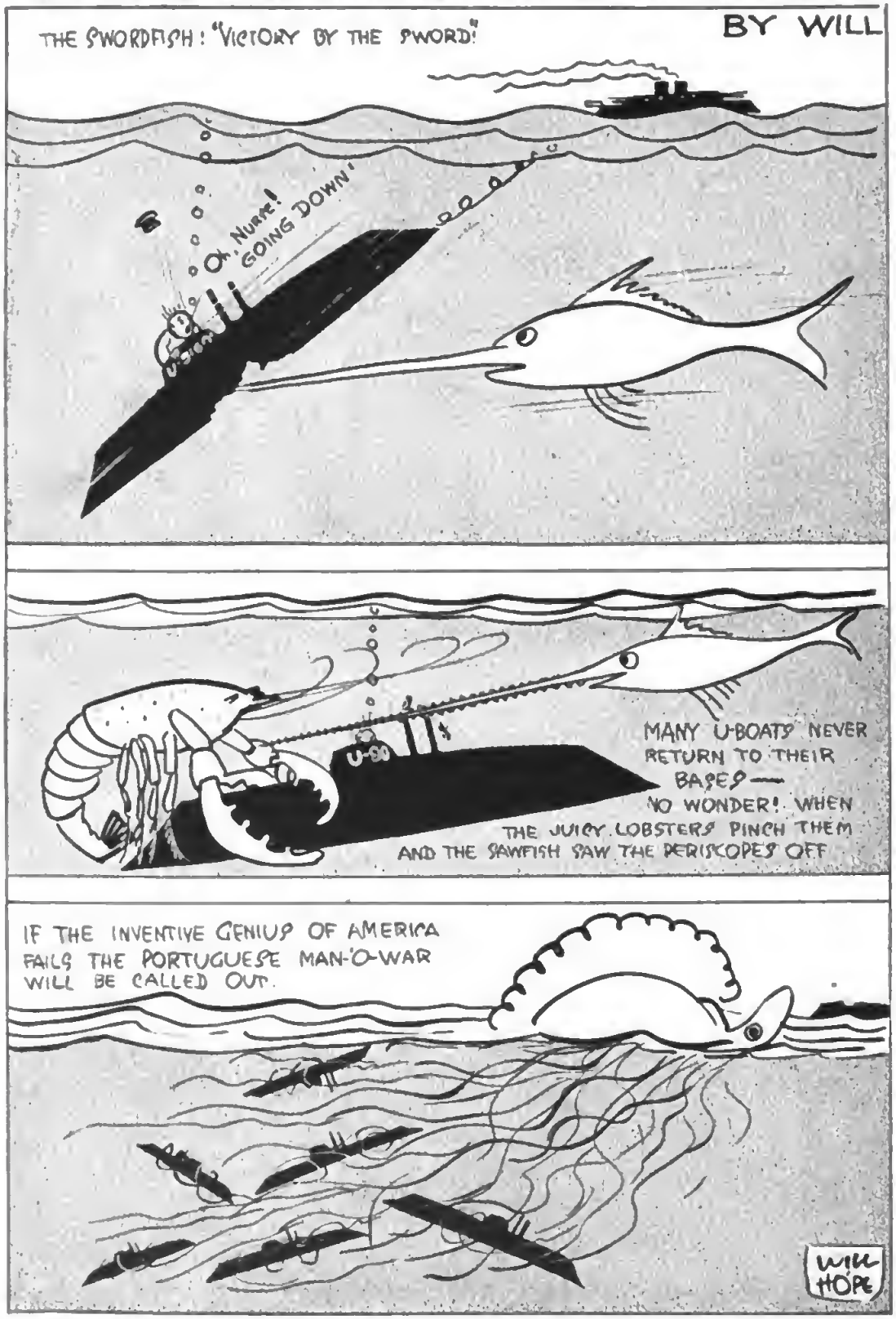
WITH THE FISHES

BY WILL



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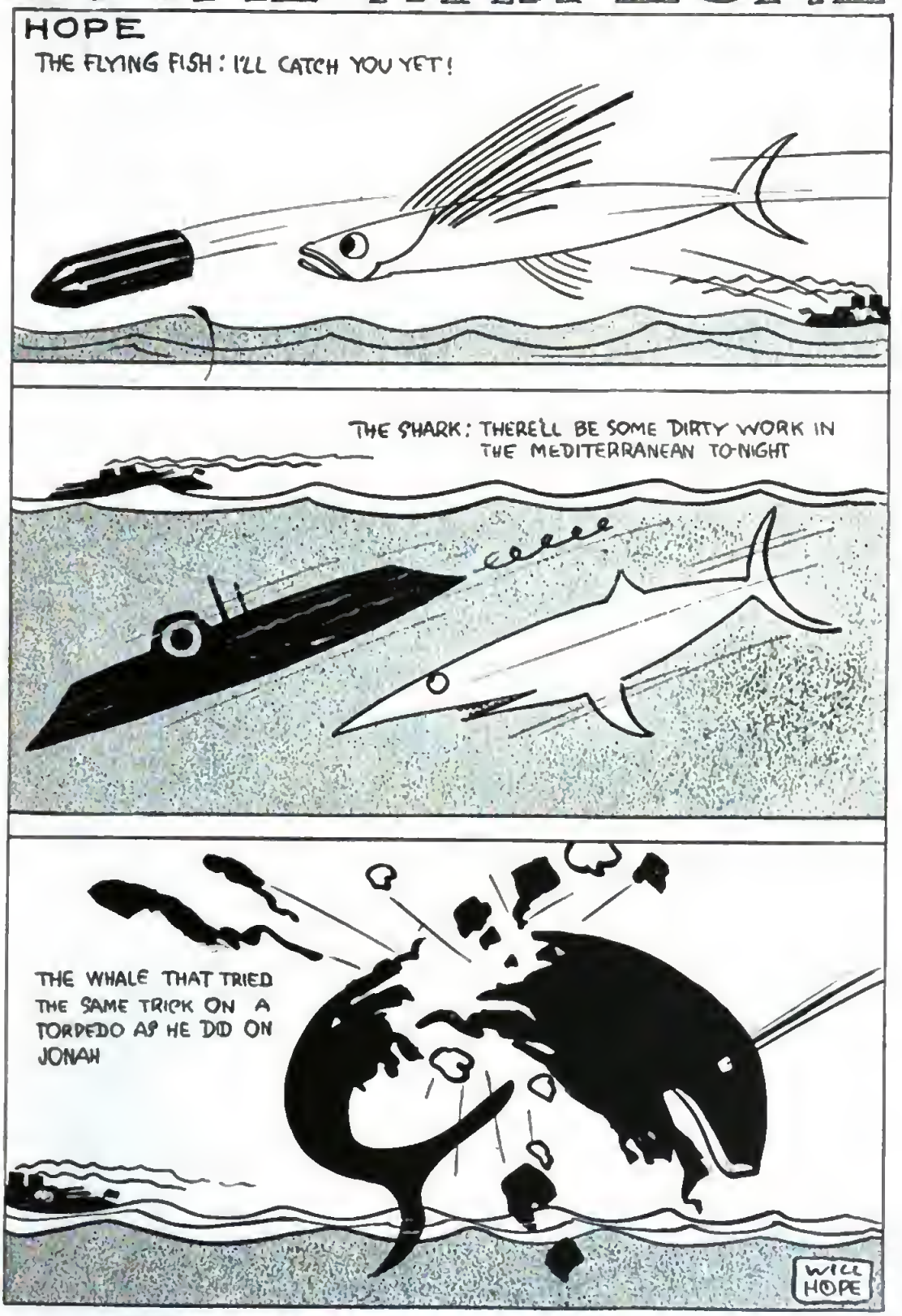
IN THE WAR ZONE



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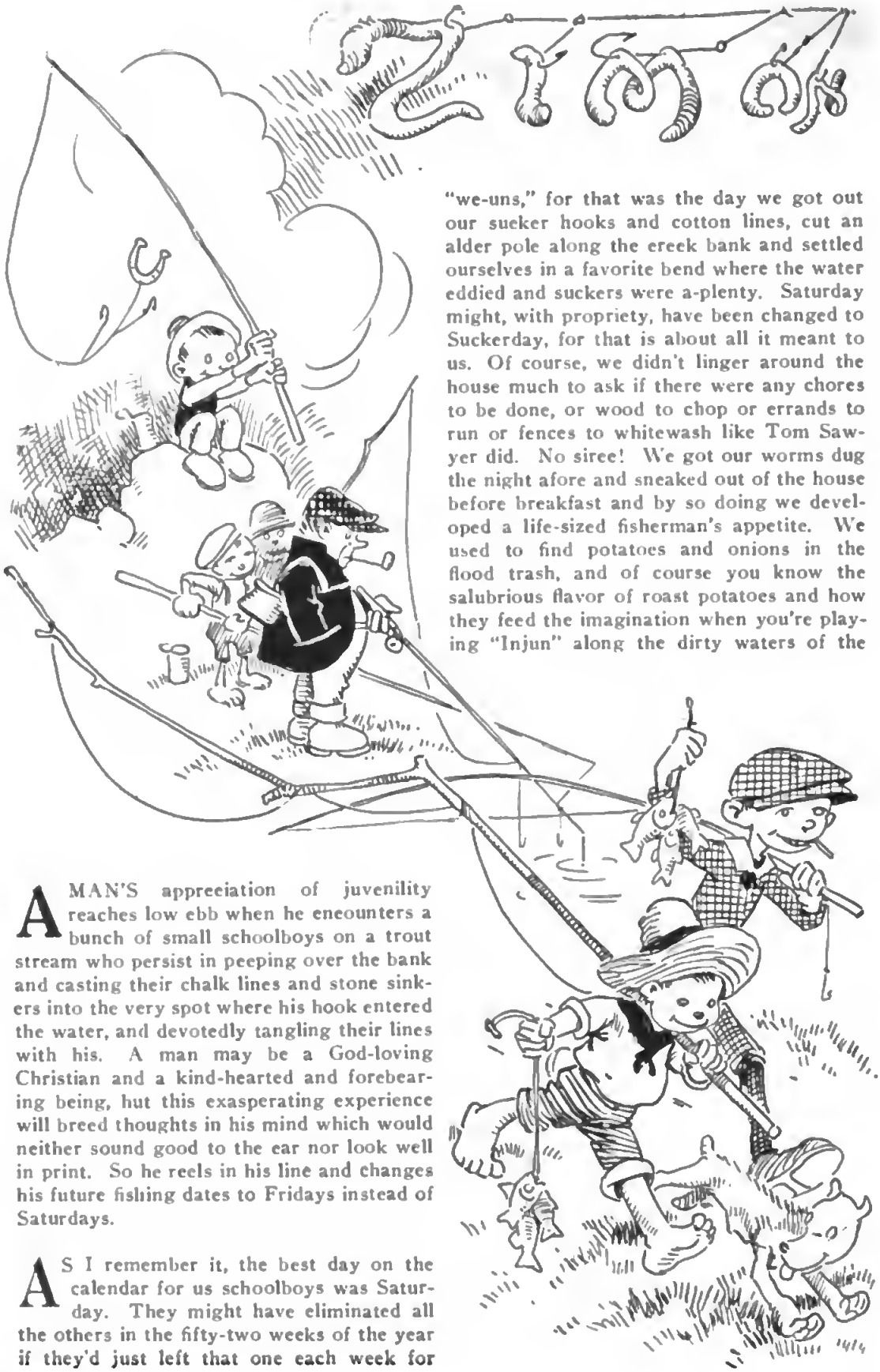

A MAN'S appreciation of juvenility reaches low ebb when he encounters a bunch of small schoolboys on a trout stream who persist in peeping over the bank and casting their chalk lines and stone sinkers into the very spot where his hook entered the water, and devotedly tangling their lines with his. A man may be a God-loving Christian and a kind-hearted and forebearing being, but this exasperating experience will breed thoughts in his mind which would neither sound good to the ear nor look well in print. So he reels in his line and changes his future fishing dates to Fridays instead of Saturdays.

AS I remember it, the best day on the calendar for us schoolboys was Saturday. They might have eliminated all the others in the fifty-two weeks of the year if they'd just left that one each week for "we-uns," for that was the day we got out our sucker hooks and cotton lines, cut an alder pole along the creek bank and settled ourselves in a favorite bend where the water eddied and suckers were a-plenty. Saturday might, with propriety, have been changed to Suckerday, for that is about all it meant to us. Of course, we didn't linger around the house much to ask if there were any chores to be done, or wood to chop or errands to run or fences to whitewash like Tom Sawyer did. No siree! We got our worms dug the night afore and sneaked out of the house before breakfast and by so doing we developed a life-sized fisherman's appetite. We used to find potatoes and onions in the flood trash, and of course you know the salubrious flavor of roast potatoes and how they feed the imagination when you're playing "Injun" along the dirty waters of the

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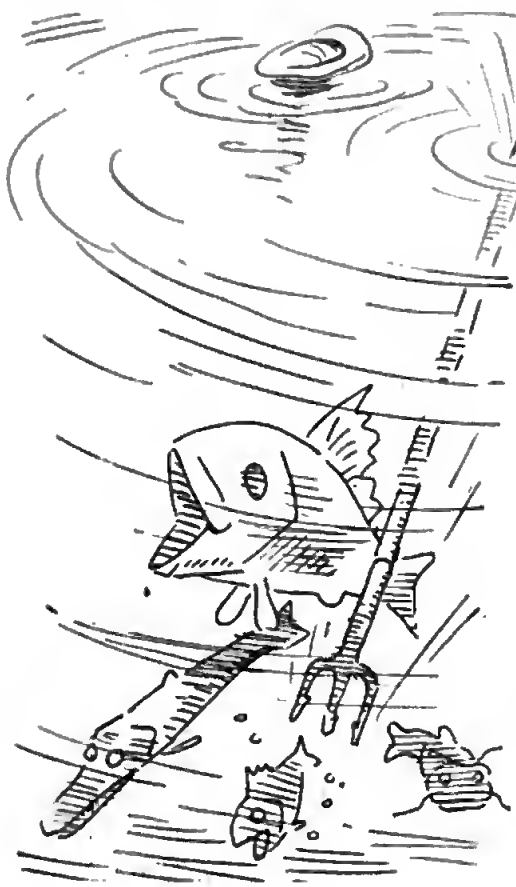
Fishing

creek! When the suckers didn't bite, we went in swimming and usually came out dirtier than ever. The water wasn't always clean but it was wet and tasted just the same when they held your head under and made you "swaller" some. No happier mortal ever lived than the kid moving homeward with a string of sun-dried suckers. There are abundant fishes in the sea, but say! Nothing that land or sea produces can come up in deliciousness to these parched and faded-gill suckers that have so kindly consented to nibble at the hook of the small boy!

THE art of spearing fish is not acquired by correspondence. This I learned recently when persuaded by letter to join a party bent on defying the fish laws of a past decade. Handling a ten-foot spear in a nervous boat proved not entirely to my taste. Thus, when I dove for a bass and found no solid matter offering resistance to my spear, I accompanied that implement to its ultimate destination, and on arising to the surface brought within me as much lake water as my boots, garments and stomach could conveniently hold. You cannot imagine how it chills one's ardor for spearing to be ducked in water of uncertain temperature, water that receives you suddenly in its cold and clammy embrace. You who have only taken plunges in porcelain bathtubs know nothing of the joys that surround spearing on a foggy moonless night. Well then, let me advise you in time. Should ever a friend inveigle you into delving in such sports, be sure to lash yourself to the spearing jack before you lunge at a bass, or else leave your wardrobe in charge of friends ashore so that your appearance will be presentable at the breakfast table.



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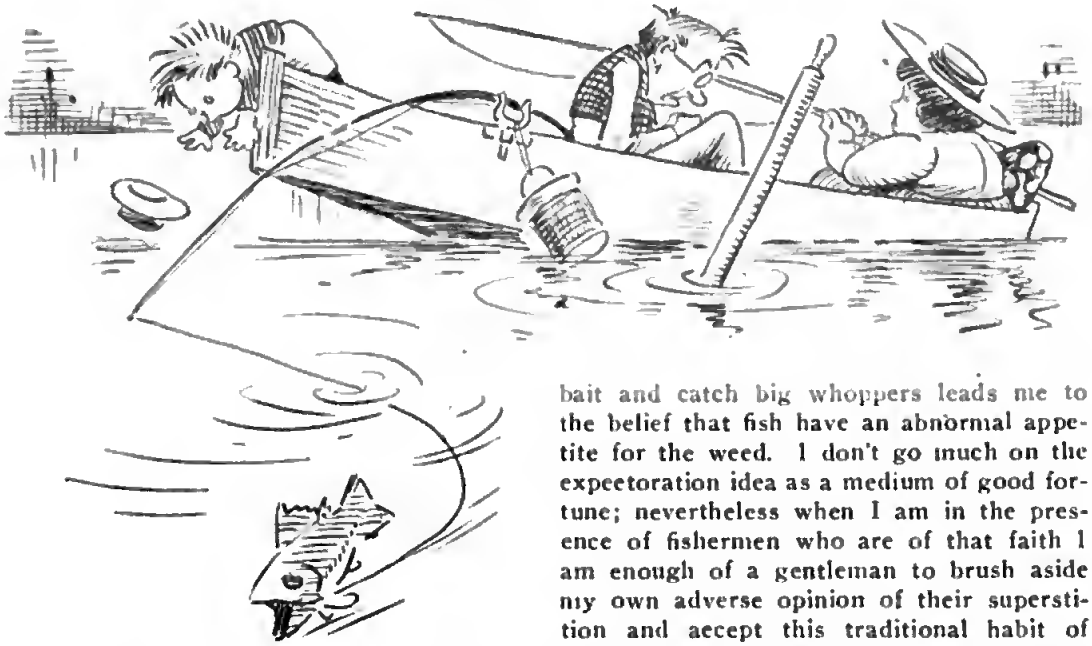
IT doesn't serve to mellow a man's disposition to take a woman or two into the boat when he goes bass fishing. For women always want to fish, yet never could they or would they stick those horrid, nasty, wriggling angleworms on the hook. So, between baiting their hooks and removing the perch and pumpkin seeds and straining your spine to keep the boat from turning turtle and the lines from getting snarled up, you have a most enjoyable day's outing, do you not? Yes, you do not! I'll run the risk of answering that question for you. And then, when you finally hook a five-pound bass weighing at least three pounds and eight ounces by his own standard scales, and play him for twenty minutes against their earnest entreaties not to bring that big, ugly thing into the boat or else they'd jump out!—you calmly ease up on the line and give him slack, also his freedom, do you not? Yes, you do not! And when the day is spent, they tell you what a gorgeous time they have had and make you promise to fetch them again, and you promise, of course, do you not? You do like—Heaven!

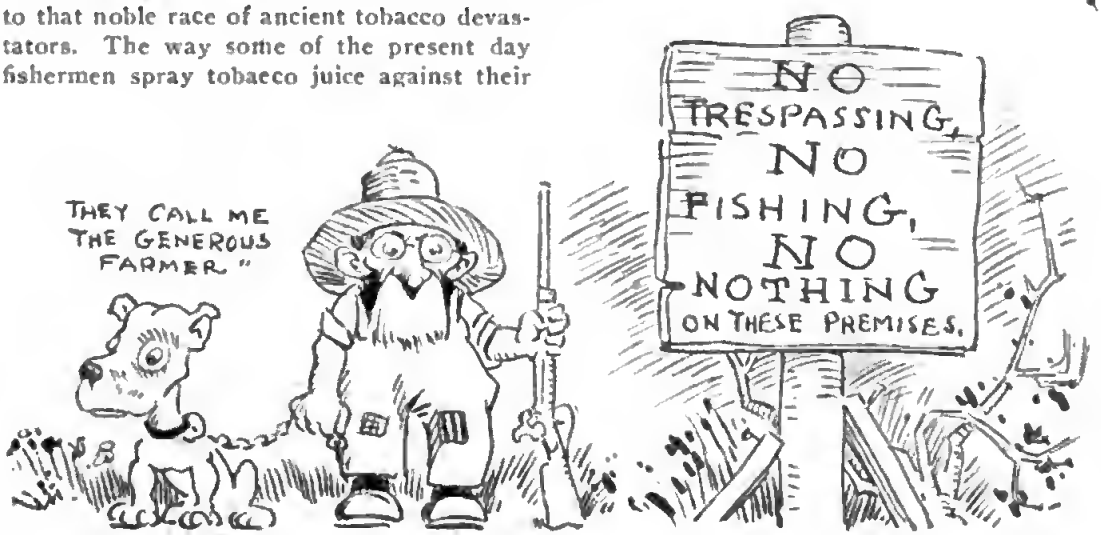
THAT which God hath joined together let no man put asunder." I quote this for the benefit of farmers who post their streams against fishermen, especially such fishermen as are married to their rods. For years I have been doing my bit by restocking our local creeks and ponds only to find "Trespass" notices confronting me in my old age. There's gratitude for you, but what can you expect of farmers whose backs are humped up over some imaginary injury? I wonder if they post lands in the Happy Hence, or whether we shall at last find a haven where complete liberty abides. This would not exasperate me so much had I not contracted for my season's worms with a professional worm digger. I have now four cans of number one grade nightwalkers on hand and no visible signs of tranquillity on the part of farmers through whose meadows the creek extends. We are beset by laws that deny us all the natural desires and privileges that the Redman enjoyed. I am, therefore, glad that Lo is not alive today to witness our chagrin, for he'd surely have the merry giggles over our civilized predicament. If my nose were two inches



longer, I should certainly bite it off to spite my face. I should indeed curb my appetite for farmers' wares until the embargo were lifted and every fisherman permitted to cross the barbed-wire entanglements and make faces at that gentleman with impunity!

SPITTING on the hook for luck is a legacy from the Norsemen, I believe. Yet, I am not at all certain that the Norsemen were fisherfolk. But it sounds as if such a quaint habit as spitting on a fishhook ought to come from that source. I therefore right cheerfully give all the credit to that noble race of ancient tobacco devastators. The way some of the present day fishermen spray tobacco juice against their bait and catch big whoppers leads me to the belief that fish have an abnormal appetite for the weed. I don't go much on the expectoration idea as a medium of good fortune; nevertheless when I am in the presence of fishermen who are of that faith I am enough of a gentleman to brush aside my own adverse opinion of their superstition and accept this traditional habit of their sires, for the time being, at least. Hence I am sometimes guilty of spitting on my bait before casting it into the stream. There is only one sure way to catch fish—you may pray for them on bended knees, you may swear at them till the sky is pink, or you may eject saliva upon your bait till your tongue is parched, but you'll never catch a fish till he gets ready to bite.

Why is it that women, somehow, can never quite resist the temptation to sell to the rag-and-old-bottles man that last year's pair of pants that you were saving for your annual fishing trip?



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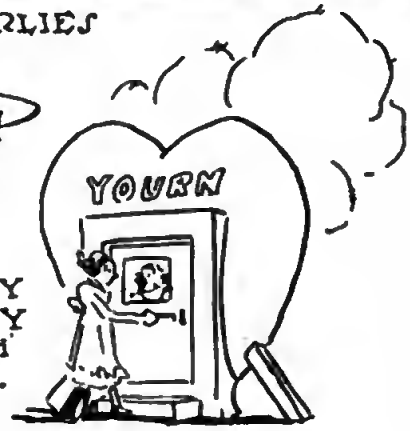
NASHVILLE.

FIRST OF COURSE ARE THE GIRLIES

AND THEY HAVE A WAY OF WALKIN' RIGHT IN.



WHAT YE GOT?
SASPYRILY'N COCYCOLA.

ONE OF THE THE BARS "CONVERTED" BY THE BONE DRY LAW

THE CITY'S BUILT ON A SOLID ROCK

GRAB ANY OF THE DAMES IN THE TOP ROW HERE'S

CENTENNIAL PARK!!

ONLY PERFECT REPRODUCTION OF PARTHENON IN CAPTIVITY—

Rabe 17

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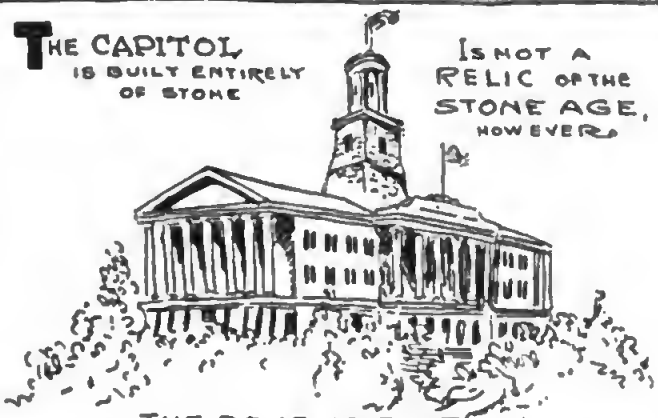
THE FORMER HOME OF ANDREW JACKSON, SYKES & CAREY ORR.

THE CAPITOL IS BUILT ENTIRELY OF STONE

IS NOT A RELIC OF THE STONE AGE, HOWEVER.



THE DOME IS FLAT - THERE'S ALWAYS AT LEAST ONE FLAT DOME IN EVERY CAPITOL.

BASE BALL? WELL, YES!

YE CIVIL ENGINEER'S TAPE LINE MUST HAVE BROKEN FROM LOOKS OF WIDTHS OF YE STREETS.

FLOWERS BLOOM THE YEAR 'ROUND. ¶ IN HOT HOUSES

Sure We Got a River, a Steamboat n' everything

WE HAVE BEEN CALLED THE ATHENS OF THE SOUTH — VANDERBILT, WARD-BELMONT PEABODY, BUFORD, — ETC.

WE FLAUNT THIS IN THE FACE OF THE CONSCRIPT LAW.

(SEE - 1st Tenn. F. Artillery and 2nd Tenn Inf.)

Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Grover Page

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THE RIVALS

Mrs. Background: "She's in and out of the surf all day long."
Mr. Background: "Yss. Seems to divide her affections betwsen the land and the sea."—Sydney Bulletin.

Levity, the

Unlucky Anawer

Her husband had just come home and had his first meeting with the new nurse, who was remarkably pretty.

"She is sensible and scientific, too," urged the fond mother, "and says she will allow no one to kiss baby while she is near."

"No one would want to," replied the husband, "while she is near."

And the nurse was discharged.—Tit-Bits.

Censored

Maud: "I've just got a letter from Freddie. I hope the dear boy isn't developing the swearing habit."

Florrie: "Why, dear?"

Maud: "Oh, quite a number of words have been cut out of it."—Sydney Bulletin.

Doctor: "I'm afraid you are going to be ill. I shall have to examine your heart."

Betty (who is in love): "But—but doctor, you are discreet, aren't you?"—Philadelphia Record.

QUALIFIED

Farmer (to applicant for a job): "'Ave 'ee ever 'ad aught to do with 'orses?"
Innocent Applicant: "Rather! I was secretary to a bookmaker for two years!"—London Opinion.

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Soul of Wit

Whoa, Back Up, Sally!

I saw her in a bathing suit,
My joy description begs,
I've never seen such lovely, slim
And most bewitching arms.
—Yale Record.

Congratulated

"I forgot myself and spoke angrily to my wife," remarked Mr. Meekton.

"Did she resent it?"

"For a moment. But Henrietta is a fair-minded woman. After she thought it over she shook hands with me and congratulated me on my bravery."—Kansas City Star.

"I met Jones on the steamer; he was going abroad for a trip." "Jones, eh? I remember that man when he didn't know where his next meal was coming from." "Well, it was just the opposite when I saw him on the steamer; he didn't know where his last meal was going to."—Marine Journal.

HER BEST FRIEND

He: "George thinks she is an angel—dropped from the sky, y'know."

She: "Well, if she did, it must have been raining cats and dogs."—The Passing Show.

Mrs. Newlywed: "I've brought these duck eggs back. I asked for chicken eggs."
The Purveyor: "But I haven't sold duck eggs for weeks, madam."
Mrs. Newlywed: "But I've tested them. I dropped them into water and they floated!"—The Passing Show.

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AND THEN THE ROW STARTED

Mrs.: "What a sweet little thing."
Mr.: "Lovely! And such a nice baby, too."—Sydney Bulletin.

I DOUBT IT

WHEN two rosy lips are upheld to your own,
With no one to gossip about it,
Will you pray for endurance to let them alone?
Well, maybe you will—but I doubt it!

If a shy little hand you're permitted to seize,
With a velvety softness about it,
Do you think you can drop it with never a squeeze?
Well, maybe you can—but I doubt it!

—Yale Record.

An Accurate Forecast.

Friend—"What is your baby going to be when he grows up?"

Financier—"A blackmailer, I'm afraid."

Friend—"Impossible! What makes you think so?"

Financier—"We have to give him something every little while to keep him quiet."

—Tit-Bits.

The Sub: "I'm in great trouble, Trixie!"

Trixie: "Are you, dearest? Tell me about it—'cos no one has a bigger right to share your sorrows than your fiancée."

The Sub: "Er—I've just got married!"—London Bystander.

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Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather in London Bystander

IN THE SUPPORT TRENCH

Old Bill has Practically Decided to Try to Get Private Shinio (the Ex-Champion Juggler and Hand Balancer) Transferred to Another Platoon

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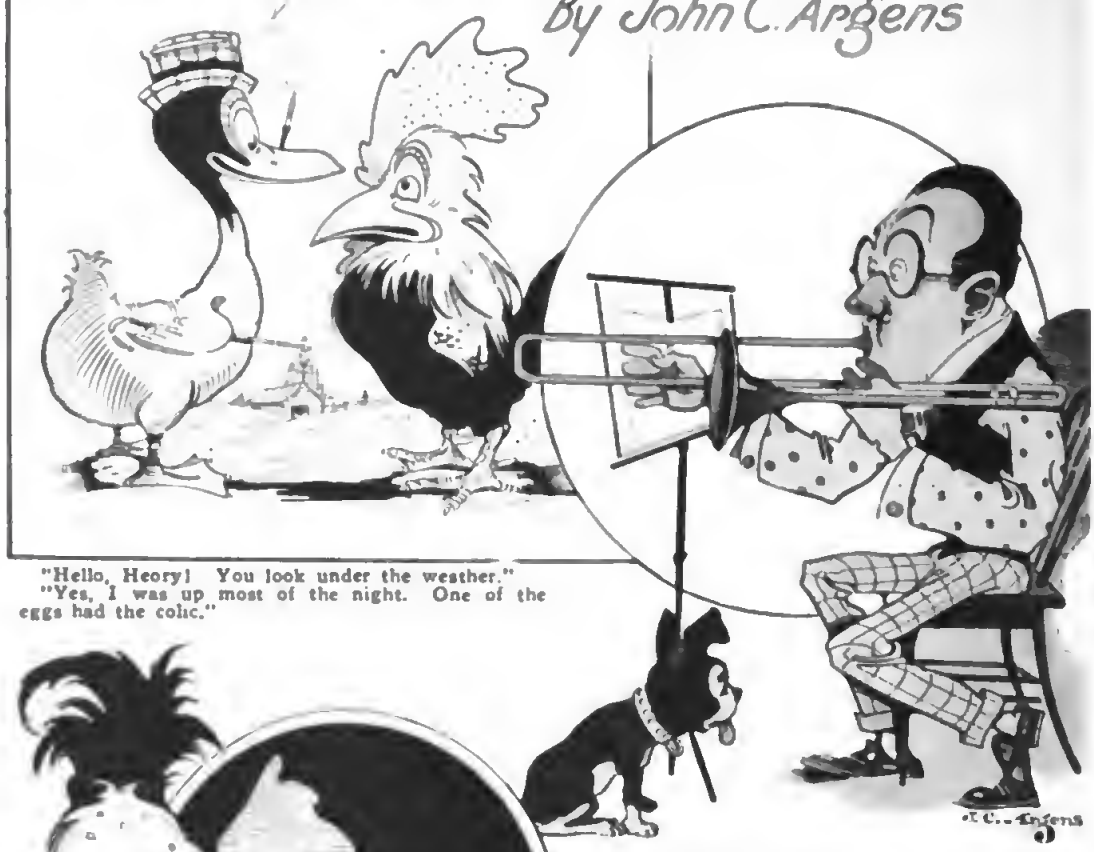
Our Dumb Animals

By John C. Argens



"Hello, Henry! You look under the weather."
"Yes, I was up most of the night. One of the eggs had the colic."

"He can't fool me. That's one of those trick horns. He doesn't really swallow it."

"Great Scott! What kind of a hen is that—laying an egg with a handle to it?"

"What! Going fishing with a mouse for bait?"
"Yes. You see, I'm going after catfish."

Drawn for Cartoons Magazine

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THE CARTOONISTS' CONFESSIONAL

A Lot of Us Are in Love with Russell Henderson's Ideal, Too, But We Are Not Materialistic Enough to Admit It

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THE CARTOONISTS' CONFESSIONAL

Need It be Said That Oscar Hitt, Now a Chicago Comicker, Has a Fine Little Girl Baby Out in Salt Lake City?

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THE CARTOONISTS' CONFESSIONAL

Paul Plaschke, of "Louaville," and His Monk Are Quite Inseparable. "Like me, like my monk."

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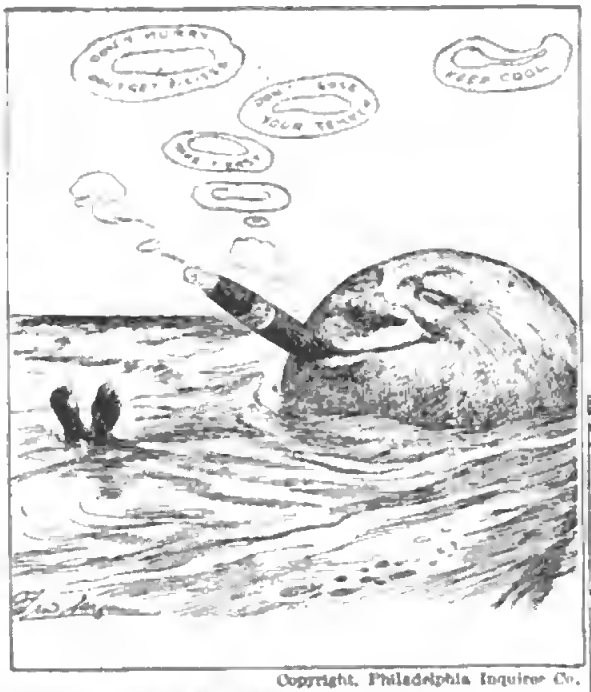
Dogs



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MORGAN in Philadelphia Inquirer

The Only Way

BRINKERHOFF in New York Evening Mail

Getting the Boys Out of the Trenches

BERRYMAN in Washington Star

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW

"Say, Bill, only a month till school."

DONAHEY in Cleveland Plain Dealer

"Is it possible?"

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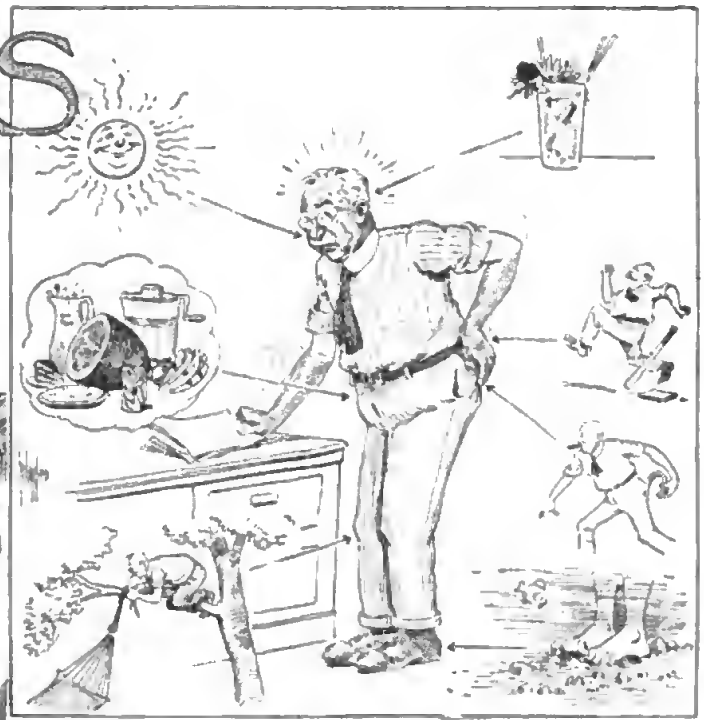
Days



IRELAND in Columbus Dispatch

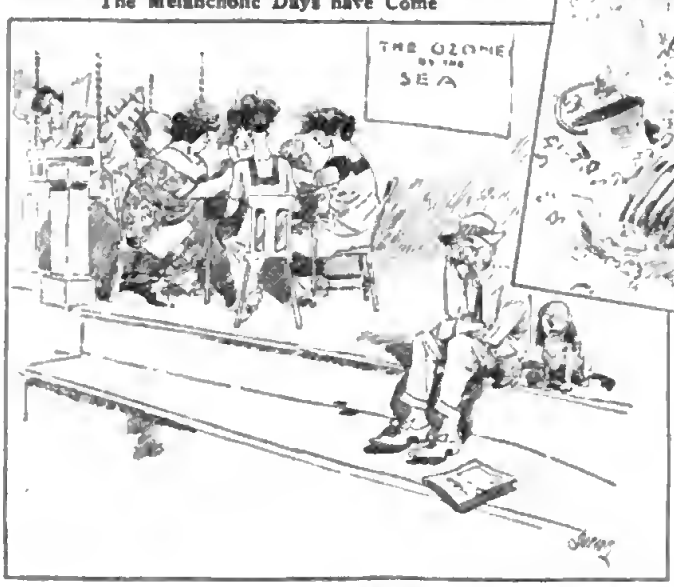
Signs of the Zodi-Ache

BRINKERHOFF in New York Evening Mail

The Melancholic Days have Come

BERRYMAN in Washington Star

Harvesting



DONAHEY in Cleveland Plain Dealer

The Place Where His Wife Wanted to Go

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THE MIRACLE OF RAEMAEKERS

George Creel in The Century

IT is a sophisticated age. It has little belief in miracles; and yet in the case of Louis Raemaekers there is nothing else to believe save that a flash of the light that blinded Saul on the road to Tarsus found its way into the dingy office of the Amsterdam Telegraaf, striking full upon the face of the little Dutch cartoonist, driving straight into his vague blue eyes.

What is it but a miracle when such a one, in a day, gains power, authority and purpose, each with the swing and cut of a sword? What is it but a hint of divinity when an obscure Dutch artist changes suddenly, swifty, terribly, into the invincible champion of an outraged humanity?

I seem to see him standing there at a window looking toward Belgium, startled at first, a trifle confused, and then turning slowly hack to his drawing hoard, throwing away the half finished banality on which he had been working, taking down a new sheet, driving ahead with passionate strokes, and at the end staring with strange eyes at "Christianity after Twenty Centuries," the first of the Raemaekers war cartoons that tells of inspiration. He saw that bowed figure, with anguish, hopelessness and shame in every line, the bared back sinking under the fell weight of naked blade and brutal scourge, with blood on the blade and on the scourge, and over all the sad shadows of a futile Calvary.

Let it be said again that it is not possible to judge Louis Raemaekers as an artist. He is a voice, a sword, a flame. His cartoons are the tears of women, the battle shout of indomitable defenders, the indignation of humanity, the sob of civilization. They will go down into history. They are history. To take the great book of them, to turn page after page, is to know the European war, to see it face to face as a child sees, and not through a glass darkly.

BAER RUNS FOR CONGRESS

John M. Baer, the "reub" cartoonist of the Nonpartisan Leader, the official organ of the North Dakota farmers, has been nominated by the Nonpartisan League for congress. He promises, if elected, to have laws passed favorable to cartoonists everywhere, and assures every cartoonist a cordial reception when visiting the national capital. He states that he is confident of being elected as the party nominating him placed a governor in the North Dakota capital last fall by a vote of 87,000 to 17,000.

A PURIST HEARD FROM

Editor Cartoons Magazine: Might I request that the attention of cartoonists throughout the world be called to the fact that there was a union between England and Scotland on the death of Queen Elizabeth in 1603, and that the term "Great Britain" is the only proper title for the united countries.

So many of the cartoonists use the term "English" as a substitute for "British." What are they trying to do—pick out one section of the united countries and give it credit for everything accomplished by the whole British empire? If so, this is certainly a fine brand of nerve, as the British armies which are "getting there" today are led by full-blooded Scots, such as Sir Douglas Haig and Sir William Robertson.

I trust that it is the desire of the editors of Cartoons Magazine to be correct in their nomenclature with reference to countries at war.

Would it not be well to call the attention of cartoonists to the error they make in referring to Great Britain by the less inclusive term of England in order that they may appreciate that the Irish, the Welsh, and the Scotch are doing their bit as well as the various British colonies throughout the world?—J. W. Johnston.

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ROBERT W. SATTERFIELD
Cartoonist, Newspaper Enterprise Association

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SANI-SUE AND HER MAMMA

SNAKES have a habit of shedding their skins, but you never heard of a doll baby doing so, did you? Sani-Sue, who is a doll baby invented by Mrs. G. R. Spencer, the wife of the Omaha World-Herald cartoonist, has a skin that comes off when it's time to take a bath, and thus proves that beauty is only skin deep, after all. Mrs. Spencer knows that children cling to doll babies no matter how dirty they (the dolls) may be. So she invented this doll that is always sanitary and clean. A little verse comes with Sani-Sue which reads:

When baby takes me on his walks,
And in the dust I fall,
Just wash me out with his wee socks,
And I won't mind at all.

Mrs. G. R. Spencer and Her Daughter, Kathleen

Two of the "Sanitoys"

PAUL FUNG IN VAUDEVILLE

PAUL FUNG, the young Chinese cartoonist of the Seattle Post-Intelligencer, has realized a double ambition—to go East and to go into vaudeville. He is having the time of his life just now on the Orpheum circuit entertaining highly appreciative audiences by his crayon work. He appears in a luxurious mandarin robe which serves as an overgarment for his studio clothes, also Chinese in design. He drew as his first picture a Chinese statesman after the approved school of art that has been popular since the days of Confucius.

Instantly reverting to the American method, he drew the same face to conform with the American cartoonist's ideas of how a cartoon should look.

Among other features was an ingenious combination of the faces of President Wilson, Theodore Roosevelt and the American farmer making the ultimate whole spell "patriot." The hit of the stunt was his picture of a bowl of noodles, which resolved itself into a Chinaman smoking "hop."

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A GIRL WHO CUTS UP
Miss Beatrix Sherman, Silhouettist

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Edward Marshall

The young "Chelkologist" whose Keiser cartoon does not please the pro-Germens.

PROHIBIT KAISER CARTOON

Edward Marshall, a vaudeville cartoonist, had an unusual experience during a recent engagement at a loop theater in Chicago. Mr. Marshall uses as his pièce de résistance a sketch entitled "The Evolution of the Kaiser," which begins with the letters W-A-R and concludes with a portrait of the war lord behind the bars at St. Helena. The sketch had won applause in England, Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, and in many American cities, but when some pro-German in Chicago protested, the theater management demanded that Mr. Marshall withdraw the picture from his bill.

In Milwaukee, however, when the act was cut, owing to lack of time, the manager especially specified that "The Kaiser's Evolution" was not to be left out.

One German who objected to the sketch in Montreal, Mr. Marshall learned afterwards, was immediately interned.

The drawing requires about sixty seconds for its execution.

SOME PEOPLE YOU KNOW

Reub. Goldberg has become a popular song writer. Two of his most famous cartoon series, "Father Was Right," and "Sillysonnets" have been adapted for vocal use.

"Everett True," Condo's famous cartoon character, was the subject of a sermon recently at the Central Christian church of Cleveland.

Rollin Kirby of the New York World is rather busy these days, what with driving his new car, drawing cartoons, and drilling with the Scarsdale boys.

Kin Hubbard of Indianapolis, and Reub. Goldberg of the New York Evening Mail, have been attending the American Press Humorists' convention at New York.

Franklin P. Collier, of the Boston Journal, has been making baseball cartoons for the screen.

J. R. Bray, proprietor of the Bray studios, New York, has sold his Highland, N. Y., estate for $13,000.

St. Helena

A certoon evolved from the letters W-A-R, end which wes not allowed to be shown in Chicago as the result of an anti-American protest.

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A STUDY IN FACES—ANOTHER EASY LESSON BY DE BECK

Do You Have Trouble Getting the Right Expression on Your Faces, Putting Hats on Right, or Getting the Ears in Their Proper Places? All This Is Quite Simple, as Mr. De Beck Points Out. Or, If You Are Not an Artist, Do You Begin to Understand Now "How they do it?"

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Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, Chief Patroness of the Alley Fiesta

THE ALLEY FIESTA

Macdougal Alley, which is in the heart of New York's Quartier Latin, and where a score of America's most famous painters, sculptors, and art patrons have their studios, had a festival recently for the benefit of the Red Cross. An army of artisans and decorators under the direction of Paul Chaflin worked for a fortnight transforming the irregular façades on both sides of the alley into bright-colored Neapolitan stucco fronts with balconies, towers, chapel gates, garden walls, and arcades. Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney's studio was made over into a cabaret and restaurant. Everybody in the art world was present, including Helena Smith-Dayton, Clara Tice, Flora Whitney, Bob Edwards, and Mrs. Vernon Castle. Silhouettes by Beatrix Sherman of some of those present are shown on another page of this issue. Miss Tice's drawing on this page shows a group under Mrs. Whitney's balcony.

Ole May, of the Detroit Journal, has been spending the summer in the East—New York, Philadelphia, and Asbury Park. During his absence he drew three cartoons a week for the Journal.

Will De Beck of Chicago has been visiting in New York.

Wallace Carlson, who formerly did movie cartoons for the Essanay, has joined the Bray studios in New York, and has introduced a new screen character known as "Otto Luck."

Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Clara Tice

At the Macdougal Alley Fiesta

The characters, from left to right, are Olivette Falls and Norman Jacobsen, Clara Tice, Ethel Plummer, and Chamberlain Dodds, Eton Wallick, and Helena Smith-Dayton as Neapolitans. The Fiesta was arranged by Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, and took place at her Macdougal Alley residence, New York.

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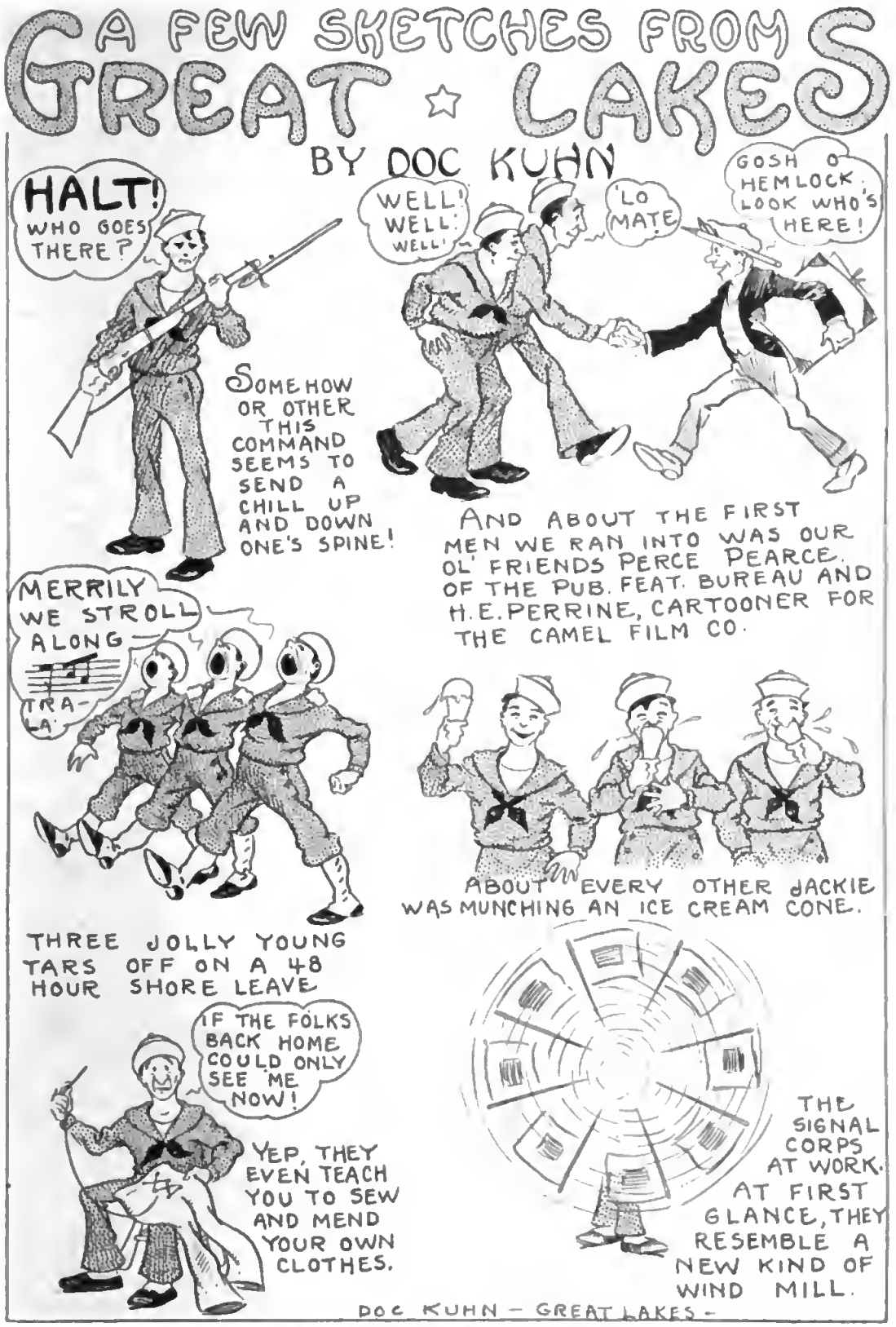

A MESSAGE FROM DOC KUHN

Throughout the Country the Cartoonists Are Offering Their Services to Uncle Sam. Doc Kuhn and Perce Pearce of Chicago Are at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, Learning to Be Jolly Tars.

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DOING THEIR BIT

Artists and cartoonists everywhere are still rallying to the service of Uncle Sam. James Montgomery Flagg has been appointed by Governor Whitman of New York as the official military artist of the state. Louis W. Fancher, whose Marine Corps posters have inspired thousands of young men to enlist, has been promoted to the rank of major in the First Field Artillery, New York National Guard. Another hard-working artist who has won a commission is Lieut. Harry Reuterdahl of the Naval Reserves. Mr. Reuterdahl recently painted a stirring recruiting poster on the big signboard above Times Square, New York. Another cartoonist who has become sign painter is George McManus, who has decorated a big board in Luna Park with a design paraphrasing his comic series, "Let George Do It," with the added line, "George Did."

Throughout the West the cartoonists generally have responded to the call. "Doc" Kuhn and Perce Pearce of Chicago are at the Great Lakes Naval Training station. Ted Nelson, formerly of the St. Paul Pioneer Press, has been doing recruiting posters for the army. William Hanny, cartoonist of the St. Joseph News-Press, has designed a poster which is being used by the Navy League of the United States to promote enlistments. Two patriotic cartoons by Ole May, of the Detroit Journal, hang in the recruiting offices of the Marine Corps at the Straits City. Mr. May, it will be remembered, was once a member of the United States Marine Band at Washington.

A group of California cartoonists, including Bronstrup, of the San Francisco Chronicle, Kettlewell, of the Oakland Tribune, Buell, of the Sacramento Bee, and Condo, of the Newspaper Enterprise Association, contributed to the publicity campaign for the Liberty loan. A single cartoon by John Knott, of the Dallas News, secured a $10,000 subscription for the loan. Original cartoons by Kin Hubbard, Gaar Williams, and other Indianapolis artists, have been sold for the benefit of the Red Cross.

E. T. REED in London Bystander

BAIRNSFATHERS COME HOME TO ROOST

Old Bill (not recognizing Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather in disguise): "Look 'ere, Bert; if I come acrost that there Bairnsfather, I'll blinkin' well put it acrost 'im for wot 'e done doorin' the war—'oldin' us up to public execution like wot 'e done."

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CARTOONS MAGAZINE

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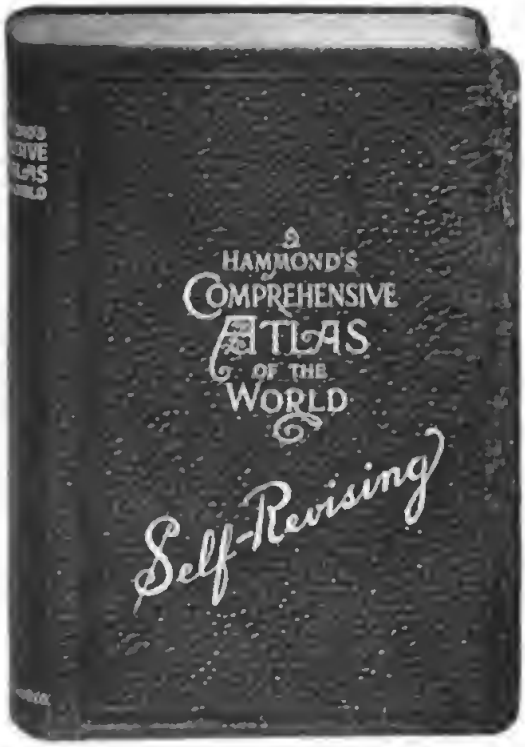

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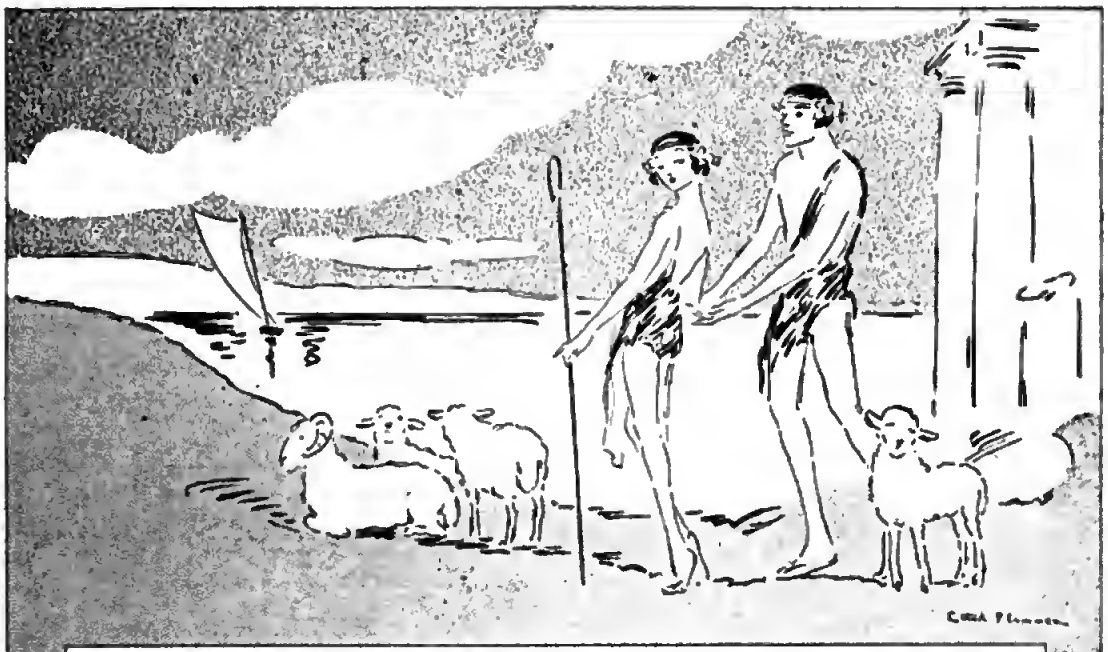

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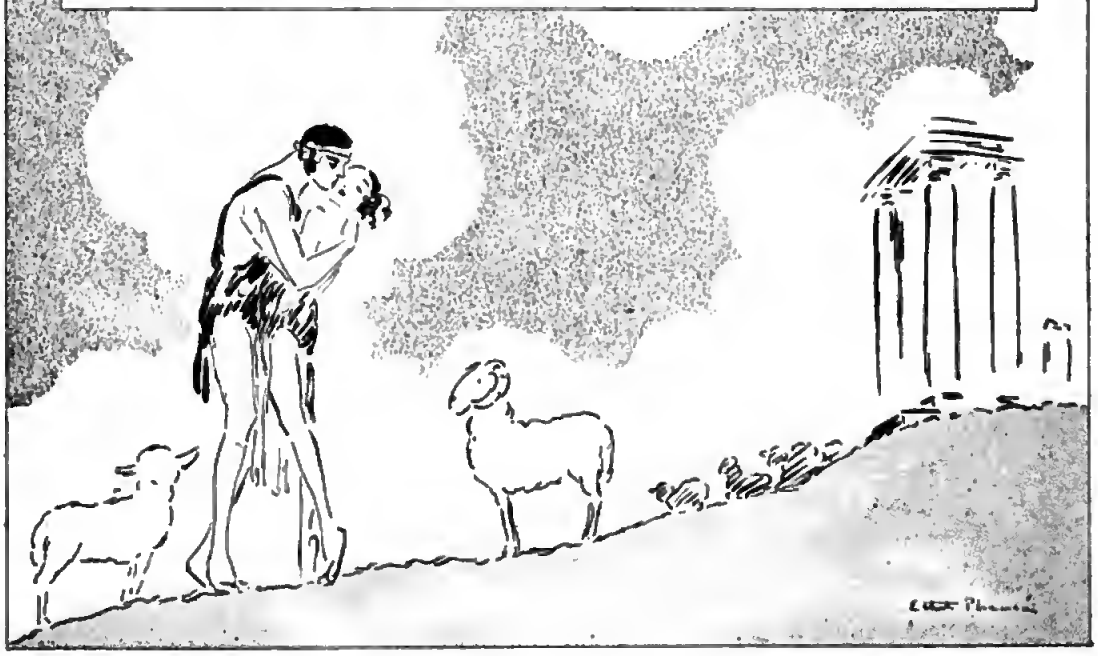

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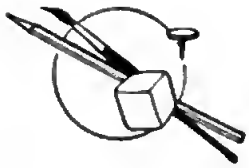
School News



WANT TO LEARN TO DRAW

OHIO 1917

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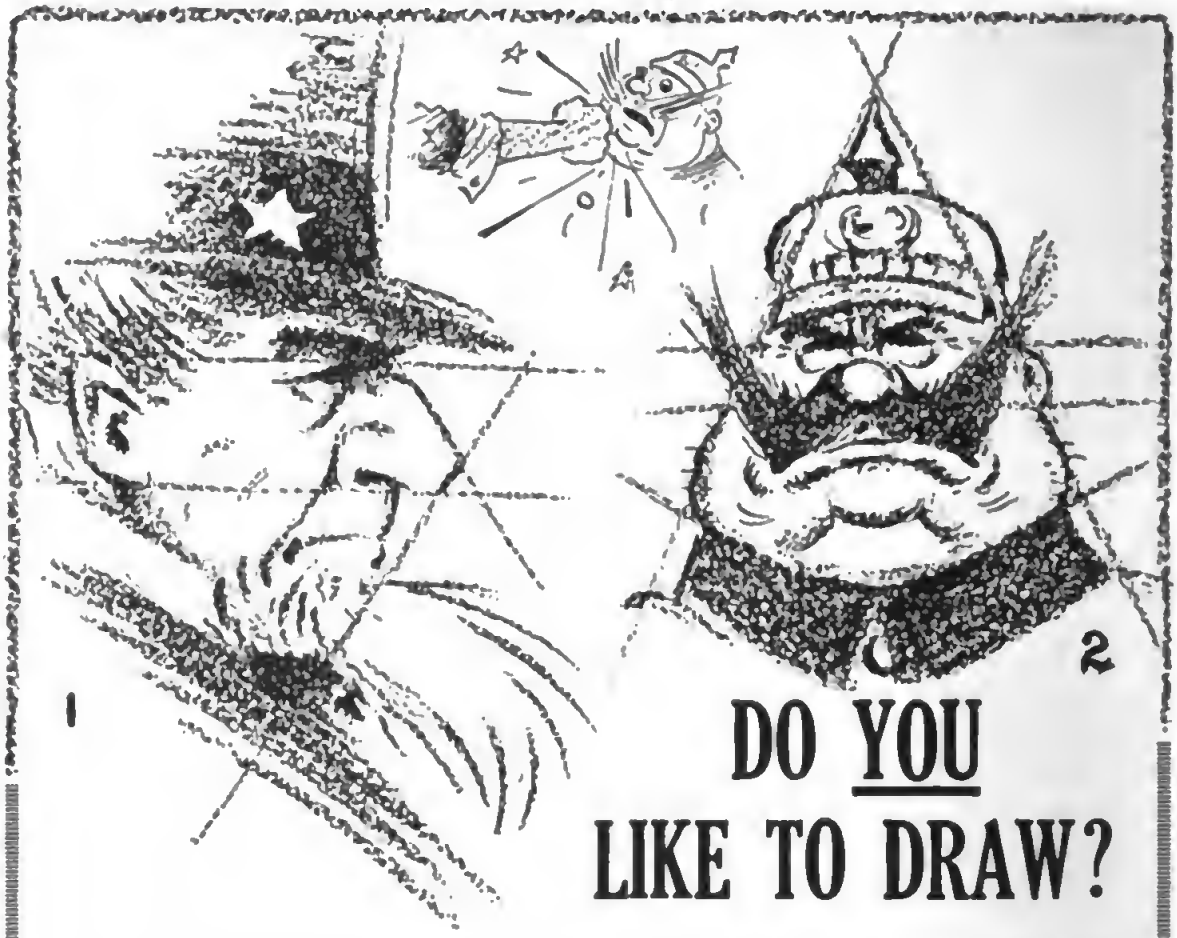

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Volume 12 SEPTEMBER, 1917 Number 3

CARTOONS MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT 6 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO

WILLETTE in La Baionnette, Paris

The Little Poilus Sprout from the Cabbages
See "War Gardens of France," Page 360.

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Getting Down

WITH the draft completed and the machinery of our army organization now running smoothly; with a well-equipped force already in France, more troops on the way, and a demand for an extra $5,000,000,000 for carrying on the war; with action substituted for talk in the shipbuilding program; with a $640,000,000 appropriation for aeroplanes, and with a food-control bill before congress, the past month has seen considerable progress made.

The fourth year of the war begins auspiciously for the allies. Fortunately the United States is making plans on a large scale—is planning not for a war of a few months' duration, but for one that may yet last another three years, or even longer. And our burden is to be no light one. Already the administration has proposed the expenditure for our first year of this business an amount more than one half the total expended by Great Britain during three years of warfare. Our "Sammies" are in France, with more to follow. The pick of the country, the young men called to the colors by the draft and accepted as physically fit by the exemption boards, are about ready to be whipped into dough boys. In the officers' reserve camps other young men are in training to command this newly created army. The national guard, or at least the greater part of it, has mobilized, and is ready for the front.

CARTER in Philadelphia Press

The Mailed Fist!

To what extent the allies are depending on us for victory over German militarism is indicated by the remarks of Sir Edward Carson. Speaking as the representative of the British ministry, he expresses his confidence in the eventual triumph of the allies, but puts his strongest emphasis on his faith in the influence of the United States. He believes that we shall in good time "give material aid of overwhelming power which will make an end of all doubts as to the completeness of the victory of the allies."

Similarly Major General Frederick B. Maurice,

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to Business

CARTER in Philadelphia Press

All We Have on This Hand

representing the British war office, speaks of the United States as the general reserve of the entente. "With that reserve intact," he says, "we may look the fourth year in the face with entire confidence."

Premier Ribot of France, also bases his hopes of victory largely on the help to be given by America.

Thus, as the New York Times observes, "the whole American people should have a realizing sense of the burden that has been forced upon them by Germany, and the huge responsibility which can be met only by the effective and disciplined coöperation of every citizen of the nation.

Of the work we have thus far accomplished there can be nothing but praise. It is a remarkable fact which compels a thrill of pride that before the end of the fourth month of our participation in the world struggle we have the well-equipped vanguard of a mighty force encamped 3,000 miles from our shores, that so many promising military plans have already been put in operation. But we have barely begun, and we cannot hope successfully to carry forward what we are beginning without subjecting ourselves to a great strain.

To produce the motor vehicles, the tools, the iron and steel, the field and siege guns and gun carriages, the clothing, the boots, the machine guns and rifles, the ammunition our soldiers must have, and transport them to the battle front, will tax to the utmost the nation's resources in raw materials, manufactures, and shipping facilities. Thousands of miles of railroads must be built. Food for the whole army, good food and plenty of it, must be continually supplied. A vast fleet of ships must be kept ever moving. The soldiers must be cared for when they are ill, when they are wounded in battle. Two out of every nine physicians in this country must be summoned to the front. There must be 12,000 medical officers of the United States and 60,000 enlisted men of the medical department behind the battle line in the autumn. All this apart from the gigantic military air service we have begun to construct, and apart from the great and increasing extension of our navy."

By far the most spectacular event of the month was the great lottery at Washington which is to affect thousands of homes. A

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KIRBY in New York World

Running Them through the Mill

lottery on such a scale, or of such tremendous import, was never before witnessed It was an occasion the solemnity of which was keenly felt by all those present. But as Secretary Baker said in drawing the first number—the now historic 258—"The young men selected today are honored by the privilege of serving their country."

They should, indeed, be proud to serve, for our new army will be the most democratic organization in the world. The son of the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker will become the comrade-in-arms of the son of the bank president and the millionaire. As the Chicago Tribune puts it:

"If we believe in democracy we are bound to believe in a conscripted army. The principle of democratic conscription was born with the French revolution; it was established under the banner of liberty, equality, and fraternity. The most democratic thing about Germany is its army, because its army was raised on the principle of universal liability for service.

"For thousands and thousands of men the uncertainty as to whether they would be asked to serve has been more disturbing than the possibility that they would be drafted. They felt they could not engage on any enterprise of moment till they learned whether they were to be called to the service of the country. Nevertheless they were prepared to render that service cheerfully and courageously if the occasion arose.

"The uncertainty is now removed. The men who are left behind will go back to their work with a new consciousness that they must make their work effective because they have been spared the harder task of fighting. The drafted men, on the other hand, can prepare for the most honorable service in life—the service of one's country.

"That service is not going to be all hard-

CARTER in Philadelphia Press

The Capsule!

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CASSEL in New York Evening World

The Kaiser, Too, Gets a Number

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BERNARD PARTRIDGE in Punch, © London

A WORD OF ILL OMEN

Crown Prince (to Kaiser, drafting his next speech): "For Gott's sake, father, be careful this time, and don't call the American army 'contemptible.'"

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CASSEL in New York Evening World
Ready!

ship and affliction by any means. It will involve first an intensive physical and mental training of inestimable value for the individual. It will bring about new comradeships and communal recreations that may frequently yield a degree of happiness never attained in the narrow existence that most of us lead. And however much we may be disillusioned about the romance of war, the rank and file of our national army cannot but feel the call of heroic adventure which is inherent in a great military enterprise."

"It is truly a significant occasion in American history," says the Cleveland Plain Dealer, "when the republic turns from its traditional policy of aloofness, and drafts an army for service on foreign soil." The Plain Dealer believes that every American proud of his nation's history and conscious of its new obligations to mankind will applaud the added national prestige which the draft brings. It proceeds:

"The absolute fairness of the system of drawing men for service is evident to everyone who observes the process. Every precaution was taken by the war department to see that the god of chance alone should determine the order in which the names were drawn from the big glass globe. Young men from all walks in life are mingled promiscuously in the lists. If any favoritism creeps in, it must appear in the exemptions—and the honor of the nation is pledged against that."

Says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat:

"It was but natural that there should be deep anxiety over the

CARTER in Philadelphia Press
"Come on son, they've never licked us!"

KIRBY in New York World
The Accolade

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CARTER in Philadelphia Press

The Winged Victory

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SYKES in Philadelphia Evening Ledger

Safe on Second

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EVANS in Baltimore American

"I've got YOUR number, too."

FITZPATRICK in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Among the Numbers

HARDING in Brooklyn Eagle

He "Came Across"

HARDING in Brooklyn Eagle

Be One of Them!

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CARTER in Philadelphia Press

"Get out of my way!"

decision of blind chance as to what particular registrants in each community should be the first to answer the stern call of duty. There can be no valid objection to the method. It is the only really democratic method of raising an army the country has ever employed, the draft of 1863 being marred by the provision for hiring substitutes. The present conscription law is as equitable to individuals as possible in any measure that has to guard every interest of the nation, at home and abroad. But the necessity of the sacrifice and the fairness of the selection cannot banish the grief from the hearts of millions."

While possibly fifty per cent of the men drafted may be rejected by the exemption boards for physical disqualifications or other reasons, it is to be remembered that the new army of the republic is to be no army of cripples or consumptives; it is to represent the flower of our American youth. To Germany will be left the unpleasant duty of calling out schoolboys and old men to fight her battles. If the war lasts long enough, many of the American boys rejected today may have a chance yet to show their mettle. As for the slackers and those who would seek to evade their responsibility by changing their place of residence or registering under assumed names, the secret service, which is one of the most efficient branches of our

CARTER in Philadelphia Press

"Wrongs must be righted."

SYKES in Philadelphia Evening Ledger

Bastile Day, 1917

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KIRBY in New York World

Buncoing the Populace

government, will doubtless be able to make a complete round-up of such dodgers.

"Congress, however," as the Philadelphia Press reminds us, "must quicken its pace, if it is to keep up with the growing war demands of the government. We have not yet got our 500,000 conscript army together," says the Press, "but it is intimated that a second army of equal size will be summoned into the field from the draft already made. The senate finance committee was just about to report its war revenue bill totaling $1,670,000,000, when it was made useless by the word sent to it by the secretary of the treasury that $5,000,000,000 is needed for the demands of the army and navy in addition to that which the bill was designed to furnish.

"We have been spending money lavishly in preparation for war and yet nearly all the important work is yet to be done. Our war bill already, including our loans to our allies amount to $9,226,000,000, and now $5,000,000,000 additional is asked for war purposes though we have not yet got into the fight.

"The $5,000,000,000 asked for by Secretary McAdoo cannot be raised by taxation, except in small part. The war taxes already provided for that have not yet reached the people and are very nearly as much as they can bear. A new Liberty loan is inevitable if five billion dollars are to be raised in addition to the amount previously in contemplation. We are piling up a debt that will remain a burden on the taxpayers for many succeeding generations. The youth of the land in portentous number are being withdrawn from industry to check the aggressions and cruelty of the Germans. So heavy is the price that we are compelled to pay to preserve our national self-respect and gain security at home and abroad for the American people."

However, suppose Germany should win. Germany, as the Chicago Tribune assures us, is not at present being defeated. Her hands may be covered with blood, but they are also full

REHSE in New York World

Efficiency Elsewhere

DONAHEY in Cleveland Plain Dealer

Listen!

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McCUTCHEON in Chicago Tribune

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On the Day of the Drawing

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of spoils. This newspaper continues:

"Germany thus far has won and is not now losing. To deny this fact would be to commit a great blunder. Then what for the United States if Germany does win? What for us if a German peace is imposed upon the world?

"A German peace might mean the breaking up of the British navy, its retirement to a place of fourth or fifth importance, releasing the German navy in control of the seas. That might mean—we do not wish to be extravagant—the redemption of American coast cities at an undreamed of ransom, one to suggest that all the kings of all times had bled all their subjects of the last coin to obtain their release from a demon.

"The Monroe Doctrine would be gone. Germany would assert the power to colonize and develop at will in the Caribbean, in Central and South America, thus establishing a strong outpost of expanding Prussianism at every corner in our prospects.

"With the loss of the Monroe Doctrine there would be a loss of security. This generation would have failed to hand to the next the conditions of national existence which this generation received from its predecessor."

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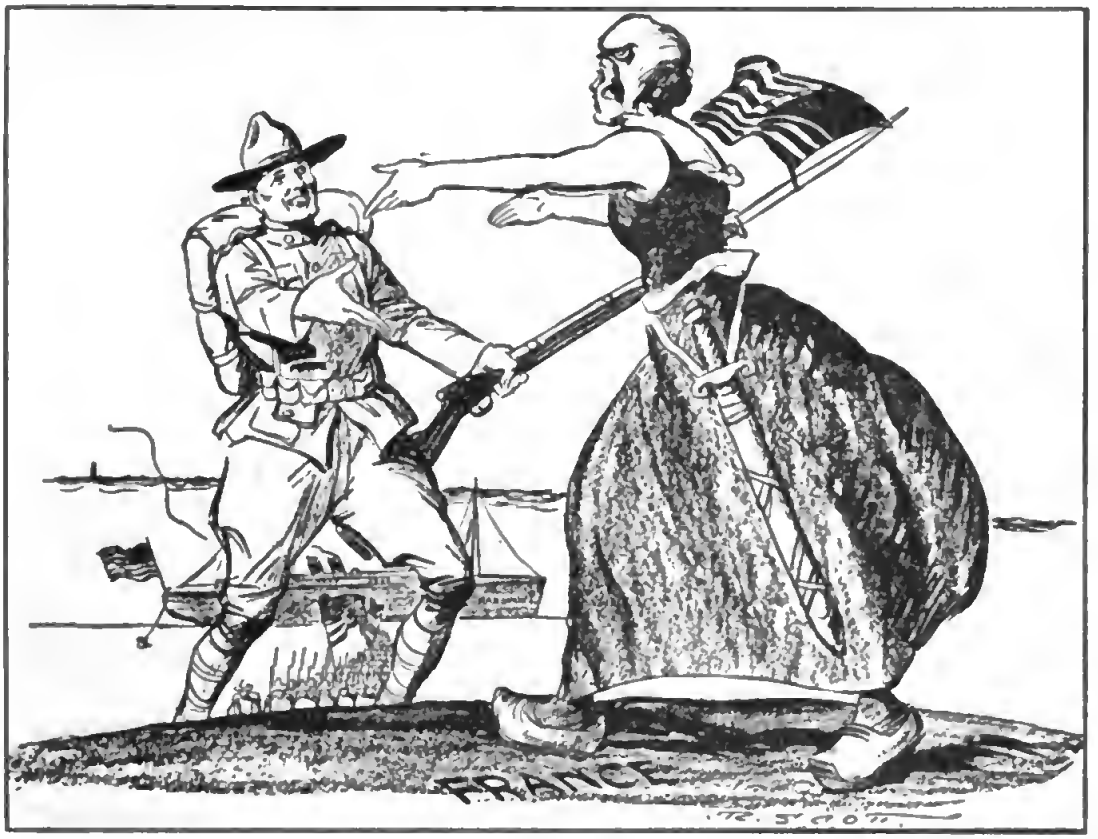
McCUTCHEON in Chicago Tribune

"Many are called but few are chosen."



SCOTT in Cleveland Leader

Welcome to France

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THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WAR

A Hungarian Peasant, a Girl, and a Baby. A Scene in Bartfa, Hungary. Peasant Types of This Kind are Found Throughout the Eastern War Zone

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IN HUNGARY AND GALICIA

A Galician Country Scene. The Youngsters in the Cumbersome Ox Cart Seem Unmindful of the Battles Going on Around Them

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Berlin's Political Fight

AT another time and under other circumstances the world would laugh itself into hysterics at the antics of the German reichstag. That body has been engaged in attempting to make the world believe that it was a consequential organization and thus could have something to do with forcing political reforms in Germany and influencing the position of the central powers in the matter of the conclusion of the war.

In some way, probably because of the democratization of Russia and the entrance of the United States into the war, the idea has permeated a section of the German people that if their government is made a parliamentary government and if they proclaim their sincere desire for a peace without annexations or indemnities, peace will be brought much nearer if not actually accomplished. And a great big section of the German people wants peace.

There is another section of this people, however, that does not want peace unless it is a German peace and the opéra-bouffe battle between these conflicting groups has been heralded to the world as an evidence of the power of the people of Germany in the control of their own government.

That the world would see through the political pretense seems never to have occurred to the German statesmen.

"The German mountain is laboring terrifically and may yet bring forth an elephant," observes the New York Times.

Even this slight hope is shared by few, the Philadelphia Press declaring: "Those who were expecting a German revolution to issue from the rumblings in Berlin will be disappointed to find the mountain bringing forth a mouse."

Ever since the war started the reichstag has found that its functions consisted in voting war credits and carrying on platitudinous debates. In the conduct of the affairs of the empire and especially in the making of peace it had no voice. The ministers were puppets of the kaiser and control of the empire was lodged in the junker party as represented by the high army command with the kaiser and the crown prince at the top.

This arrangement suited the German people very well as long as they were stimulated with reports of victories. They could endure even the privations of insufficient food when it appeared to them that they were about to witness a triumphant Germany and that speedily. In as much as Germany

CARTER in Philadelphia Press

Regilding the Gold Brick

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Pillow

CARTER in Philadelphia Press

The New Chauffeur

had conquered they could not understand why peace was not already in sight especially as the U-boats were in a few weeks to bring England to her knees.

Events of recent weeks have to a great extent disillusioned these people. The U-boat campaign, as a measure for terminating the war failed. President Wilson's words setting forth the irresponsible character of the German government reached them and caused a few to think. The Russian revolution came along and with it the knowledge finally that there could be no separate peace with the Muscovites. Indeed the Russian democracy was more determined on war than the autocracy.

In these circumstances the imperial German government found it necessary to do something. Members of the reichstag dared to speak of a parliamentary government. The leader of the centrist group moved a resolution demanding a peace without annexations and indemnities—a phrase, by the way, with which the Russian democracy lulled itself to sleep.

Finding himself in this situation the kaiser set about to satisfy his people without giving them anything. Apparently he has succeeded. His chancellor, Bethmann-Hollweg, was sacrificed when the crown prince was called into the discussions in Berlin and reform in the elective franchise was promised. The reform, however, turned out to be more apparent than real, the net result of the deliberations being the triumph of the crown prince, who desired the old chancellor's overthrow and the increasing influence of that scion of the imperial house on the side of the Pan-Germans.

Appointment of Michaelis as chancellor brought forth a speech from the new minister to the reichstag which was so devoid of meaning that both the radicals and the Pan-Germans are claiming that it supports their every contention. Whatever hopes the entente nations had that a change in ministry could produce an internal situation that would make peace possible was rudely shattered.

There was not a word about the restoration of Belgium or any of the other victims of German frightfulness. The familiar phrases by which Bethmann-Hollweg had lulled the nation to sleep were repeated and even the reichstag resolution was given an interpretation which no one ever dreamed it could have—that is, that "no annexations and no indemnities" meant merely that Germany was not to be deprived of the goal she set out to attain.

"The Germans wish to conclude peace as combatants who have successfully accomplished their purpose and proved themselves invincible," the chancellor declared.

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KIRBY in New York World
Michaelis: "Who's afraid of America? Nobody!"

The St. Louis Globe - Democrat concludes that "William himself, or the crown prince might have made this speech. Probably they did, in fact."

That there is discontent within the German empire and that it will not be lulled forever by empty phrases, especially in the face of an aggressive and successful enemy is a general conclusion.

"Whatever interpretation may be put upon the fall of Bethmann-Hollweg, it was the consequence of popular discontent," the Globe-Democrat asserts, "and that feeling will be, must be, greatly increased by the elevation of one who typifies the very thing that is causing the discontent."

The inconsequential character of the reforms promised by the kaiser are commented upon everywhere, and the opinion is unanimous that they give no promise of a government with which the United States and its allies would discuss peace or guarantees.

"What appeared to be an agitation for constitutional and administrative reforms," says the Newark News, "has simmered down to a local electoral improvement. It is as if the American people set out to limit President Wilson's power and reconstruct congress and switched off to some ballot changes affecting the New York state legislature. The German agitation has been localized to Prussia. If it goes farther it must be started up again."

The whole proceeding seems as grotesque to clear-visioned Germans as it does to this country.

Theodore Wolff, summarizing the comedy of parliamentary imperialism, wrote:

"The reichstag accomplished nothing for the inner renascence of the German empire. The liberals were used by wire pullers to get rid of an unpopular chancellor, producing only a simulation of parliamentary influence."

REHSE in New York World
Leading Forth the Goat

KIRBY in New York World
Still in the Saddle

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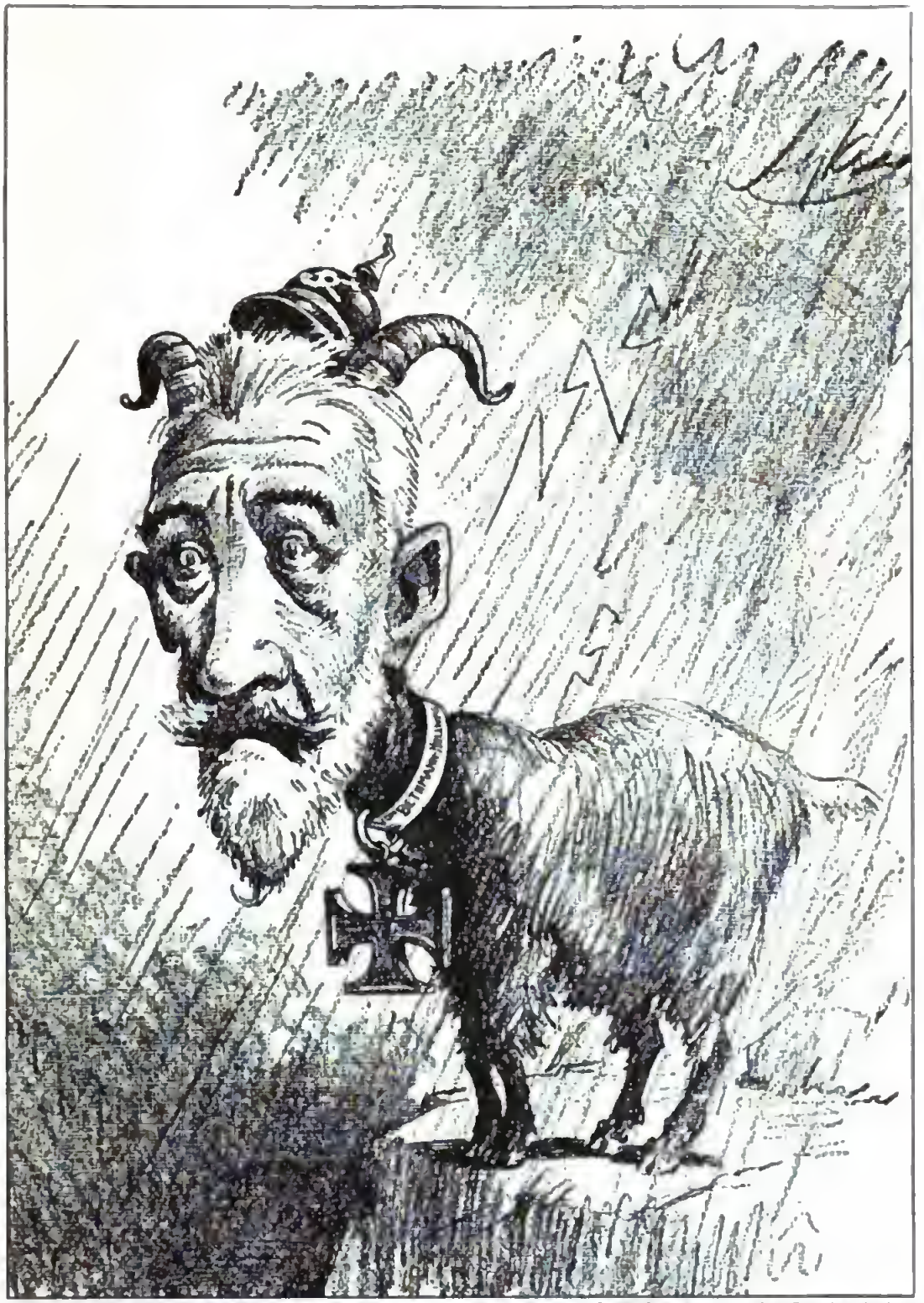

SYKES in Philadelphia Evening Ledger

Von Bethmann-Hollweg: "That's gratitude!"

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EVANS in Baltimore American

"'Smatter, Pop?"

STINSON in Dayton News

The New "Whipping Boy"

From L'Esquella de la Torratxa, Barcelona

Clinging to a Straw

From The Bystander, London

The Hohenzollern Line

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BERNARD PARTRIDGE in Punch, © London

THE BREATH OF LIBERTY

The German Autocrat: "They may find this wind very bracing in Russia; but it makes me feel extremely uncomfortable."

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CASSEL in New York Evening World

The Crown Council

Only "the compelling necessity of events" can establish democratic government in Germany, Mr. Wolff says.

Great as is the desire for peace in Germany, and among some classes it rises to the point of intensity, the desire of Austria is even greater if, indeed, the need for it be not greater. Austria, however, is held so firmly under German domination, that nothing but a great popular demonstration could shake her loose from the confederacy of the central powers.

In this connection it is interesting to note that the Pan-German party is still pinning its faith to the U-boat and urging up the nation to continue its faith in the effectiveness of this weapon. General Lndendorff, the German chief of staff, finding it necessary to explain the failure of submarine warfare to end the war declared the real idea behind the campaign was "a desire to hit the enemy's war industry, especially the production of ammunition."

"German war chiefs are not above amending their explanations when the necessity arises," comments the Providence Journal.

Reviewing the internal movements in Germany, tbe New York Sun finds that tbey offer no hope of an acceptable peace by nnderstanding, and concludes:

"The reduction of German pride and the final demolition of German military power is a labor for Titans. Much

CASSEL in New York Evening World

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War Sick

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CARTER in Philadelphia Press

His Only Conquest—the German People

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P. VANDERHEM in De Nieuwe Amsterdammer

LIGHTENING SHIP

Von Bethmann (Casting Junkerdom overboard): "We've got to do it, Your Majesty —otherwise you'll lose your crown."

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CESARE in New York Evening Post

Kaiser: "Halt! Who goes there?"
Peace: "Friend."
Kaiser: "I have none."

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NORMAN LINDSAY in Sydney Bulletin

Bill Hohenzollern: "Don't THROW me in—I'll DIVE!"

treasure and blood and tears will it cost, alas, but there is no other option for a world that aspires to freedom, but to go on to the bitter end. The people of the United States have consecrated themselves to the duty; let them not underestimate the task, but face it in its reality, not as a thing that brooks delay or trifling, but as calling for their whole strength and their whole soul.

"Plainly we must fight. Then let us fight and have it over as quickly as possible. This is the way to save money, energy and life. Every moment of hesitation or faltering now costs a soldier's life in the future."

"When the new German chancellor made his opening address to the reichstag," says the Chicago Tribune, "he was, of course, conscious that he was addressing the world. The opportunity lay before him to suggest Germany's conditions of peace at least as clearly as Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Balfour have done. He did not elect to do so, and the central powers cannot complain if the allied governments and peoples refuse to accept seriously unofficial assurances or friendly generalities."

McCUTCHEON in Chicago Tribune

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The New Doctor ought to Discover a Substitute for That Crown

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Kerensky—A Modern Mirabeau

by Arthur J. Kling

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Kerensky at the Front

WHEN the story of the present dramatic events in Russia is written, will another Victor Hugo say of Kerensky as was said of Mirabeau:

"It is not a man, not a nation, but an event which speaks—an immense event—the fall of the monarchy. . . . His entry into public life was a veritable event. It was revolution which accompanied him on the stage."

Picture Mirabeau at the height of his career, that is as president of the Jacobins and for a fortnight president of the general assembly which he dominated, and you have, with an amazingly small number of exceptions, Alexander Feodorovich Kerensky, dictator of Russia, the most spectacular figure in the world today and so situated that he easily may become one of the greatest figures of history.

It is of small account to say that one man at the age of 36 is the dictator of the Russian revolution of the present and the other at the age of 40 was the dictator of the French revolution of the past. There have been other dictators — Cromwell, Washington, Napoleon—but Kerensky resembles none of them except in the fact that he has tremendous power and uses it. Those men were calculating soldiers. Kerensky, like Mirabeau, is impelled and sustained by a wonderful spiritual activity. Like the Frenchman, the Russian has a frail body, and as it was written of the man who tried to save France from the orgies of anarchy, so it could be written of the czar's successor upon whom the same task is imposed, "He soared above intrigues of party and ideal abstractions that were in vogue."

Like the rebel archangel in Pandemonium,

> "Confusion heard his voice, and wild Uproar stood ruled."

Mirabeau, replying to and defying the king's usher, who ordered parliament dissolved, might very well have been Kerensky declaring on the occasion of his assumption of the premiership and after disaster at the front had followed the defection of the Russian regiments that "relying on the confidence of the masses and the army, the government will save Russia and Russian unity by blood and iron, if argument and reason, honor and conscience are not sufficient."

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WEED in Philadelphia Public Ledger

Kerensky

veto before the hostile national assembly he said:

"I will either leave the house in triumph or be torn to fragments."

It was by very much the same steps that each became the master spirit of his national assembly. It may possibly be said that Mirabeau rose in spite of his vices and Kerensky because of his virtues—but their mental processes after all were not greatly different. History records that the great Frenchman played the double part of demagogue and royal statesman, while we like to think of our luminous ally as covered with a blanket of altruism, and to ascribe his leadership in the crisis to a power greater than human. Yet each, from his youth, was a student and thinker—a hater of pretense, and a democrat who knew the reason why and had risen to prominence by the most conspicuous merit—one as a political economist and the other as a lawyer.

The passionate nature, the frank and open temper of Mirabeau find their counterparts in Kerensky. If the former had "a mind of great amplitude of grasp and prodigious activity" so has the latter. The mind of the Russian, no less than did that of the Frenchman, teems with grand projects. Kerensky, making his now famous plea to the rebellious soldiers on the Galician front and firing them with his enthusiasm as he led in person the first advancing regiment, must have been impelled by the same spiritual exhilaration as was Mirabeau, when on his way to uphold the royal

Lamartine, writing of Mirabeau, might just as well have made the paragraph do duty as a prophesy of the talent of Kerensky when he said:

"Where others grope darkly, he aims surely, he advances directly. His eloquence, imperative as law, is only the gift of impassioned reasoning."

Kerensky has this advantage over Mirabeau, that whereas the latter died before his work was accomplished, the Russian may live to witness through his efforts the complete triumph and restoration of his country and its firm establishment as a democracy.

Speculation on Kerensky's future is a

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Will He Be a Napoleon, a Cromwell, or a Washington?

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fascinating pastime, especially with the story of such a life as that of Mirabeau to guide one. Of the latter it was said by a contemporary that "he bought his popularity by heavy drafts payable in the future," thus intimating that it was just as well for his fame that he died before they fell due.

"Not the least of his talents was the gift of doing everything in season," another wrote. "He has given proof of this at last. He could not have chosen a better time to die."

Can the present premier of Russia avoid such a fate? Is he, too, buying popularity with "drafts payable in the future" or will he live to see the fruition of his work? Only a few times in history has a man of this type arisen to change and mold the destinies of nations.

Shall the socialist and visionary gaze at the consequence of his handiwork and apostrophize his state as did Mirabeau shortly before he died:

"Unhappy nation: This is the pass to which you have been brought by a few men who believed that intrigue could supply the place of talent and restlessness, of ideas."

Or again, were the words of Mirabeau prophetic when contemplating the work of the forces opposed to him he exclaimed:

"If I, myself, escape the common shipwreck, I shall say with pride 'I braved destruction to save them, but they would not.'"

CARTER in Philadelphia Press

The Torch-Bearer

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Germany's Shameful *in* Russia

THE forces of order and strength in Russia are waging a grim battle with chaos and sedition. Whatever way you look at it, whether hope and discipline are triumphing or anarchy and dissolution are rearing their ugly faces to the world's gaze, the immensity of the spectacle is enthralling.

A nation's desperate struggle for life is in itself of sufficient moment to command, even amid the distractions of war, the world's sympathetic attention. But when added to this is the spectacle of Germany extending a peace dove with one hand, and concealing an automatic weapon in the other; Germany, winning shameful victories by means of lying propaganda spread by secret agents, the feeling of pity for the young republic is mingled with concern to us for the possible loss of an ally.

Such a period of contrasts as the last month has seen in the great nation that is trying to be self governing probably never has been known before. Hardly had the entente nations settled themselves to the agreeable contemplation of the successful Korniloff offensive than they were awakened to the fact that there was a faulty link in the chain somewhere. A section of the army refused to fight. The Austro-German armies drove in a wedge—or rather entered a territory left wide open for them—and the whole Galician battlefront began to move eastward. The extremists started a counter revolution in Petrograd which was quickly put down, a government of public safety was organized with Alexander Kerensky as prime minister and dictator, and a conference of all the elements of the former empire was called to adopt some fundamental laws, give power to the government and restore loyalty to the army.

That the Austro-German armies would take advantage of the defections in the Russian line was to be expected. It is not to be doubted that the Teutons had a hand in bringing about these defections. In any event the terrible military reverses which the Russians have suffered have shown weak places in the social consciousness rather than lack of power in the high command or lack of bravery among the loyal troops.

NORMAN LINDSAY in Sydney Bulletin

Crossing the Stream

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Victory

CARTER in Philadelphia Press

"Republics are ungratefull!"

The American journals agree generally that the Russian debacle is of the utmost seriousness, while not a few, who withheld no praise from the Russian revolutionary army after it had responded to Kerensky's appeal by a series of brilliant victories, believe that hope of a Russian offensive for a long time to come must be abandoned.

"The behavior of the Russian troops in northern Galicia presents the picture of man in about his lowest degradation," says the New York Times, which places the responsibility for the situation on German agents and German propaganda.

"It has been abundantly proved," continues the Times, "that German agents were at work to bring about the disaffection among the troops at the front, and among Russians everywhere, especailly in Petrograd. Lenine, who under a government exercising any sort of authority in a rational way would have been deprived of all power to do mischief long ago, has been exposed as a worker for the German cause, and it has countless other workers. But the seeds of disaffection from which have sprung the troubles that now beset Russia were long ago planted, and they, too, were of German origin. There have been nests of socialism and internationalism in every country, but the germs mostly came from Germany. While the ruling and military class in Germany has been plotting against the peace of the world and the freedom of nations, the lower classes have shown an equal degree of industry in evolving theories of social disorganization disguised as a code of principles for the uplifting of the masses."

No such pessimistic view is held by the Brooklyn Eagle, which admits that "German money and German promises have played a large part in the demoralization of the new Russia," but contends that "quite apart from these corrupting influences the plight of the Galician armies is due in large measure to the vicious belief that once men are relieved of despotic domination they owe no services to the state except such as they choose to give of their own free will.

"The men who are running before the German advance have not yet learned the fundamental lesson that to be free is not to be irresponsible to authority, that the safety of a nation depends upon the subjection of the individual will to a reasonable measure of control.

"It would be rash to predict the issue of events on the eastern front. But we prefer to believe that the real democracy of Russia, of which Kerensky is at once the brains and the right arm, will yet save Russia from Germany by first saving Russia from the native fools and featherheads whose theories have

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turned naturally brave men into cowards and fugitives. While that rescuing process is going on it is the duty of the American people to recognize the extreme gravity of the war crisis and prepare for the heavy sacrifices which the Russian situation makes inevitable."

The idea that Germany ever can make a complete conquest of Russia is scouted by almost every newspaper in the country and some even are of the opinion that the Galician retreat will not prove so disastrous as was at first thought. The Cleveland Leader takes this view, asserting:

"There will be a Russian front till the last. The country is too vast to be occupied in its entirety. It can swallow up too large armies and its transportation problems are too difficult. Always there will be great numbers of Russians in arms and filled with bitter hatred of the foe tramping upon large parts of their country and blocking its pathway to freedom, safety and happiness. The Germans will not even be able to obtain much food from the districts in Russia which they occupy.

"For these reasons the Russian situation is not without its compensations, at the worst. It may be much better than a state of things which will at least hold great German armies away from all other fields of operations and nullify their power for all other purposes than keeping Russia from taking the offensive again with formidable forces."

SYKES in Philadelphia Evening Ledger

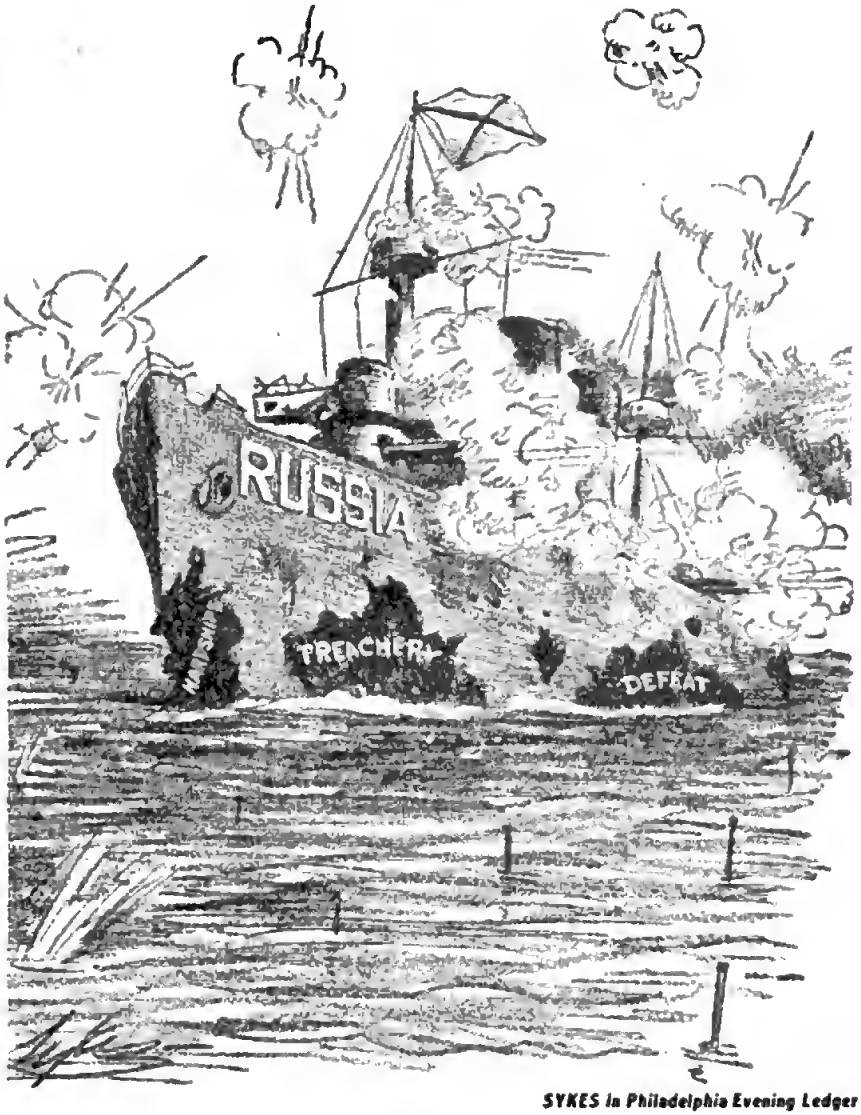
Where There's a Will There's a Way

In increasing measure we are coming to realize that the future of Russia depends upon one man—Kerensky. He has worked frantically, now at Petrograd, now at the front, in an attempt to rally the shameless deserters. He has organized a new government, he has exposed his person as an example to the troops and finally he has decreed death to deserters.

"We should pray for Kerensky as we never prayed before," said Senator Borah in a congressional debate the other day and some such sentiment is expressed by almost every newspaper. Such a gigantic

task as his no one man ever faced before, and his progress is of special interest in the United States where it is realized that every pound of pressure denied by Russia must be made up here. Says the Cleveland Plain Dealer:

"Alexander Kerensky, Russian dictator, has his back against the wall, and the prayers of Russia's allies go out for him. He is the hope of his land and, as it seems today, the world's hope when men talk of speedy peace. If he can weld into an efficient fighting force the demoralized, mutinous Russian armies, if he can hold together for efficient service the discontented, disorganized, liberty-mad millions who must supply these fighting men with food and arms and ammunition, no tribute to his courage and his genius can be called extravagant. If he fails, if he proves not to be the master who must come to Russia, the end of the greatest of all wars is far away, veiled in the smoke of unnumbered battles still to come."



SYKES in Philadelphia Evening Ledger

Unsinkable

"Kerensky," says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, "is a democrat without being a mobocrat; a conservative without trying to keep alive that which is already dead; an opportunist whose philosophy is that, if opportunity offers to promote a righteous cause, it should not be neglected. His premiership is a sign of the times."

One of the curious phases of the situation was that while Petrograd continually referred to the mutinous actions of the Russian troops in recording the day by day retreats, Berlin's reports of the actions continually referred to the Russians as offering the most stubborn resistance. Discounting this largely as designed to prove the valor of the Teutonic armies, we may yet conclude, as does the New York Evening Post, that a great part of the Russian army is loyal and that the master hand of the premier will yet bring it into effective action.

Probably Kerensky's reference to a "blood and iron" policy has had as much as

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From Novy Satirikon, Petrograd

Ordinary Russian Citizen: "O, dear shade of the past! If you only knew how my soul yearns for your return that you might remove this sun of liberty, which is too strong for my poor skin!"

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From Lustige Blaetter, Berlin

The New Russian Autocrat

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DONAHEY in Cleveland Plain Dealer
Coming Back

anything to do with giving the world hope that he can accomplish a task that is admitted to be almost superhuman.

"This is no tyrant's plea," declares the New York World. "The facts speak for themselves. A large section of the country is in the hands of invaders. The people have renounced authority. Many divisions of the army are in revolt and retreat. At the capital itself German intrigue has become all-powerful. Anarchy is rampant. The shipwreck of the state is imminent unless strong hands avert disaster.

"If the phrase 'blood and iron' falls harshly upon some democratic ears, let it be remembered that all the liberty that the world knows today was won by blood and iron. Somebody had to stand; somebody had to endure; somebody had to take all the chances; somebody had to prevail. It is Prussian blood and iron, backing up bribery and treason, promoting folly and license, which have brought Russia to its present desperate straits. If this cannot be met with blood and iron enlisted in a better cause, all is lost."

"The course of the revolution in Russia," says the Chicago Tribune, "seems to lie in the channel worn by humanity in past convulsions of this kind. Liberty will destroy itself again if it does not yield itself rationally to authority. Already the concentration of power necessary to protect Russia from disintegration and ruin is nearing the stage of dictatorship. The personality of Kerensky at this moment, if we may trust the evidence of such news as comes to

CASSEL in New York Evening World

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Learning to Walk

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BERNARD PARTRIDGE in Punch, © London

AGAINST TYRANNY

Russia (Drawing her sword again in the common cause): "If I can't keep faith with the friends of freedom, how am I fit to be free?"

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NORMAN LINDSAY in Sydney Bulletin

THOSE FRIENDLY OVERTURES

The Russian Samson (A trifle rattled after his recent exertions): "Seems a nasty sort of bloke! Wonder if I ought to hit him or shake hands."

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Copyright, New York Evening Post

CESARE in New York Evening Post

New Russia: "Present!"

us, towers over the Russian chaos as did Mirabeau's over one stage of the French revolution. The world is watching breathlessly this tremendous young radical, who by sheer passion for a cause is holding together the whirling forces let loose by the collapse of czardom and its bureaucracy. Whether he can continue, whether he can survive his present titanic effort no one will dare to prophesy; but Americans who see what he is fighting—the same irresponsibility that we have represented in our I. W. W.—must be profoundly thankful that the conservative elements in our American society are strong. Kerensky is not what we should call a conservative, and yet, perhaps, he is today in reality the greatest conservative in the world. If he fails we may see a Russia disintegrating and falling completely under the masterful control of Germany or any other state which knows how to be united and strong. If he fails, our allies' cause and our own may fail. If he fails we may have a century of war."

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RAEMAEKERS in Philadelphia Public Ledger

"My dear Russian brother, have a smoke of my peace pipe."

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HEROUARD in Fantasio, © Paris

Flora

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F. LORENZI in Fantasio, © Paris

The Unknown Monster

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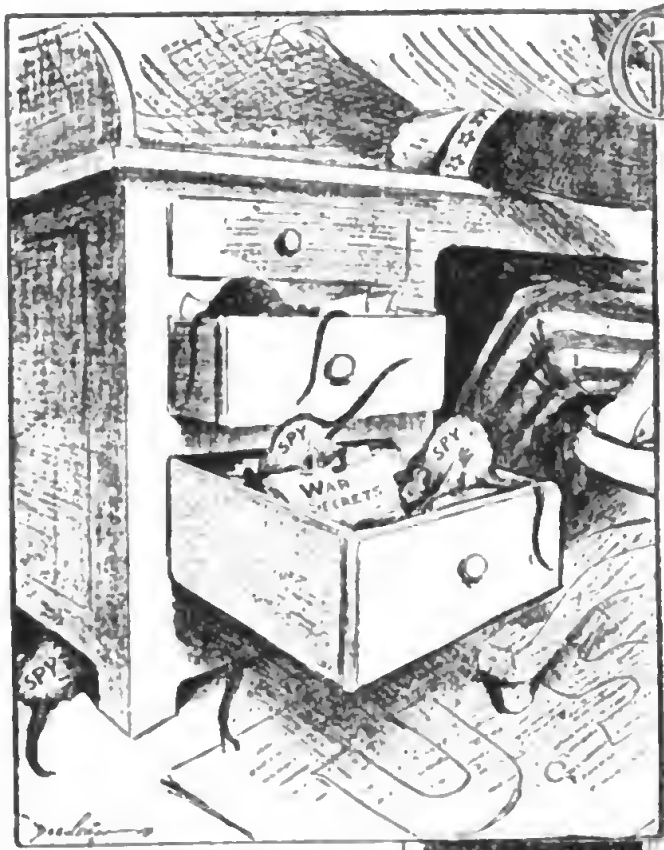
Giving Aid to the



BREWERTON in Atlanta Journal

Rat Killing Time

IT is a far cry, as the New York World reminds us, between an irresponsible "spy scare" which finds a German secret agent in every person with a Teutonic name, and a determined effort of the government to protect its military secrets from the enemy.

Yet it appears that with the dispatch of the first American expedition to France a leak occurred which permitted the German U-boats to intercept the transports carrying General Pershing's soldiers, and while reports of the encounter have been more or less elaborated, the impression remains that the passage was not altogether a safe one. With more and more troops embarking, over dangerous seas, for France the need of wireless and cable censorship becomes imperative.

There has been much talk about the censorship of the press. But information to the enemy does not emanate from our news columns. The great majority of American editors have respected the administration's wishes, and have refrained from publishing news that might possibly be of aid to Germany. Not the newspapers, but the cables and the

SYKES in Philadelphia Evening Ledger

Every Dog will Have His Day

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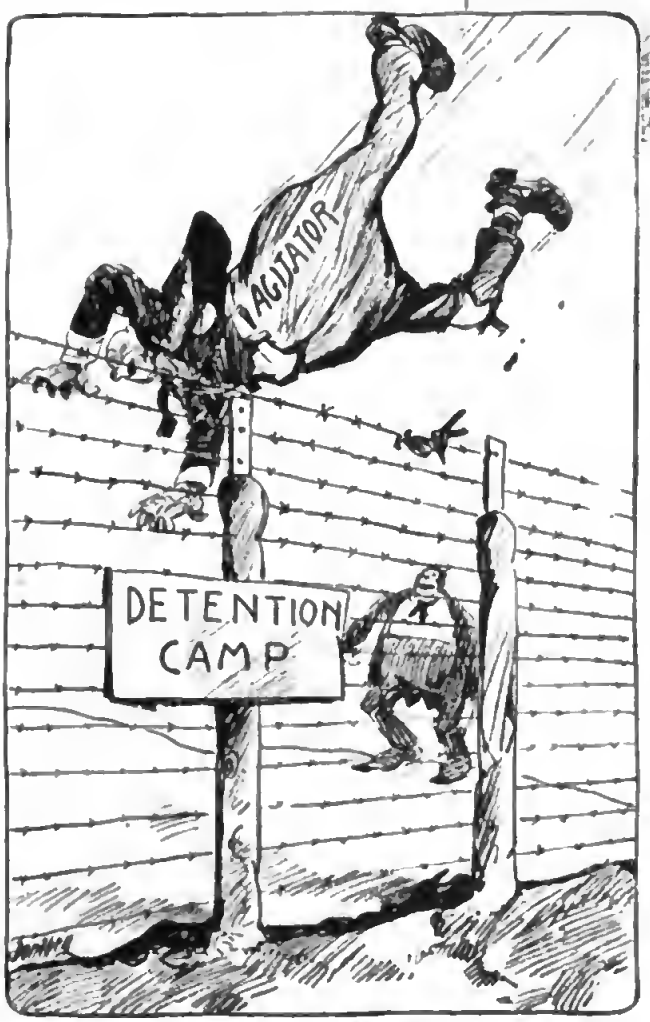
and Comfort Enemy

wireless stations must be watched. And as for spies, they will not be found in German delicatessen stores or under beds, but rather in the employ of the government. They are in part a heritage from our friend von Bernstorff.

Not the greatest danger to the country, however, are the paid agents and spies. They are the anti-

DONAHEY in Cleveland Plain Dealer

Hospitality to All—But Don't Monkey with the Buzz Saw



DONAHEY in Cleveland Plain Dealer

"If you don't like your Uncle Sam—well, you know what you can do!"

Americans, masking themselves variously as labor leaders, pacifists, conscientious objectors, or editors of German-American newspapers. The recent trouble with the I. W. W., a discredited organization of malcontents and anarchists, may doubtless be traced to German sources. Germany is trying to make trouble, and with a band of professional trouble makers looking for business, the enemy could hardly be blamed for taking advantage of the opportunity.

Certain of our public officials, conspicuous among them, "Big Bill" Thompson, by some accident mayor of Chicago, may be reckoned first as those willing and eager to give aid and comfort to the enemy. Thompson, by his opposition to the visit of General Joffre, by his refusal to permit solicitors for the Liberty loan to canvas Chicago's city hall, and by his objections to sending either food or soldiers to Europe, has managed to allay himself rather intimately

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REHSE in New York World

The Enemy at Home

with the kaiser.

In the same class is William Randolph Hearst, exponent of yellow journalism, who is advocating, through the columns of his newspapers, keeping the American army at home and not sending them to die in the mudholes of France. The editors of the German-American newspapers, while not opposing anything that the United States is doing, have as a rule tried to belittle our allies, magnify German victories, and hint that the German army is invincible. Why such newspapers are still being published is a mystery to the average American who might very consistently ask how long an American-German newspaper, hinting daily of the defection of the Teutonic allies, or sneering at Austria-Hungary, would last in Berlin. Possibly it is safer to let such disloyalty blow itself off in words.

But the I. W. W.'s, Mayor Thompson, Mr. Hearst, and the German-language press are problems that must be dealt with later. It is of immediate importance to round up the professional spies and to prevent them from conveying information to the fatherland. In the words of Lord Northcliffe, "compared with the leakage of news into the newspapers, the daily leakage of secrets by cable is as a Niagara to a mountain stream.

This paragraph in President Wilson's war address may also be recalled.

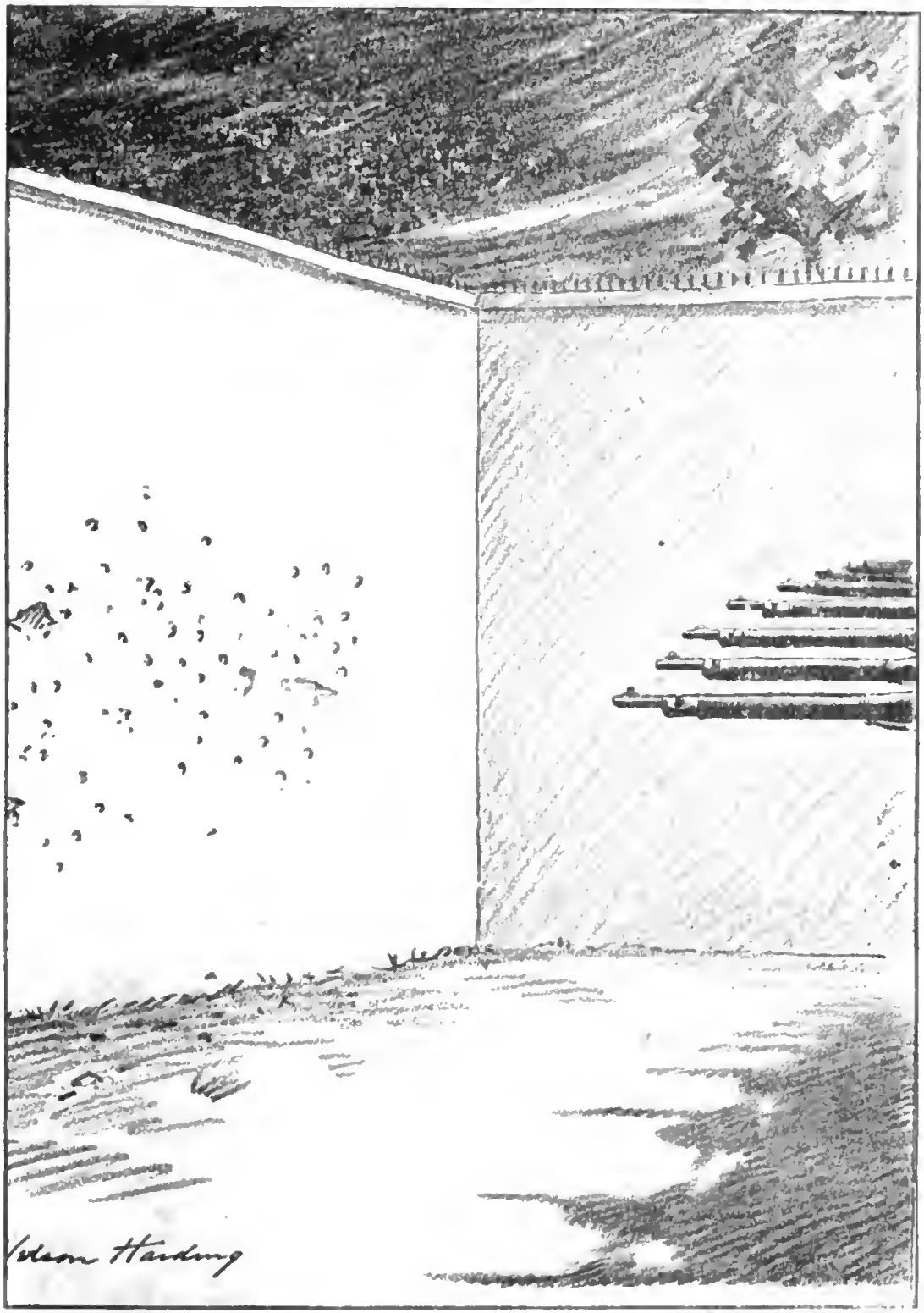
"One of the things that have served to convince us that the Prussian autocracy can never be our friend is that from the very outset of the present war it has filled our unsuspecting communities, and even our offices of government, with spies, and set criminal intrigues everywhere afoot against our national industries and our commerce. Indeed, it is now evident that its spies were here even before the war began."

IRELAND in Columbus Dispatch

Uncle Sam Doesn't Seem to Be Fully Awake

REHSE in New York World

In Congress, Too



HARDING in Brooklyn Eagle

The Only Spy Cure

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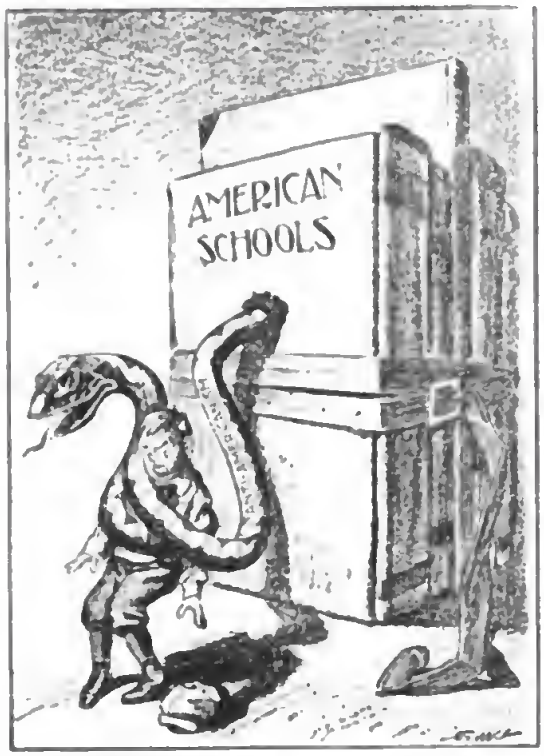
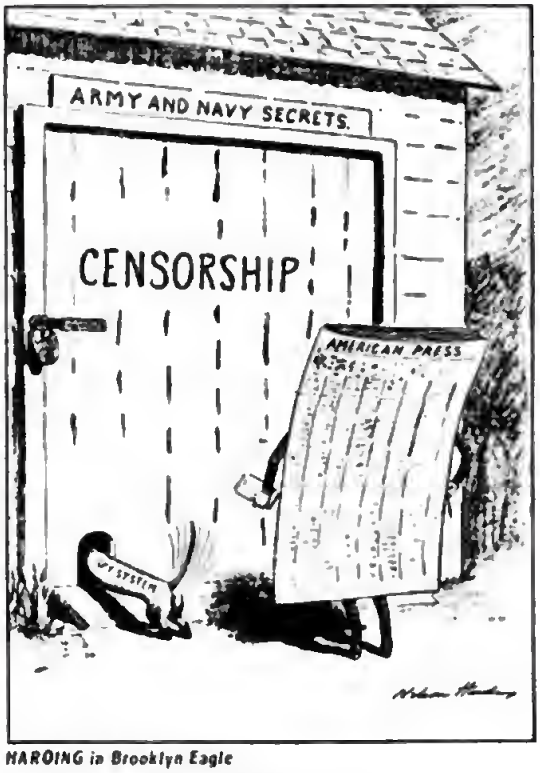


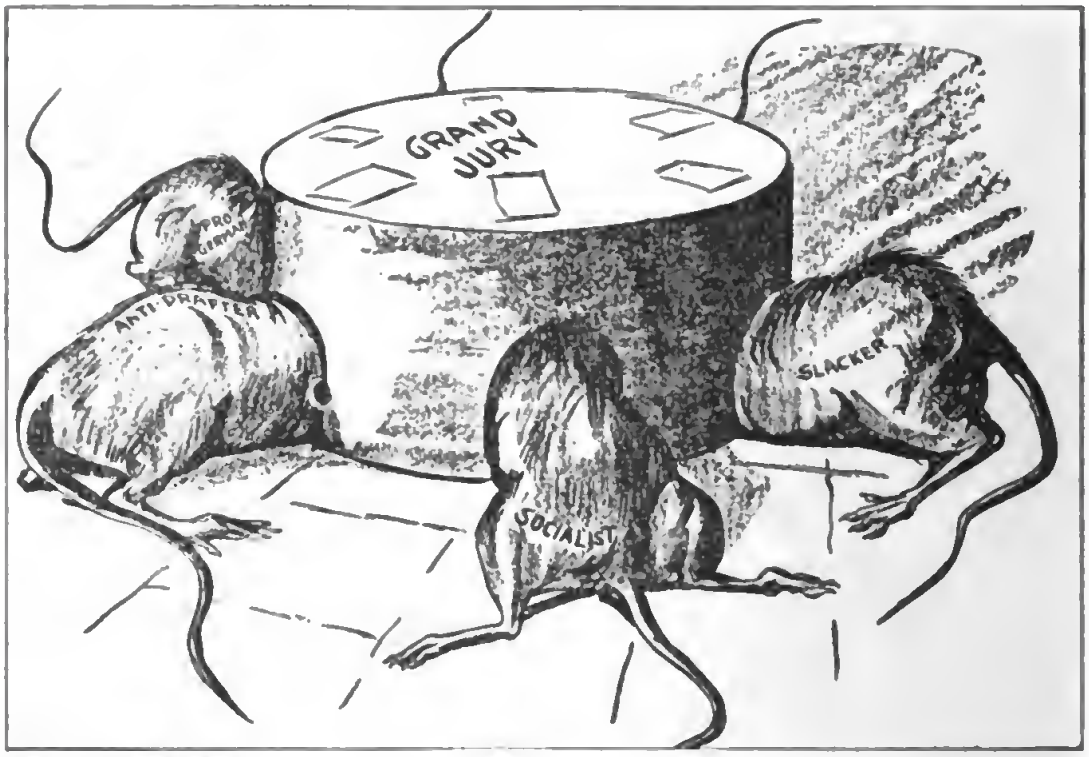
EVANS in Baltimore American

The Book-Worm



HARDING in Brooklyn Eagle

The "Closed" Door



SCOTT in Cleveland Leader

Trapped

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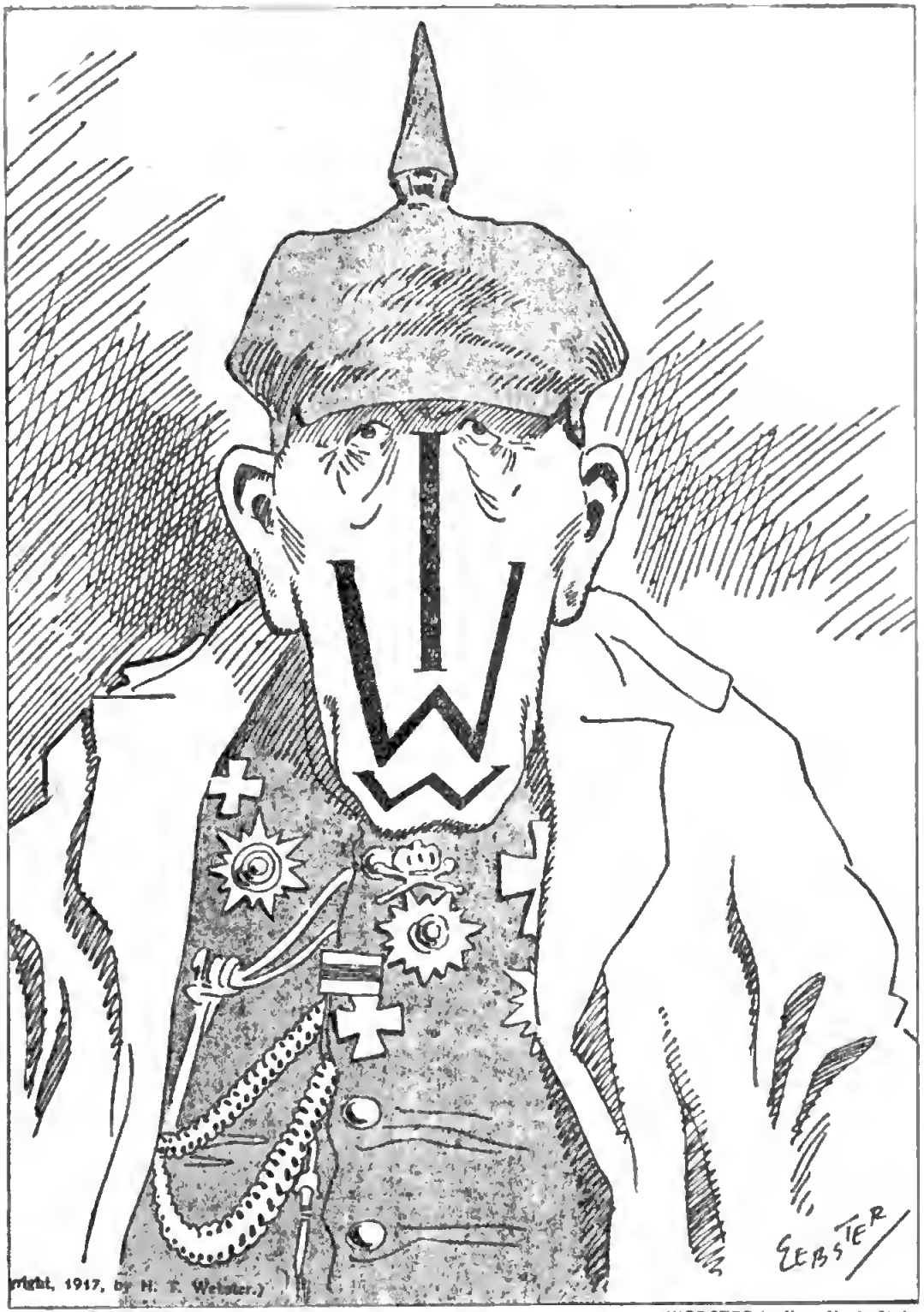

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WEBSTER in New York Globe

The I. W. W. and the Other Features That Go With It

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CARTER in Philadelphia Press

Aid and Comfort for the Enemy

"The United States," declares the New York World, "is now repeating the experience of France and Great Britain. Both countries at the beginning of the war were honeycombed by official spies in the pay of the German government, and the system was so elaborate and intricate that it defied destruction. No small part of Germany's preparation for this war consisted in the organization of an espionage establishment that extended to every corner of the earth."

"Undoubtedly there are German spies," remarks the Philadelphia Record, "and they are very insidious and cunning. But we should not become spy crazy, as the English people did a few weeks after the opening of the war. We trust the government will go on hunting for spies, and we do not doubt that their usefulness will be destroyed if they are caught. But we need not look under our beds every night in anticipation of finding a spy there."

Says the Brooklyn Eagle:

"The administration has two big tasks before it, and they are entirely separate and distinct. One is the apprehension of enemy spies and agents, and particularly the shutting off of their means of communicating with the enemy. This latter task should be comparatively easy, since outgoing cables are not difficult to censor. The other task relates to the establishment of a sensible working agreement between the government and the newspapers regarding the publication of war news."

"The difficulty in dealing with

CARTER in Philadelphia Press

Too Good for Him

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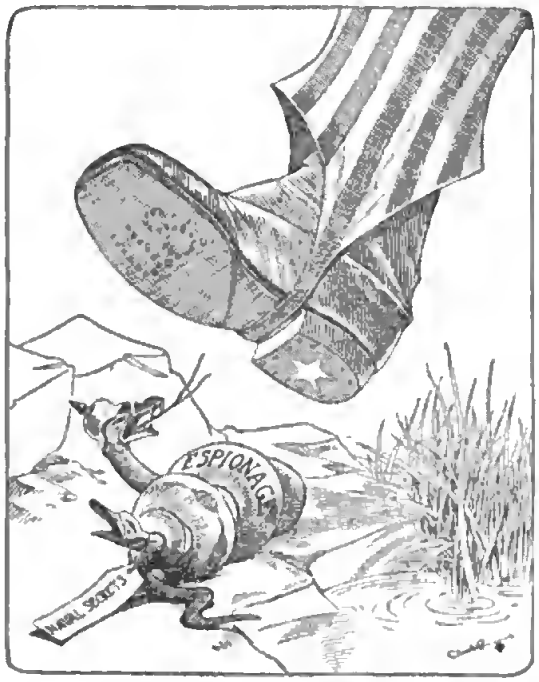
the spies," observes the Philadelphia Public Ledger, "is increased by the circumstance that they are not all Germans. Persons from neutral countries have been enticed into the dirty work. Even Americans have shamed themselves and their native land by becoming accomplices of the enemy.

"For the German there may be the poor excuse of patriotism; for the American there can be only contempt. Some of these men are tools without knowing it; others are deliberate conspirators against the public safety.

"But all alike must pay the penalty of their acts. There is no danger that the administration will indulge in oppressive measures, or infringe unjustly upon the rights of individuals.

"But the subject is one that must be tackled in grim earnest. Of that there now seems to be full realization.

"No policy would be more disastrous, would be more cruel in the end, than one of leniency."



CLUBB in Rochester Herald

Crush It

SCOTT in Cleveland Leader

Taking the Course Intended by the Germans

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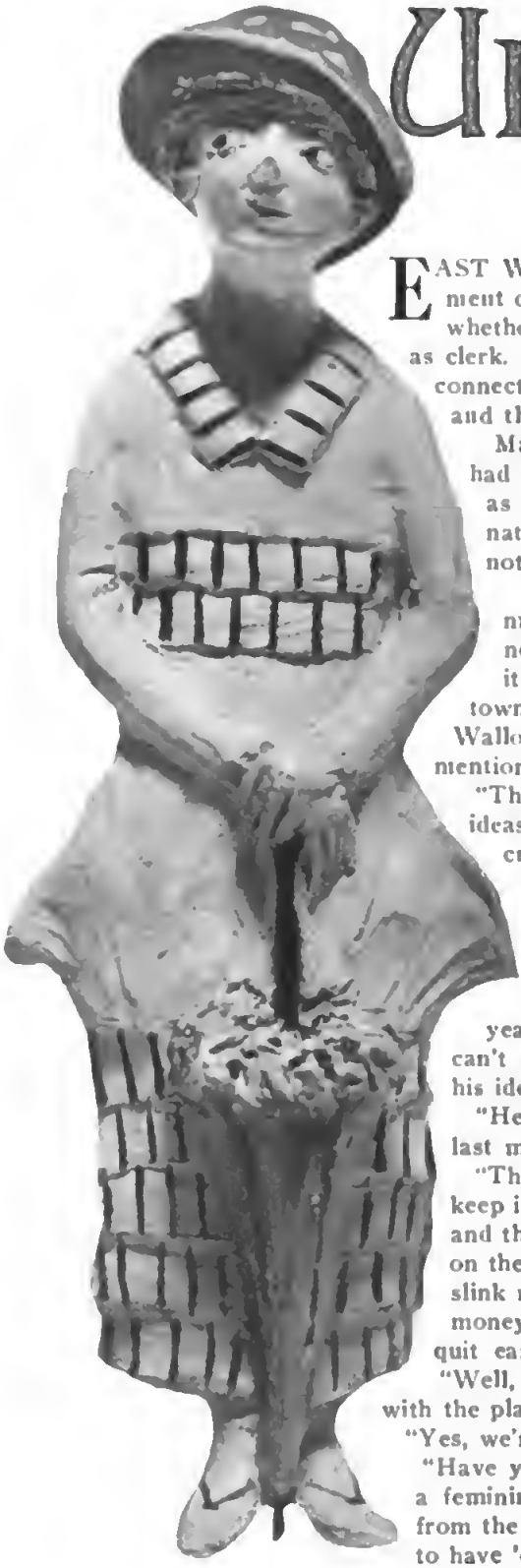
Under New

by Helena



Kit Came into the Office Dressed for Travel. She tried to Speak, but Choked on the first Syllable

EAST WALLOP'S interest in the change of management of the Commercial House concerned itself with whether or not Hollie Holcomb would be kept on as clerk. Hollie was an East Wallop boy, and the one connecting link between the personnel of the hotel and the town.

Many "props" had come and gone and Hollie had survived all shake-ups. Knowing the trade as well as he did, and being able to call all the natives by their first name new proprietors dared not replace him.

D. T. Higginton had picked out the Commercial House from among a number of business opportunities. His ambition was to make it a first-class, up-to-date hotel; something the town could be proud of. Long years ago East Wallop had refused to be stirred with the newspaper mention that the hotel was under new management.

"The new proprietor seems to have some good ideas about running a hotel," commented the cracker drummer, engaging Hollie in conversation.

"This town isn't big enough for that kind of stuff," deprecated the clerk. "What this town needs is a new hotel, and then there might be a chance. I've been here too many years to know what you can do, and what you can't do. Already I've put the kibosh on a lot of his ideas."

"He seems to be setting a better table than the last man," said the cracker drummer, hopefully.

"That's what they all do—at first—but they don't keep it up. When the bills for the first month's meat, and the new paint in the halls, and the first payment on the new cash register all come due at once, things slink right back to where they was. It took all the money he had to buy the place and this one will quit early," prophesied Hollie.

"Well, you and Kit Cronin always seem to be sold with the plantation," said the traveler cheerfully.

"Yes, we're a part of the good will and fixtures."

"Have you got the bill of fare written in?" demanded a feminine voice. Kit Cronin had appeared suddenly from the dining room. "Mr. Higginton says he's going to have 'em printed after this."

"I'm told the new proprietor thinks of having men waiters," injected the cracker drummer, with a wink at the clerk.

"He can't get 'em any too quick to suit me," snapped

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Management—
Smith-Dayton

Kit, tartly. "I told Katie, only this morning, that I wasn't going to stay and be bossed around by THAT woman. If she thinks she can show me how to clean silver she is very much mistaken. She even wanted to take the casters off the table! He may be a good hotel man but his wife certainly doesn't know anything about the business."

"She'll stop picking on you after a week or two, Kit," comforted Hollie. "All we got to do is sit tight. They'll find out they can't make a Waldorf-Castoria out of this joint."

"I was only joking," said the cracker drummer. "They couldn't afford to let you go. You and Hollie, here, hold the transient trade."

Kit smiled. She liked the cracker drummer, though contact with the public, year after year, had tended to make her conservative in her likes. Amongst her preferences were the young man in the hardware store who took his meals in the house, old Mr. Dobbins who had boarded there for 15 years, old shoes, new waists, tin-types, rings with blue, green, and red glass stones, black-velvet hair bows, white starched clothes and gold teeth.

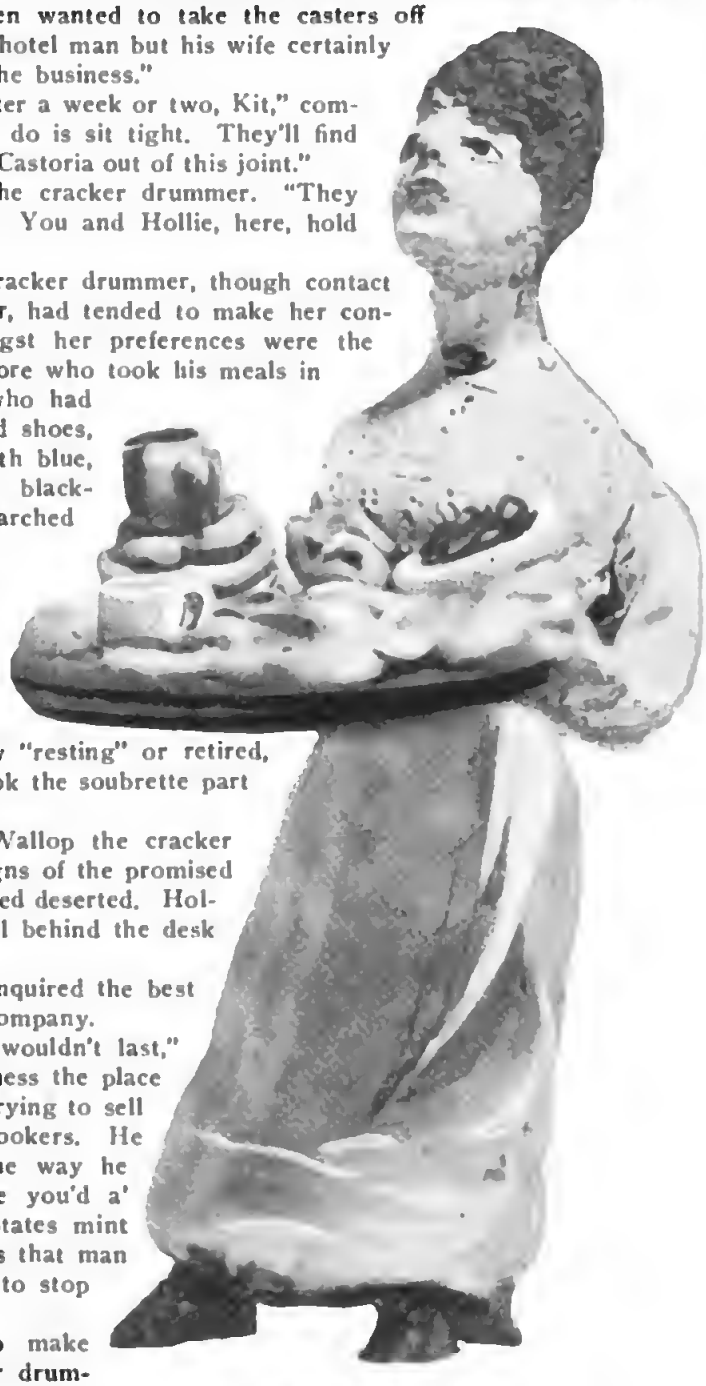
Since 1898, when "The Moonshiner's Daughter" had played at the Opera House, Kit had been a blonde. The star of that stirring drama had confided to Kit how to be one. Miss Lotta Newburg was now "resting" or retired, but Kit Cronin continued to look the soubrette part she played.

On his next trip to East Wallop the cracker drummer looked in vain for signs of the promised improvements. The place seemed deserted. Hollie sleepily arose from his stool behind the desk to greet the traveling man.

"How's every little thing?" inquired the best little salesman for the biscuit company.

"Say! Didn't I tell you it wouldn't last," moaned Hollie dismally. "I guess the place will be closed up. He's been trying to sell hut so far there's only been lookers. He didn't put much in it, but the way he talked when he came in here you'd a' thought he had the United States mint hehind him, and the fool things that man did in spite of all I could do to stop him—"

"Well, this place ought to make money," challenged the cracker drummer. "I've been traveling the territory



Kit had Been a Blonde Since 1898

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Hollie Holcomb and D. C. Higginton

for years and it looks like the best proposition along the line. Anyone that gets into this town has to stay."

"You're dead right. All this place needs is the right management. Now some of these smart Alecs that have dropped their roll here could have saved their money if they'd only have listened to me." Hollie shook his head at the folly of the "props" who had passed.

After supper the blow fell. The proprietor took Kit aside and told her he was going to close the dining room. He advised her to seek a new opportunity. Kit went upstairs immediately to pack. The cracker drummer couldn't help but hear the news when it was broken to Hollie Holcomb. He was also present when Kit came into the office dressed for travel.

"Why, look here, Kit, where are you going?" demanded Hollie. "He didn't tell you to get out tonight, did he?"

Kit lifted red-lidded eyes to Hollie. She tried to speak but choked on the first syllable.

"Good gracious, Kit!" the traveling man exclaimed, "Why, you've been here 15 years to my knowledge. This place wouldn't be anything without you."

"Why, so it wouldn't," agreed Hollie, looking at Kit, as if he saw her for the first time. "You poor kid. Say, don't cry like that, Kit. I could go out and beat up that brute!"

"I could stay on for a day or two," Kit hastened to say, "but it would be just as hard then. Why, this place is home to me. You know, Hollie, the interest I've always taken, and how much pride I've had in keeping things clean!"

"You've always done noble, Kit, you always done noble!" agreed Hollie. "That's all the thanks you get for it. You go up and stay with my sister for a few days. She'll be glad to have you. She thinks the world of you. She'd be awful cut up if you didn't go to see her."

"I might go up—just for tonight," said Kit, weakening, and tears again filled her eyes. "You've always been awfully nice to me, Hollie. I won't ever forget it."

"Why, I ain't ever done nothing for you, Kit, but I couldn't begin to tell all the things you've done for me." Hollie's eyes now filled with tears, and he grasped Kit's hands. "Say I'm quittin' here right now. If you go—I go."

"Oh, no. You musn't do that, Hollie," advised Kit.

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"Just how much money would it take to buy this fellow out?" demanded the cracker drummer, eying with a droll little smile Kit and Hollie, who had forgotten to let go their hand holding.

"He'd be glad to get out what he put in, maybe less," said Hollie. As they talked figures Hollie's mind seemed more on Kit than on what the cracker salesman was saying. They both turned toward him with a start, however, when he said briskly:

"It'll take eight thousand dollars to buy him out, but anyone ought to have two thousand more, to say the least. Have you folks got any money?"

It was then that Kit confided that she had $3,750 in two out-of-town savings banks. Hollie shamefacedly admitted in comparison with this thrift that his own savings amounted to but $1,200.

"Well," said the cracker drummer deliberately, "I happen to have $4,000 that I could put into a good little proposition like this, and, do you know," he admitted, "I've always said that I could run a hotel, better than these fellows that think they know all about the business. Please the public and you'll make money, is my motto."

"I know right where I can get that other thousand dollars," said Hollie, his face purpling with enthusiasm.

"Then we'll do it," said the cracker drummer. "Are you game, Kit?"

"You can have every cent I've got," said Kit.

The cracker drummer had a hunch to go in search of Mr. Higgington and open negotiations. When he returned the other two partners looked quite as sheepish and happy as he expected to find them.

The three members of the firm sat in the reading room that night, after closing-up time, planning the improvements they would make.

Heretofore the Commercial House had entertained only such stray knights of the grip as regularly "made" East Wallop. But with the growing automobile patronage, the possibilities were unlimited. Chicken dinners as a specialty would be sure to attract, and a satisfied motorist would be the best advertisement they could have. The fame of their home cooking would be spread far and wide. They would make it a point, then, to cater to this trade.

Kit promoted Katie to charge of the dining room and decided to take the casters off the table in the same breath. Hollie decided that for a while he'd continue back of the desk where he could keep his eye on the cash. Besides the resolution to set a better table, they decided to have the menus printed. The cracker drummer's contribution to the improvements was a suggestion for striped awnings and flower boxes on the balcony from which the governor had once made a Fourth-of-July oration.

His Ambition Was to Make the Commercial House an Up-to-Date Hotel

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John and

REHSE in New York World

Good News at Last

NOT the least of the war sufferers has been our old friend, Col. John Barleycorn. In the form of vodka he was banished from Russia shortly after the outbreak of the war. For some time restrictions as to the use of alcoholic beverages have been in force in Great Britain and France. The entry of the United States into the conflict gave the prohibitionists the opportunity of a lifetime. By an act of congress dry zones were established around all barracks and training camps. Men in uniform were not allowed to be served with intoxicants at any public place. "Sammy," who is now behind the lines in France, may partake sparingly of "red ink," but may have nothing stronger.

But with the introduction of the food control bill the prohibitionists and temperance advocates came into their own. Debate on the measure was made a veritable prohibitionists' field day — or, as one cartoonist expressed it, a "prohibition jag."

As a result it appears probable at the present writing that the distillation of liquors will be suspended for the duration of the war, and President Wilson at his discretion will purchase for public uses all liquors now in bond, giving the dealers ten per cent for profit. Beer and wines have escaped annihilation, thus lightening the woes of Colonel Barleycorn, and making national prohibition still a dream of the reformers.

The prohibition fight in congress not only delayed the much needed food legislation several weeks, but invented new problems for an already overworked department of the treasury. If no liquors may be distilled, naturally no taxes can accrue from spirits, and the tax on spirits has for a long time been the backbone of our internal revenue. Other taxes must be levied, and it would seem as if the ingenuity of Mr. McAdoo must be stretched to the limit.

As several newspapers point out, however, the case isn't as bad as it looks. The distillers will probably take as much liquor

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Barleycorn Mars

from bond as they are able before the bill goes into effect, and the act, therefore will be unable to prevent its sale. Prices will go up, of course, and whisky speculation will be lively.

The question may be raised as to whether the anti-liquor forces actually advanced their cause as much as they believe they did. While they have made whisky a prisoner of war, with the laudable motive of conserving the grain supply, they have failed in making the United States "bone dry," and have furthermore incurred general criticism for their tactics in lugging in by the heels an issue that delayed an important war measure.

The New York World, the strongest of the administration papers, under the caption "More Dangerous Than Spies," discusses the "dry" lobby in the following:

"It is certain that the liquor question was not raised by men who are patriotically concerned about the food legislation that is vital to the winning of the war. It was not raised by men who are interested primarily in the defeat of Germany and the overthrow of a murderous autocracy. It was not raised by men who believe in a national unity of sentiment toward the great cause in which the United States is enlisted. It was not raised by men who are trying to aid democracy in battling down imperialism. It was not raised by men who are seeking to give victory to the American flag without needless waste of blood and treasure.

"Unless the object was to muddle the food bill, there was no apparent object whatever in this miserable exhibition of fanaticism, hypocrisy and treachery.

"Congress has not been honest in this legislation. It has not been honest even with the prohibitionists whom it has pre-

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CASSEL in New York Evening World

The Autocrat

REHSE in New York World

Traffic Regulation

tended to coddle, for they have been used to mask the operations of food-speculators and extortionists who dared not fight the bill in the open."

The New York Times brands as pernicious an amendment which "not only prohibits the distillation of spirituous liquors from food materials while the war lasts, but, without any pretense whatever of conserving food supply, commands the president to take over all existing stocks of spirituous liquors in bond.

"There are," it adds, "approximately 250,000,000 gallons of spirituous liquors now in bond, and, at 75 cents a gallon plus 10 per cent., this would cost the government more than $200,000,000, while the loss of revenue from liquor taxation would increase the cost to the nation to more than $1,000,000,000. That sum would be added to the already enormous revenue bill."

The liquor fight in congress, according to the Cleveland Leader, went far beyond its original issue—the saving of grain during the war. "It is not a question," adds the Leader, "of saving grain, for example, which involves the fate of the great stock of distilled spirits held in bonded warehouses. It is true that if this liquor is to be taken by the government and used in the manufacture of explosives and in other industrial arts it will take the place, to some extent, of other alcohol which might be made of products available for human food. But this is an indirect and

CASSEL in New York Evening World

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Wished on Him

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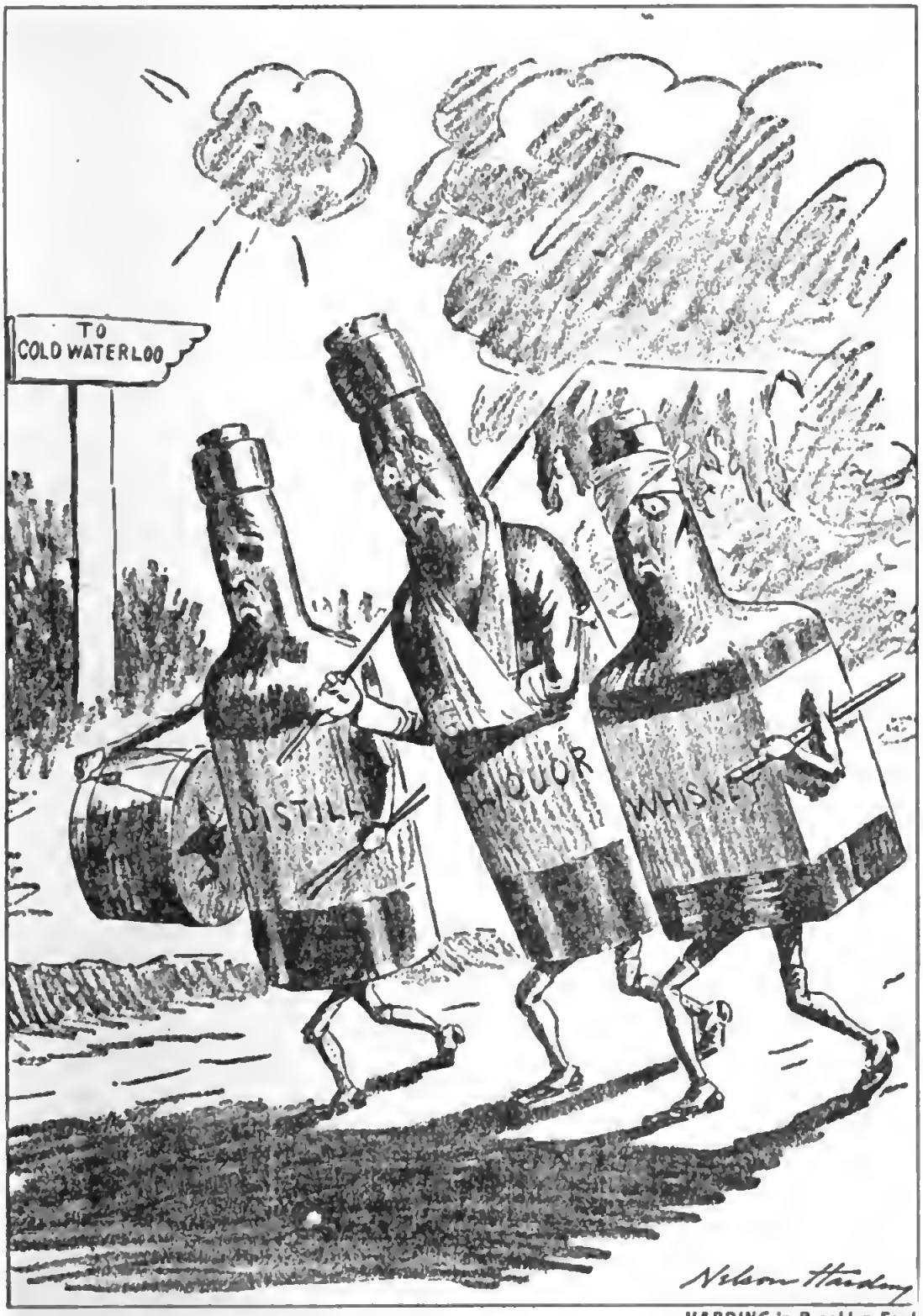

HARDING in Brooklyn Eagle

The Spirits of 1917

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SYKES in Philadelphia Evening Ledger

But, Mister, dis is crool an' unusual!"

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uncertain factor in the supply of grain for the needs of the country and its allies. Alcohol for industrial uses can be produced in great part, from wood and like materials.

"The real issue is not conservation of food so much as conservation of man power. It is the old fight between the 'wets' and the 'drys.'

"The entire issue is heavily charged with political dynamite and it is much more a matter of public morals and national conservation of man power than it is a question of food or economics.

"To carry this campaign to its logical conclusion the stock of liquors held by dealers all over the country ought to be taken off the market, for the period of the war.

"There is no logical reason why whisky in the bonded warehouses should be seized by the federal government any more than the whisky owned by liquor dealers and kept in their stores, as far as the question of food is involved."

HARDING in Brooklyn Eagle

A Dry Spree

DONAHEY in Cleveland Plain Dealer

Gitl

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From Kladderadatsch, Berlin

HOW GERMANY VIEWS THE

Marianne (to John Bull): "Devil! Don't you find your own hell hot enough?"

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From Lustige Blaetter, Berlin

WEST FRONT OPERATIONS

Tommy: "May I ask you for a light, my dear comrade?"

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That Much-

CASSEL in New York Evening World

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The Warning Shot!

PRESIDENT WILSON has scored another victory by wrenching from an unwilling senate the concession of a food dictator rather than a food commission. This is a triumph both for Mr. Wilson and for Mr. Hoover, the man picked by the chief executive for the job. The result is that the long-delayed food bill, much amended, and almost talked to death, will probably have become a law before these words are read. It should have been passed by both houses of congress by July 1. For more than a month it was held up by prohibitionists and politicians.

The former, seeing a golden opportunity to enforce prohibition on the country, desisted in their efforts to delay legislation only at the personal request of President Wilson. The politicians were not so considerate, although they yielded in the end.

The average newspaper reader is somewhat at a loss to understand the opposition which the proposal to appoint Mr. Hoover a dictator developed. Apparently here was a man self sacrificing and efficient, capable of handling the job, and with much practical experience gained from feeding the Belgians. They overlook the fact, however, that men of Mr. Hoover's caliber give their services to the country for nothing; that assistants to a man of his sort are chosen not for how many votes they can deliver, but because of their ability. And theirs is a labor of love, too.

Such revolutionary ideas it is not given to the politician to understand. The professional member of congress, always suspicious of one-man power, cannot see why commissions are not more effective than individuals. Given a commission, there is an opportunity for "patronage" by appointing some "worthy democrat"—or possibly some worthy republican to serve, with the chances of finding employment for a crew of relatives or hangers-on at reasonably good salaries.

However, as the war progresses, we are liable to see more dictatorship and less politics. The recent Goethals-Denman squabble over the ship-building program points out the importance of doing things and not talking about them eternally. Similarly, if we are to feed the allied nations and keep America supplied as well, the time has come to do something about it and quit talking.

The farmers, fortunately, have done their part, and, thanks to them, we are assured an abundance of vegetables and all kinds of

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Delayed Food Bill

grain with the exception of wheat. The corn crop will exceed last year's by more than 500,000,000 bushels. There will be more than 200,000,000 bushels of oats more than were harvested a year ago. A potato yield of 452,000,000 bushels is promised as against last year's 285,000,000. The wheat crop also is larger than that of 1916, but with Europe demanding some 400,000,000 bushels from the United States and Canada, our present crop of 678,000,000 will have to be used sparingly.

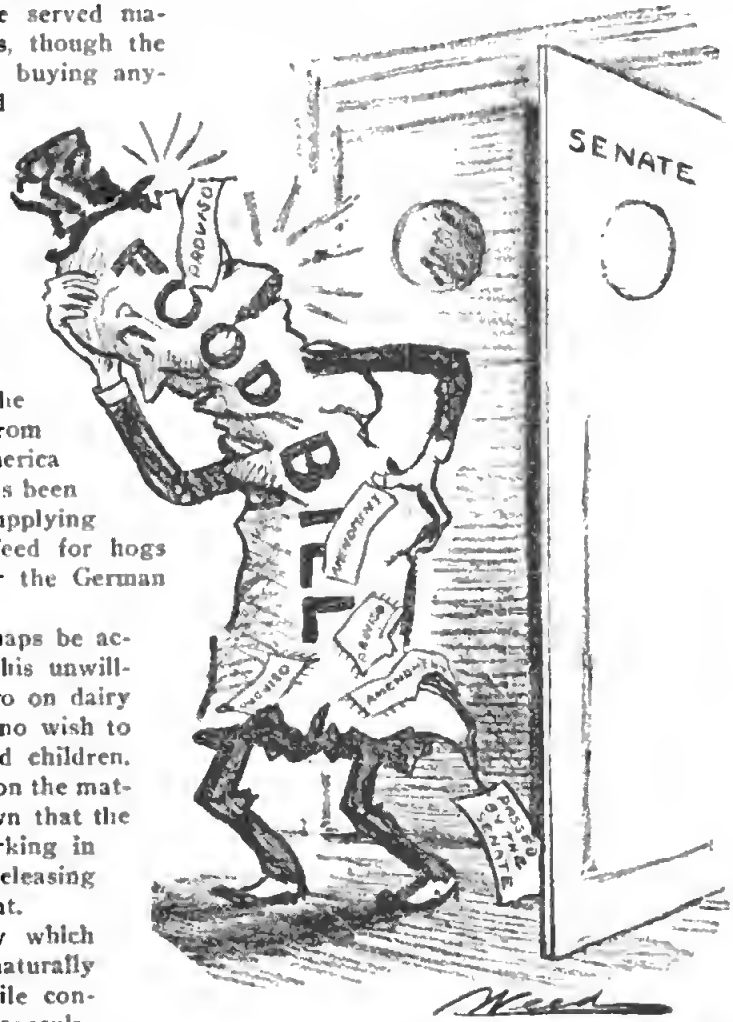
Good harvests, combined with government food regulation and the embargo that recently went into effect, have served materially to bring down prices, though the great American dollar is not buying anywhere near as much as it did before the war.

Possibly the hardest blow we have struck as yet at Germany was the proclamation of a food embargo regulating our exports to the neutral nations. Germany has been able to keep on fighting as long as she has because of her imports from the Scandinavian countries and from Switzerland. Meanwhile, America in supplying these neutrals has been either directly or indirectly supplying Germany. Thus American feed for hogs has become pork sausage for the German army.

President Wilson may perhaps be accused of soft-heartedness in his unwillingness to declare an embargo on dairy products, stating that he has no wish to starve Germany's women and children. A different complexion is put on the matter, however, when it is shown that the women and children, by working in the munition factories, are releasing thousands of men for the front.

The aggravating delays by which the food bill was held up naturally aroused many protests. While congress has been talking, food speculators have been reaping a harvest. As the Providence Journal puts it, the country is thoroughly tired of obstructionist senators who by "irrevelant amendments" and "the splitting of hairs" failed to agree on the provisions of the bill in the broad spirit of patriotism. As for Mr. Hoover, the Journal adds, "the American people have complete confidence in him and his ability to meet the responsibilities to which the administration has destined him.

"The public demands that foodstuffs shall pass from producer to consumer at fair figures; that greedy speculators shall be barred from excessive profits, and that there shall be no interruption of



WEED in Philadelphia Public Ledger

Out at Last!

CARTER in Phila. Press

Company in the Kitchen

CARTER in Philadelphia Press

Fire!

the orderly flow of these commodities. Opponents of all such reasonable demands are, wittingly or unwittingly, helping Germany in the war. They may profess the most patriotic intentions, but the net result of their tactics is to encourage the enemy and postpone the day of American and allied success."

Says the New York Tribune:

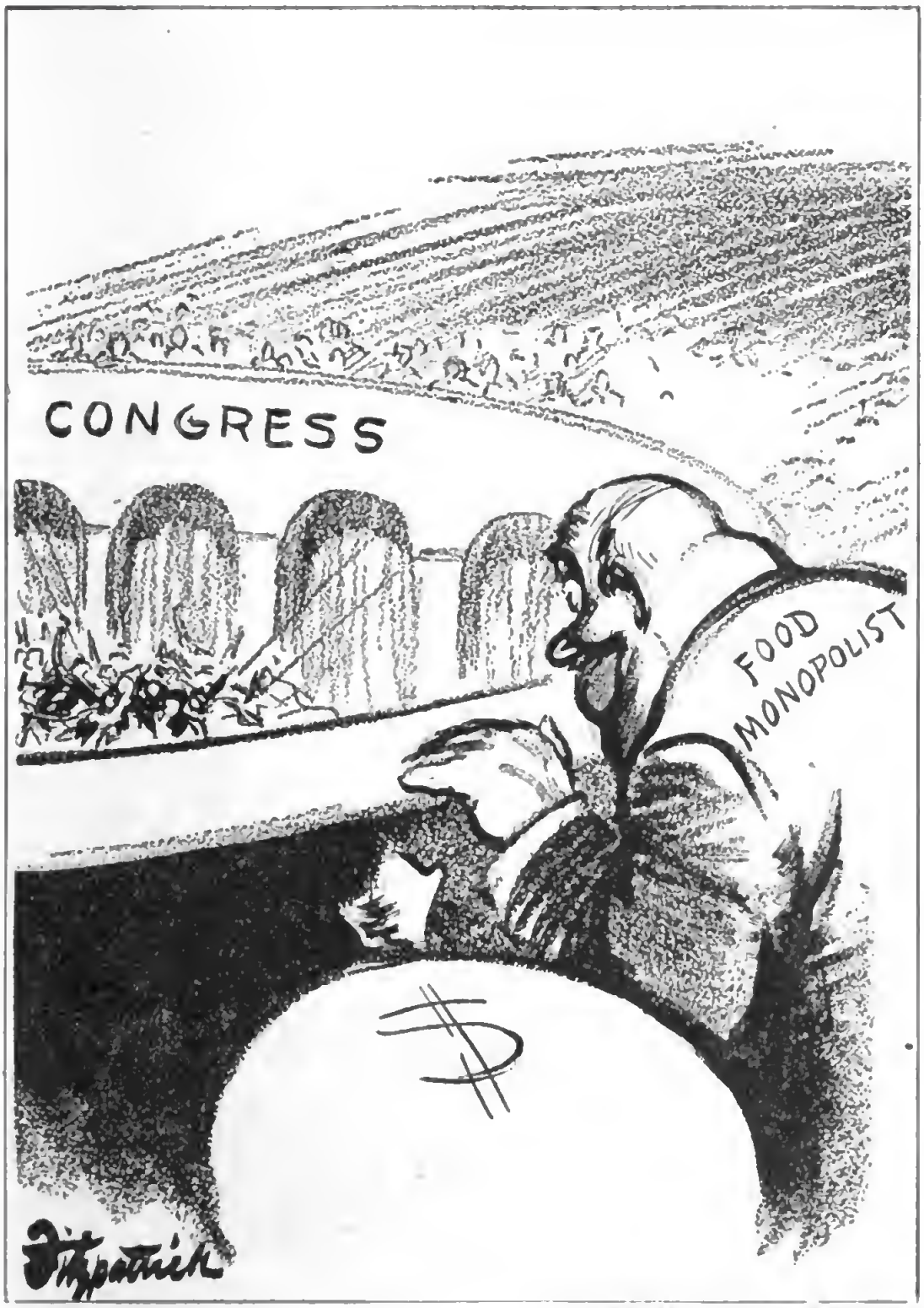
"The initiation of a food control system—a war measure of the highest importance—has been delayed for several weeks by the secret or open opposition of those who benefit from the old methods of manipulation and extortion. Precious time has been lost and the public has been obliged to pay artificial prices for food at a moment when compulsory profits of that sort to speculators and all-the-traffic-will-bear distributers ought to be outlawed.

"From the beginning the main thing in view has been to suspend the flagrant system of profiteering which the distributers of food supplies have been permitted to establish. This odious monopoly has had the public by the throat for years. All efforts to break its grip through criminal prosecutions under the Sherman anti-trust law have failed ignominiously. It is no help to the public to send a few food extortionists to jail if the system is allowed to go on turning out profits for them even during their incarceration. To fine them is simply to invite them to recoup themselves out of the pockets of the consumer.

"What the country needs, even in time of peace, is a rational control of the machinery of food distribution, which will restore sound economic relations between food producers and food consumers. To create that control has been a task beyond the imagination and will of our weak-hearted and indolent lawmakers. But war, with its inten-

CARTER in Philadelphia Press

Patriots Will—Others MUST



FITZPATRICK in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Who Yelled "Prohibition?"

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KIRBY in New York World
All Yelping at His Heels

sified demands for national organization, cannot tolerate governmental weak-heartedness and indolence. Congress has now been forced, willy-nilly, to cast out the old monopolistic system—at least for the duration of the war—because that system is an obstacle to military efficiency."

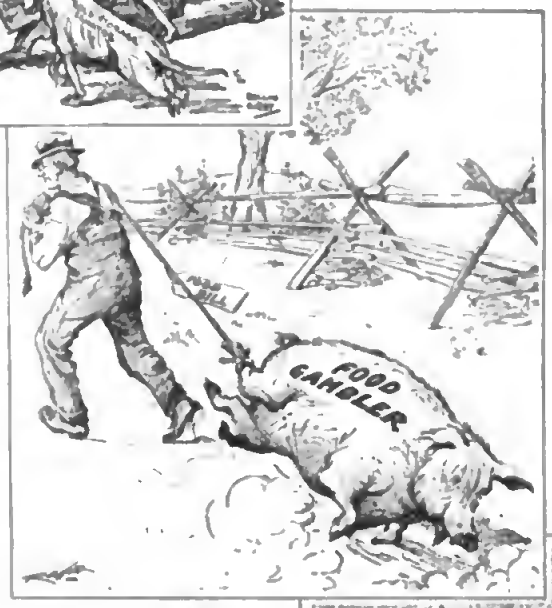
In a satirical editorial on the ways of congress the New York World declares that politics, not legislation, has been the rule with this hody, and proceeds:

"Congress lives in a universe of its own, a universe of patronage, of pull, of secret influence, of manipulation, of posing, of pretense and of buncombe. There is no worse place than Washington to reach an understanding of the political sentiment of the country. There is no place in which a smaller percentage of men is concerned with the sentiment of the country as a whole. Senators and representatives are not thinking of the country. They are thinking of their states and their districts, and in particular of the elements, political and financial, that they have to deal with personally in obtaining renominations and re-elections.

"In the first flush of enthusiasm that followed the declaration of a state of war, congress forgot its customary occupation. It has now returned to its trade and is playing politics with the war. This is especially true of the senate, which has developed the business of politics far beyond anything that the house is capable of carrying on."

Despite the protests of neutrals who are literally placed between the devil and the deep sea by the food embargo, the American press generally supports the measure. Says the Philadelphia Public Ledger:

"President Wilson's embargo proclamation comes none too soon. We have been feeding the German people much too long for our own welfare and for the good of the cause in which the nation is engaged. It has long been manifest that American exports of food, fuel and steel products,



RENSE in New York World
Back to the Pen

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CASSEL in New York Evening World
The New Lock

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CESARE in New York Evening Post

Their Allowance

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CLUBB in Rochester Herald

No More Bones for the Dog

DONNELL in St. Louis Globe-Democrat

"You're through buying from me!"

STINSON in Dayton News

Stuck and Squealing

DARLING in New York Tribune

High Time to Enforce That Food Embargo

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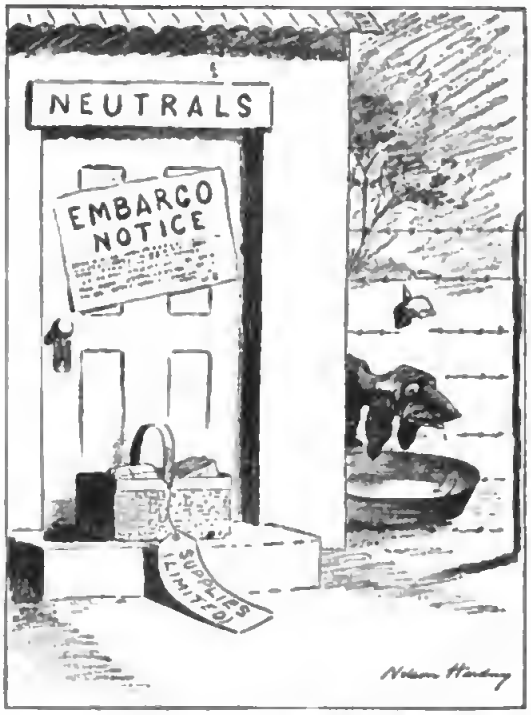
consigned to certain European neutrals, have been in volume far in excess of the needs of the countries to which they have been sent. It has been equally plain that these excessive exports have been, whether legitimately or otherwise, an important factor in determining the domestic prices of these necessaries of life and industry.

"No longer will we be giving aid and comfort to the enemy with one hand while with the other we are feverishly preparing to strike heavily 'to make the world safe for democracy.' The means by which we are going to stop this abuse will unquestionably work hardship upon nations with whom we are at present in relations of amity. The embargo may have the effect of forcing present neutrals into the maelstrom of the war, for some of them are in no position to dictate terms of commercial intercourse to the Teutonic powers. They are as much dependent upon Germany for coal, for example, as Germany is dependent upon them for food supplies.

"But this is something which, while we may regret, we cannot help."



HARDING in Brooklyn Eagle

No Surplus for the Dog

DONAHEY in Cleveland Plain Dealer

"There is just one way to do it—and do it quick."

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WAR GARDENS

by Mme. Leonie

FABIANO in Le Rire, © Paris

THOSE of you who love fruit trees will remember through years to come how, in the spring of 1917, the Boches in their retreat toward the French border cruelly, uselessly, and savagely laid low the blossoming cherry, plum, and pear trees, the children's joy of the peasants' orchards, leaving a trail of waste and devastation.

The order was so stupidly barbarian, so tinged with base hatred, that even the German staff that had issued it seemed to feel (if that were possible) somewhat ashamed of the act, though they had, as the German commander told the mayor of Noyon, erased all words of pity and humanity from their vocabularies. At least the instructions given the German officers forbade the soldiers mentioning this vandalism in their letters to their families. A strange delicacy, one might say, in men who always brag about Zeppelin exploits and mass drownings! Possibly they feared to arouse in the German farmer the peasant's innate veneration for the soil and its orchards. And, indeed, no other destruction wrought by the Huns has so incensed the soldiers and the people. For us the Boches will forever remain "those who cut down fruit trees."

How many cherished blossoms of our soil has the war not blighted! Yet, in the early summer when Paris is so beautiful, so voluptuous, the air filled with the perfume of acacias, the war has fostered the flower of love, not so sweet, perhaps, as in the far-away days of peace. Sweethearts still promenade, but with a more serious mien than formerly, for happy moments are now fleeting.

All the strings of life are tuned to a higher pitch. The other day a young poilu told me: "We just came from the Gare du Nord, and were marching down Rue LaFayette fully equipped, for we were leaving for the front at nine, when we ran into a crowd of striking midinettes. They all wanted to kiss us. As for myself, I must have been kissed fifty times. Ah, well, there were some pretty ones among them, but too much is too much, and we began to sing Massenet's chanson:

"'Si j'étais jardinier d'amour,
Je te cueillerais tes caresses.'"

(If I were Love's gardener,
I would cut off your caresses.)

Gardens were very much à la mode this summer, especially vegetable gardens. I do not refer to such gardens as Willette's picture shows us—a sweet peasant girl in the becoming Lorraine bonnet, the bonnet Directoire, who, with one finger on her lips, watches the cabbages in her window boxes—cabbages from which little poilus have sprouted. I should perhaps tell you that in France—I do not know whether it is

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OF FRANCE

Bernardini-Sjoestedt

the same in America—the fiction is that baby brothers grow in cabbage heads while little sisters come from the smaller, perfumed chou des roses. Thus the cabbage plays in France the same rôle as the stork in other countries.

I can still remember my little boy, then three years old, running to me with a cabbage head that the gardener had just cut, in his baby hands. A big caterpillar had been severed by the knife, and half of it was still wiggling.

"Look!" exclaimed the little fellow, indignant at the irreparable damage; "little brother had already started!"

It is this childish belief to which the child in Micheline Resco's drawing gives utterance while, with her pretty mother, she is planting vegetables in the boxes on the balcony. "Mother," she asks, "if I plant a Brussels sprout, do you suppose I'll get a little Belgian brother?" In that case it would have to be a brother of the size of the flea in Hans Andersen's delightful fairy story.

Another amusing drawing by Delaw shows us the army of vegetables—the beets, potatoes, corn, cabbages, and turnips, driving from the garden of the chateau the useless plants that give joy only to the eye.

One must set an example, and I have been told that sumptuous country places are now proud of their big potato patches and beds of peas and beans. To tell the truth, I haven't seen these things myself, and at such country estates as I have visited, have discovered no vegetables outside the soup. In the beautiful Jardin de Bagatelle, Richard Wallace's gift to the city of Paris, the groups of rare tulips were as gorgeous this year as before the war, and neither les Champs-Elysées nor les Tuileries has seen any invasion of radishes and onions. Only in the dikes of the fortifications can one see from above some patches of greenery which have replaced the former grass plots.

Potatoes were high this summer. Wishing, however, to serve my country in any way I could, I arranged with a city official to cultivate his municipal allotment of 200 square metres for half of the harvest. I summoned my cook and addressed her thus:

"No doubt, Marie, you have planted potatoes in the country in your time?"

Marie comes from fine old Breton stock, and her ancestors, sturdy peasants that they were, had tilled the soil for generations. To whom should I come for agricultural advice if not to Marie?

"Of course I have," she answered unsuspectingly. "I know all about potatoes."

FABIANO in Fantasio, © Paris

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GEORGE DELAW in La Baionnette, Paris

The Troops of Vegetables, Taking Possession of the Park, Drive Back the Flowers to a Previously Prepared Position

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Marie had fallen very neatly into my trap. "Well, Marie," I continued, "how many potato hills could you have in a patch, say as big as this room?"

With the eye of an expert she measured the length and breadth of the room. Then:

"Voyons, I would plant one here, one there, and one there."

With the tip of her shoe she marked the places on the rug where the theoretical potatoes were to grow.

"That would make one . . . two . . . three . . . four rows," she went on enthusiastically.

"Now, Marie," I said, "I have been offered a piece of ground to raise potatoes on."

"What, Madame!" Marie was very skeptical. "What, Madame! I suppose you think one can raise potatoes like that. It isn't everyone who can do so. Now you city folks will find out that you need us farmers . . . And who, pray, is going to take care of Madame's patch?" Marie was seized suddenly by a vague uneasiness.

FOURNIER in La Baionnette, Paris

The Angelus

For Marie, as I must explain, is a "lady." She has bought herself a long crèpe veil which she drapes from her hat in honor of the brother-in-law of her aunt's husband who died from a malady contracted in the trenches. It is ever beautiful and pathetic to wear mourning for a war hero. Marie is afraid of a lame back, and she dislikes to tire herself.

"Marie," I persisted, "you know that Mlle. Tintiu adores gardening; she is admired by tout le monde; and I had counted on you, and would even help you myself."

Here Marie exploded.

"I should just like to see Madame plant potatoes when one cannot even get any to eat! And where is Madame's patch? At Bagnolet? Madame will have to go through Paris in the métro with her hoes. And where is Madame going to buy hoes? They will cost money. And who is going to guard Madame's potatoes when they are ripe? The Apaches will use them for their stews —so they won't be altogether lost, anyway. . . ."

"But, Marie," I protested, "the Apaches have to eat as well as we."

However, I lost the battle. But I know a peasant who has written to me that everything is flourishing on his farm and that he will sell me all the potatoes I want. Yet, if these potatoes ever reach my house in safety, I shall be one of the favored few, for unfortunately many of the fields lie fallow in France. The peasant woman works hard all the time but in spite of her love for the task she has not been able to add to her ordinary burden the entire duties of the man now at the front. And so, if I should not get potatoes for the fall and winter, I shall, I think, have many companions in distress.

Meanwhile, out of the war gardens of France have grown many rare plants. The widened brotherhood of peoples fighting in the same cause is perhaps the most precious of these. The trials of war have brought into closer relationship classes who formerly lived their lives apart. The general custom of adopting soldiers as "godsons," so bene-

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ficial for the morale of the army, has by a natural development led to the social intercourse between the families of the godmother and the godson. Nor is there a bourgeois family in even the most modest circumstances but has something to give, and so has its clientele. Not long ago I received from an incapacitated soldier whom I used to visit in the hospital, and who now has been back at his home for more than a year, an invitation to be godmother to his little girl.

With a beautiful patriotism he had named her France-Esperance-Victoire — France Hope Victory.

Hope in a just and speedy victory is the loveliest flower that springs today from the robust soil of the garden of war.

And victory—is it not coming nearer day by day?

The Hindenburg lines are being swept back from the beloved soil of France, and the No Man's Land of yesterday will soon be golden with the ripening grains. Northern France is beginning to bloom again, and the soil, enriched with the blood of our brave defenders, will give forth with more abundance as if to repay them for their sacrifice. One can almost imagine that the waving fields and the green garden patches are words of hope from them.

Yes, much of the blackened country is now gold. The growing crops have softened the rough outlines of the shell craters and the obliterated trenches. Where the armies were fighting last year today the women and children have taken possession and are busy with the spade and hoe. The farm buildings and farm implements may be demolished, but at angelus you may see the villagers, the old men, the boys and girls, and the mothers, standing with bowed heads, with the consciousness of a day's work well done.

And it will not be long now until the sloping thatches replace completely the ruins, burying all traces of the modern Hun. Already the cheery call of chanticleer, the neigh of horses and the lowing of cows are heard above the distant thunder of the heavy guns.

With the help of America, to whom France gave Lafayette, the day of victory will be brought nearer, the scattered crosses where the unknown dead lie will be wrapped in foliage, and France will again become the land of vineyards, golden fields, and orchards.

MICHELINE RESCO in La Baionnette, Paris

"Mamma, if I plant a Brussels Sprout, do you think I'll have a little Belgian Brother?"

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"Victory"—A Charming Cartoon Pose

Miss Janet Shearon as "Victory" in the allegorical play "Humanity" given by society folk at Wood Manse, Greenwich, Conn., for the benefit of the fatherless children of France.

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To a Girl Violinist

By Roscoe Gilmore Stott

WHAT do you see with your soft, still eyes?
(Tenderly, tenderly,
Steals out the melody!)
Whence comes the gleam of their glad surprise?
Deep in their tinting a warm light lies;
Youth is a-tremble and Childhood dies;
Love has awakened and singing, sighs!

What do you hear with your tone-tuned ears?
(Eagerly, eagerly,
Leaps forth the melody!)
What is the call that the pink shell hears?
Innocent still of the undreamed fears,
Gently you weave us a song of tears,
Coming from bosoms of close-masked years!

What do you feel with your love-stilled heart?
(Soothingly, soothingly,
Whispers the melody!)
When did Life teach you your own dear part?
Back of your bow is the hand of Art,
Guiding our souls with its lyric chart,
Blessing our throng in a songless mart!

Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Alice Harvey

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by A. H. Folwell, - Drawings by Will Crawford

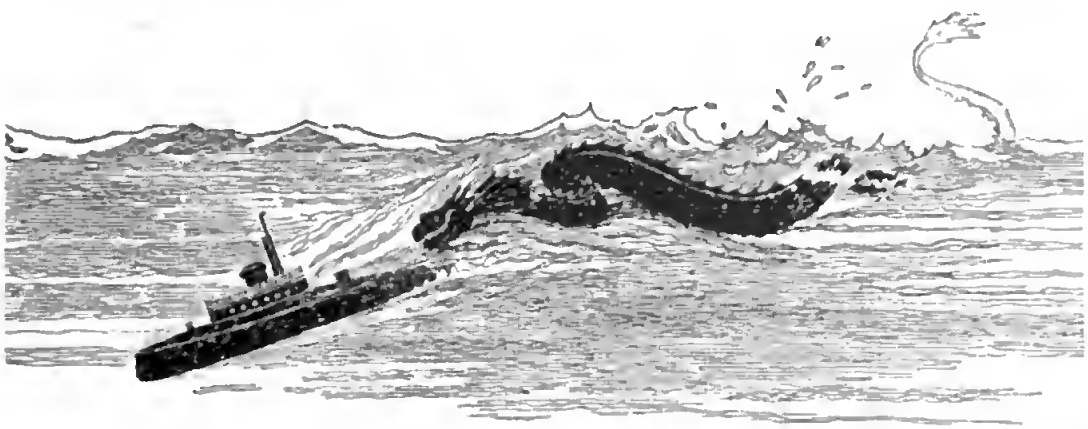
A SERPENT and a submarine
Were swimming side by side.
The submarine, of warlike mien;
The serpent, crafty-eyed.

The "sub" was of a German make,
And German was its crew;
The serpent, some have called a fake.
(And so, perhaps, may you.)

The submarine was out for prey
Along New England's shore;
The serpent, simply out to play
As oft he'd played before.

The serpent saw the submarine,
And dipped his starboard fin;
Then, sleuthing in its wake of green,
He grinned a knowing grin.

For, listen! from his foremost spot
Down to his sternmost view,
He was as keen a patriot
As all New England knew.



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For forty summers 'long the coast
He'd played at seek and hide;
For forty summers; 'twas his boast,
His happiness, his pride.

He knew of each big beach hotel
The bland proprietor;
He knew them all, and knew them well;
Their service stripes he wore.

And when he saw that submarine
A-scudding through the sea,
"No Kultured craft shall get between
My friends and me," quoth he.

He took his time, the serpent did,
So good his plan appeared;
Kept just beneath old ocean's lid,
And swam where Kultur steered.

The hostile craft drew close to shore;
The bathers fled in fright,
Then turned to look and marvel, for
The serpent was in sight.

He never roared or hissed or blew,
But wide his jaws did ope,
And deftly, neatly, bit in two
The German's periscope.

Now up and down New England's beach,
Cape Cod to 'Quoddy Bay,
The serpent keeps an eye on each
Strange craft to head that way.

And when the summer boarders hear,
Off shore, a crunch, crunch, cr-runch,
They cheer; 'tis music to the ear—
That periscopic lunch.

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At the Follies

by Ethel Plummer

Drawn for Cartoons Magaz

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Contributed Verse

THE LAUGHING MOON

THE moon came out with a laugh last night,
A cloud like a grin on its silver face
Packed round with the rest of the web, spun white
By an unseen loom in an unseen place.

And I said, "O Moon with the ragged smile;
As you jest o'er mountains and smirk o'er seas,
What monster joke does each light-washed mile
Yield you of its unveiled mysteries?"

And the moon leaned forth from the gracious skies.
"I can see a land full of broken things
That look up to me with their strange dead eyes
And I needs must laugh at the sport of Kings!"

—M. Forrest, Brisbane, Australia.

SOLILOQUY OF A TELEGRAPH POLE

SOMETIMES I hunger for the old content,
Which it was mine in winsome woods to know,
For leafy trysts where happy songsters spent
A moment's rest—for lily ponds aglow:
Sometimes I crave the secrets that I held
Of all God's lesser charges night and day,
Before the woodman swung his ax, and felled
And bore me from my native haunt away.

Sometimes I weary for the nodding grass,
Which dreamed about my feet; the trustful vine
That clasped my form; the lilt of lad and lass;
The nocturnes of each lullabying pine:
Ere jealous man ordained the lasting loss
Of flowered nooks where rythmic waters swirled,
And shaped my naked frame into a cross,
To bear the human burdens of the world!

—Ralph M. Thompson.

OCTOBER WOODS

I HAVE seen it raining gold—
Countless millions, wealth untold,
Such as Midas loved of old,
Covering all the earth.

I have seen great rubies shine,
Hundreds of them, line on line,
Crimson, glowing, like old wine
Or embers, on a hearth.

I know where bright copper grows—
Where a wealth of topaz glows—
I've seen opals, flame and rose,
Full fifty feet in girth!

Silver? Yes, that comes in showers,
Turning leaves and grass and flowers,
Through the brilliant evening hours
To things of wondrous worth.

Oh the wealth October flings!
Oh the beauty that she brings!
Who would sing of pallid springs
Who had seen Autumn's birth?

—Mary Dickerson Donahey

THE CARTOONISTS

A FEW deft strokes, the growing outlines fill,
And swiftly bring to birth
A hit of humor, wrought with keenest skill,
That stirs a nation's mirth.

Again from ink lines clear the message came
A stinging truth to tell,
And with his grafted honors and his fame
A rotten idol fell.

Once more the blended lines their challenge bring,
And like a gleam of light
They show that honor is a sacred thing,
And make a nation fight.

To you who hold this rare, thought-guiding gift,
May truth's advancing dawn
Shine through each mighty message as you lift
Your pens to lead us on!

—George B. Staff.

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DEVILTRY

by Hugh McHugh

Clara Clovenhof: "That gink who came here yesterday must have delerium tremens."
Sahara Splitfoot: "I should say he had! This morning at breakfast he insisted that my tail was hissing at him.

Vera Vampire: "The volcano acted up something awful last night."
Bessie Brimstone: "Can you blame it? We threw a food speculator down the crater."

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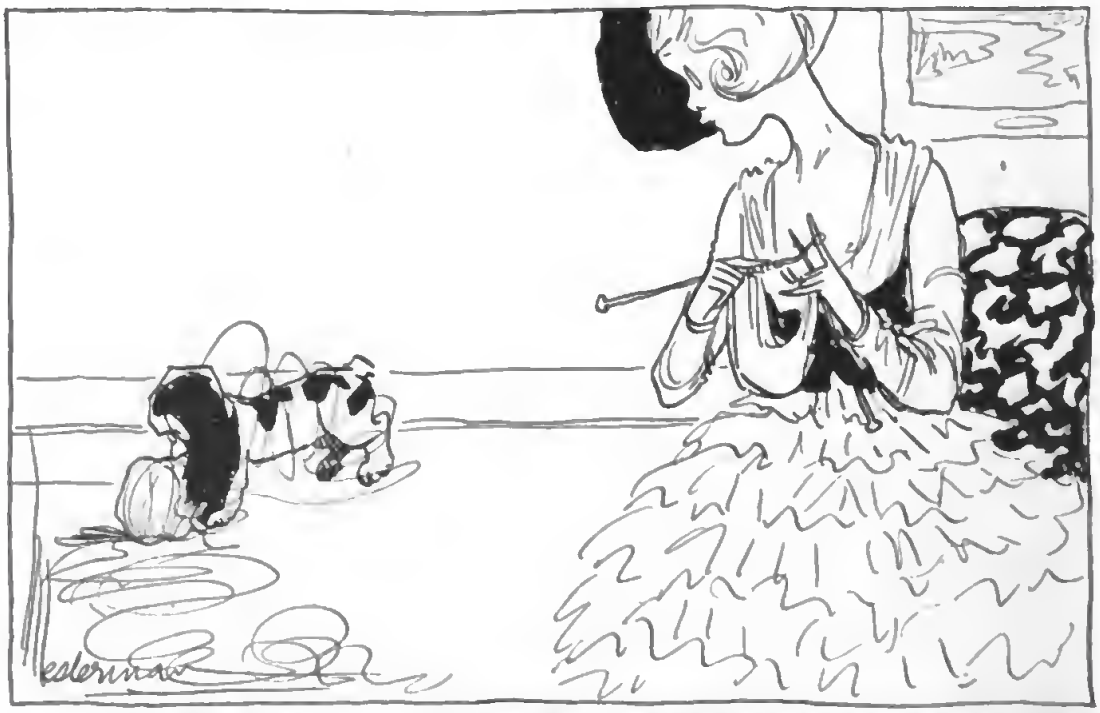
The Young Lady Across the Way

By Harry J. Westerman and Robert O. Ryder

The young lady across the way says women have done their part in every great war in history, and she doubts if Napoleon would ever have won the Battle of Waterloo if it hadn't been for Joan of Arc.

The young lady across the way says she's afraid business must be feeling the pinch of war, as she overheard her father say that if these conditions kept up much longer all his liabilities would be wiped out.



The young lady across the way says it's simply fine to see the big business interests so eager to help their country in this emergency, and she sees by the paper that the bidders on government supplies are already in collusion.

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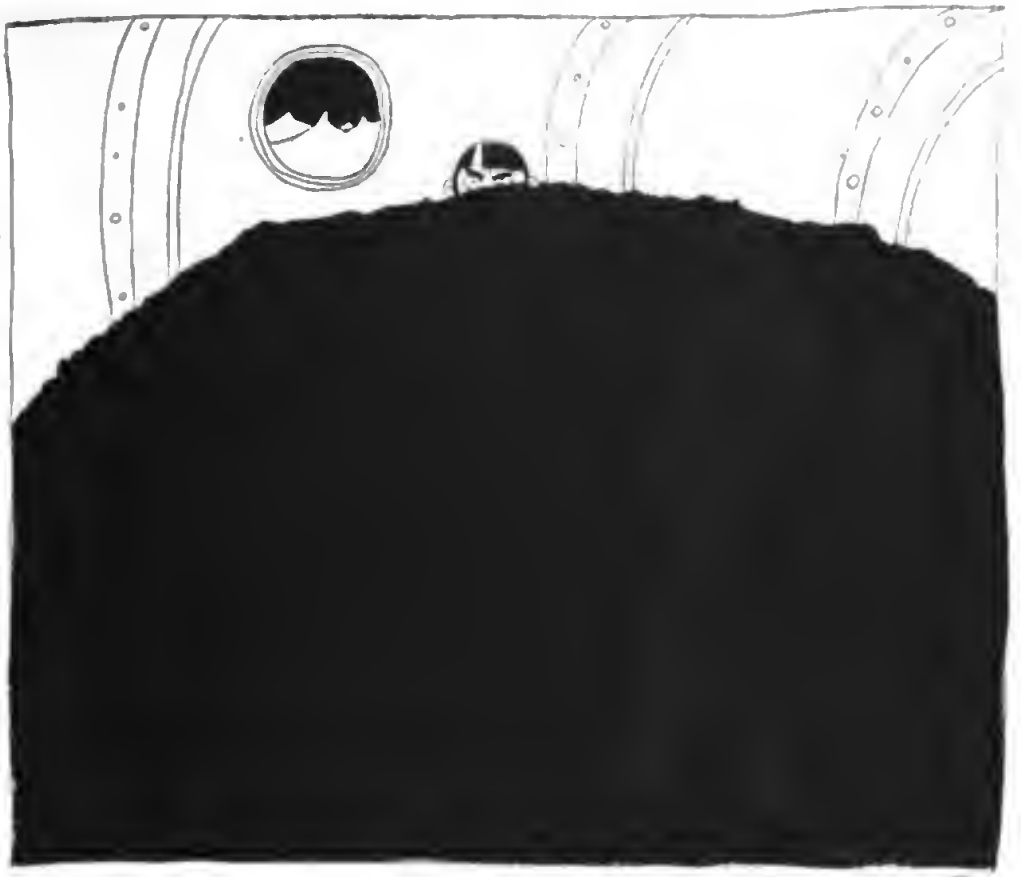

ONE CANNOT BE TOO CAREFUL—NOWADAYS

BY RALPH BARTON

TWO shots rang out in the night. The small, dark man had done away with, in his wife and daughter, the sole witnesses to the enterprise upon which he was about to embark. It was a regrettable measure of caution but a necessary. Dead women yell down no dumb-waiter shafts, and besides, if the worst came to the worst, he could get off by pleading insanity or Shavianism (see Tanner's speech, Man and Superman, pp. 22 and 23). He was going about a rather delicate business and going about it with the care and finish of a true artist.

With a sob he tore his gaze from the lifeless forms of his loved ones and let himself down into the areaway by several sheets tied together. As soon as his feet had come in contact with an ash can, he whisked out a set of black false whiskers and tied them to his face with clumsy, amateurish fingers. He slipped into the dimly lighted street and encountered a policeman. The policeman cast an expert's regard at the whiskers and failed to recognize them as false, but the small, dark man had had a terrible half a moment. He twisted the whiskers around till they hung down his back instead of over his necktie and crept into the next street. A home-guardsman took him for a Russian student plotting against something or other in power at the moment and raised his night stick in salute to a fellow savior of democracy. The small man clicked his teeth together quickly in order to prevent his heart from bouncing to the pavement, grinned a ghastly grin and fled into the darkness.

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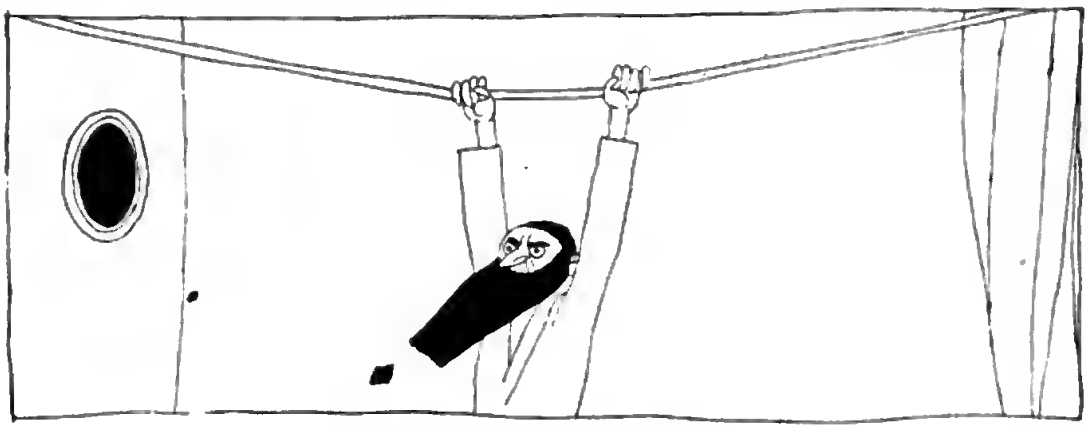
He Encountered a Policeman

Concealing himself in the depths of the East Side, he completely merged his identity with that of many Russian Jews. He found himself on the edge of an open-air Pacifist meeting, but observing that a secret service man had marked him as an alien enemy, he gave three cheers for war, and fled before the mob could catch him. Here it became necessary to commit another deed of violence. A sandwich man, returning from his day's labors, was seized upon and stripped. Doubly disguised in the beard and sandwich, he made his way through tortuous dark alleys, crying "Rags—ole iron." Hunger was gnawing at his vitals, but he waylaid a small German child on its way home from a saloon with pretzels. Detection became momentarily more certain, yet nothing, he resolved, could swerve him from his purpose.

At three in the morning he reached the docks and located a huge freighter, loaded with coals and bound for Newcastle. He slipped down a cable and entered the hold of the boat by a porthole where he lay buried to the neck in semianthracite for fourteen days without food or delicatessen.

When the ship docked at North Shields, our little man threw himself into the Tyne and swam to Newcastle where he rented cheap lodgings and ate fifteen or twenty weal-and-'ammers before breakfast time. When lunch time arrived he had discarded the whiskers, shaved off his eyebrows and secured a job in a coal mine under the name of Knut Vennerskjöld. During the luncheon period he explored the mine and located the deepest shaft and deposited, between two rich veins of coal therein, his dinner pail.

The next morning before going to work he filled his mouth with benzine and held it there until the noon whistle blew. Then he went into the shaft where he had left his dinner pail and placed the benzine in it. This process he repeated daily until the pail was brimming with the explosive liquid. On the evening of the last day he



He Slipped Down a Cable

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waited in the shaft until the last of his fellow craftsmen had gone home and, standing alone in the gloom, quickly disrobed. Next his skin, wrapped tightly about his body, was a torn and tattered piece of pink, gray and slate-colored cloth. This he snatched off and cast into the pail of benzine. In a trice he had touched a match to it and scampered up the ladder into the elevator and thence into the open air. The flames licked the coal and leaped from shaft to shaft until the entire mine was a roaring Hades. As far as is known it is blazing yet.

The small, dark man made his way back to the States and resumed his old manner of living. His friends noted no change in him, but sometimes, of a night when he is all alone, he chuckles to himself and rubs his hands together in glee at the memory of the clever way in which he disposed of the old American flag, which he had had floating from his dining-room window until it had become ragged and faded by rain, wind and sun and replaced it with a new one, without being accused of insulting the flag and being shot for treason.

THE JOURNEY

OH, we's gineter hab to travel,
An' we's gineter travel fast;
Dar is trouble to unravel,
An' we'll face it to de last.
Maybe it's an aeroplane
Dat floats above de scene;
Maybe we'll jes' take a train
Or else a submarine.

Maybe we'll be goin'
By de plain old-fashioned rule,
Our energies bestowin'
On de guidance of a mule.
Some will wear de overalls
Instead of neat display,
But when de voice of duty calls
We'll all be on de way.

—Washington Star.

The Kid: "That larst lot ev sossidges you sold farver nearly killed pore ole gran'mar!"

Skewer: "And I s'pose the little story is that father wants his money back—eh?"

The Kid: "No charnce! He wants annuver pound ev sossidges!"—Sydney Bulletin.

He Touched a Match to It and Scampered up the Ladder

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Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by John C. Argens

SOMEWHERE-BY-THE-SEA

She: "I see where they have captured that clever hotel robber."
He: "That so? What hotel did he run?"

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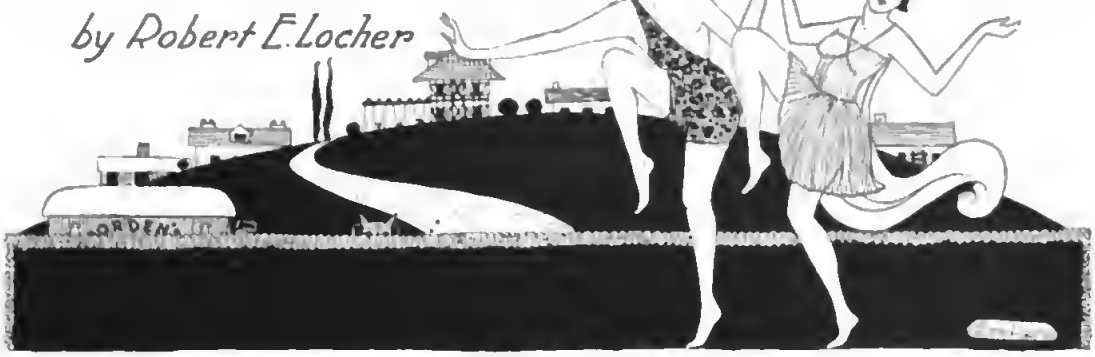
THE CLASSIC DANCING CRAZE

by Robert E. Locher



IN THE SUBURBS

Instead of Taking the Old-fashioned Morning Walk Agile Young Couples Now Salute the Morn Like Thie

AT TEA TIME

The Air No Longer Filled with the Strumming Tunes of Fox-trots. We may Exprese Our Gaie More Freely

ON THE COURTS

Impeded No Longer with Awning Stripea, Blazers, Panamas, etc., Devotees of the Claesic Dencing Craze Play Tennia Much More Grecefully

Drawn for Cartoons Magazine

ON THE LINKS

The High Teneion of the Crucial Moments of a Thrilling Two-ball Foursome is Now Done Away with. The Contestants are Permitted Silently to Express Their Emotions

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THE GANGPLANK GLIDE

ONCE upon a very modern time, there lived—or rather, there existed—a blasé young gentleman by the name of Reginald Baggold. He belonged by birth and training to that small minority of the population which is known as "the idle rich." He had nothing to do, and all the time in the world to do it—a combination of conditions which is a sure producer of languor.

Reginald, however, was not content with his lot de luxe. He was not satisfied with being a mere receptacle for the Baggold fortune. He felt a strange throbbing within himself which somebody told him was ambition. He wanted to "be somebody;" to strive and accomplish; in other words, to have as good a show as a poor boy had.

He did not breathe these strange yearnings aloud. It is doubtful whether his associates would have understood him if he had. Reginald kept them discreetly to himself, and yearned and yearned aimlessly. One evening the Baggold steam yacht put in at a busy wharf to take on a fresh supply of truffles, ruddy duck, and alligator pears; and as Reginald was lounging limply in a wicker chair under the after awning, he noticed the extraordinary activity of the men who were removing trunks from a big river steamer close by.

There were a great many trunks, and in taking them from the boat to the covered wharf, the deckhands hustled in a line, like a string of boys playing snap-the-whip. Reginald as a boy had never played snap-the-whip, but he had occasionally seen happier boys playing it in the park. First down the gangplank came a deckhand; then a trunk; then another deckhand; then another trunk. Deckhand, trunk, deckhand, trunk—and a long line of alternate blue jumpers and baggage.

Reginald sat as one fascinated. His ambition throbbed violently in his breast. He flushed and turned cold by turns. Opportunity was knocking at his door.

SOCIETY, particularly the "Younger Set," was in a perfect ecstasy of excitement. Dinners were forgotten; teas were out of date. Society thought of nothing, cared for nothing, but a marvelous new dance, the invention of Reginald Baggold. It was called the "Gangplank Glide." Reginald's ambition had been realized. He had become what secretly he had yearned to be—a useful member of—capital S—Society.

There were taps and trots and dips aplenty in the new dance, but all such were mere fillers, mere incidentals of the most incidental sort. The great big feature was the glide. Blasé society had first gasped, then cheered. It was something like a cotillion figure. First came a man; then a girl; then another man; then another girl. Man, girl, man, girl,—so on down the line. The girls did not dance; they were carried. With the exception of the first and last men on the sparkling line, each man supported the head of one girl and the feet of another.

"Wasn't it clever of Reginald!" chirped the Younger Set delightedly. "Such a dear!"

"And it only goes to show," those of the Older Set said sagely, "how mistaken one may be in a boy. To look at Reginald Baggold, you'd say he could never amount to anything."

Riches are no barrier to success.

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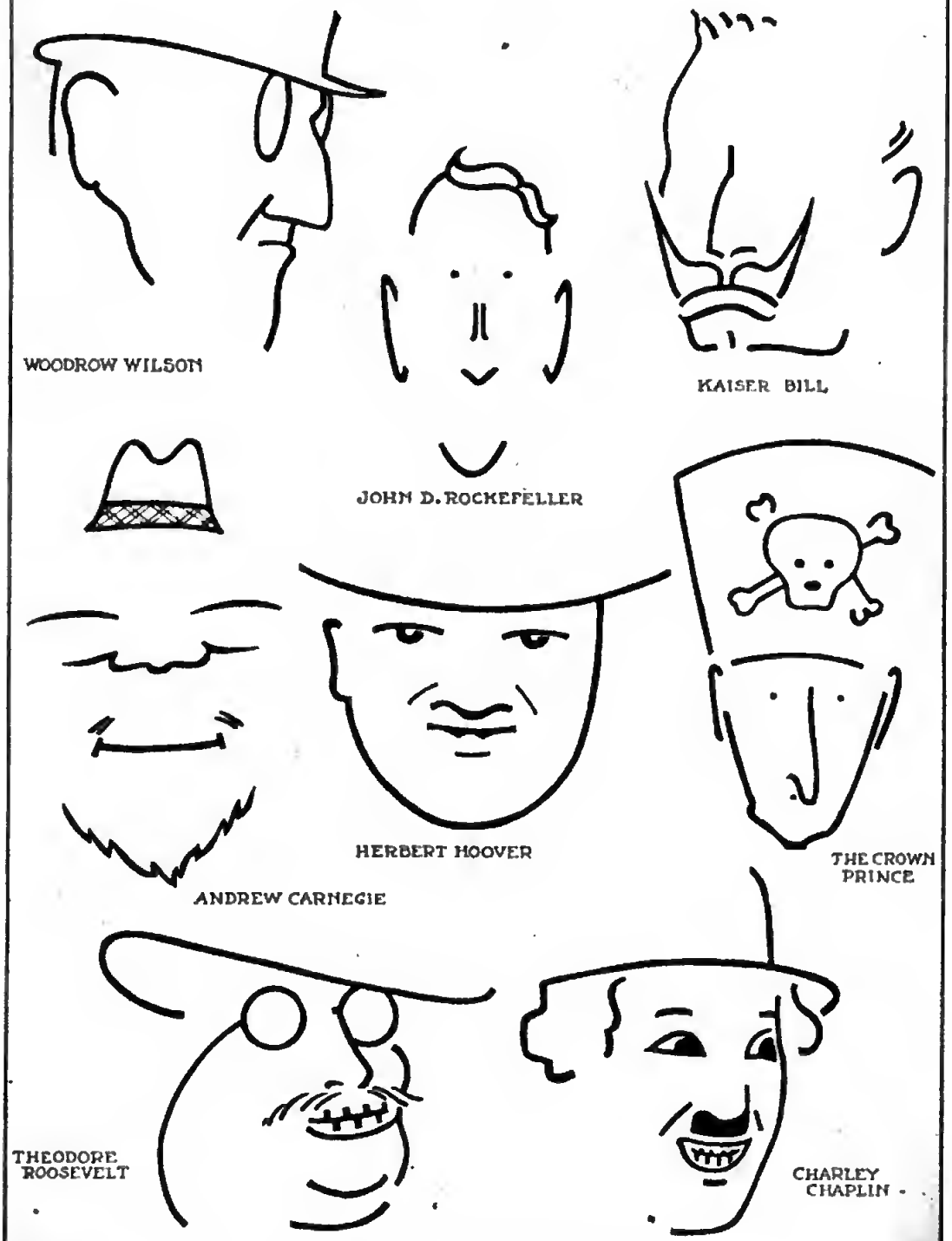
Shorthand Notes of Celebrities

by Harvey Peake



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine

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In Sofian's

by S.M.

SOFIAN'S garden is an artfully hidden, delightful little refreshment bower in Old Manila. If you know the ropes you can reach it by a shadowy, silent lane leading between crumbling, latticed Spanish houses in a singularly roundabout fashion, to an obscure little gate in a high, ugly stone wall that opens upon a veritable paradise.

On a golden afternoon in the cool season, I had just seated myself with the latest newspaper at a table that overlooked the blue-and-gold glimmer of Manila Bay, when a rustle of silk at my back caused me to glance quickly over my shoulder. There stood a girl from Maddin's realm, with a dark, exquisite face and eyes like black pansies, cloaked in a long dust-covered garment that revealed the glint of jewel-weighted gauzes beneath its straight, severe folds.

"Oh, Major Renworthy, please don't think me unforgivably bold for following you here," she apologized a little breathlessly, with the simplicity of a distressed child. "My carriage turned into the Calle Real just as you crossed the street and it came to me, on the instant, that you would, perhaps, help me in getting a last message over to Charley Devant, on the Maryland."

She pressed a steadying hand to her breast as if to stay the too-rapid beating of her heart. "I had a difficult time getting away from my chaperon," she confessed, in still lower tones. "She was taking me to my betrothal reception in our new Manila home, and I had to invent a lie, on the spur of the moment, about sending an important message to an official friend of my father's. I ran into a Spanish house and the hostess, whom I know well, permitted me to cross the rear garden wall. And here I am."

"I see," was all I could think of to say at the agreeably surprised moment. Never had I seen a face quite as beautiful as that which now looked up so appealingly and trustfully to me, and the sight of it stirred some all-but-forgotten fancies,

I had Seated Myself at a Table That Overlooked Manila Bay

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Garden
Gifford

I Watched the Little Boat Skim Across the Bright Stretch of Water

staid, oldish bachelor that I was.

"I have come to you, major, because you are a good, true friend of Charley's," she said in a voice that suited her exotic loveliness perfectly.

Not being Major Renworthy or any other notable, but only a commonplace middle-aged American tourist, it surprised me somewhat to be mistaken for a military celebrity whose name had grown familiar to me during my stay in Manila. I instantly resolved to rise to the demands of the rôle that Fate so oddly had thrust upon me.

"You are quite right in coming to me in Charley's behalf," I warmly assured the Arabian Nights girl. "But why all this perturbation? Has anything serious happened to Charley?"

"You surely have not forgotten that he is leaving to-day for his Samoan banishment?"

"His banishment!" I fenced tentatively.

"Oh, you know very well that Captain Powers got Charley that obscure appointment so that he would have no possible chance of ever meeting me again." The girl smiled rather bitterly. "Not only that. Captain Powers has so surrounded Charley with spies that it is quite impossible even for him to send me a farewell message. He is on shipboard now," with a wistful glance toward the distant harbor where the black and gray bulk of a transport lay at anchor.

"And why, pray, does Captain Powers concern himself so unpleasantly about Charley's affairs?"

"Because he has discovered that I love Charley, and he is jealously determined to prevent me from holding any communication with him. My engagement to Captain Powers has been announced, you know." All the sparkling radiance died out of her young eyes at the mention of Powers. It was very plain that she hated him as ardently as she loved Charley Devant.

"You surely are not going to marry Captain Powers—the supercillious old fossil!" I indignantly protested.

"My father orders it. You know his will—"

"Bosh to his will!— You love Charley Devant and he loves you. This is the twentieth century; you are both sane and white and free, and therefore at liberty to love and marry as you choose."

"I would give all but my life to be free to marry Charley!"

"Then marry him—if he is worthy," I emphatically advised.

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By that time I had recalled the gossip of my loquacious hotel table-neighbor who had kept me posted on the social affairs of Manila in which the people mentioned by this girl figured conspicuously. The girl herself was Naida Brent, only daughter of a very rich retired cocoa planter. Brent had married a high caste Malay beauty in his romantic youth, and she had bequeathed her splendid heritage of oriental loveliness to the daughter, together with the blight of the Eurasian caste. Brent was now about to remedy matters by marrying Naida to elderly Captain Powers whose social importance could give the girl a fine position. She loved Charley Devant with all her heart and for that reason Powers had secured for Charley a life-appointment in Samoa after he had contrived to cast a shade on the latter's service reputation. Anyway, Charley was being hurried off pell-mell, without a single chance of bidding farewell to the girl he adored.

It appeared, then, that the gods of destiny had thrust a pretty big job on my shoulders, and I resolved to acquit myself as well as possible. There was no time to lose as Charley's boat was to pull out within two hours, and the captain, Ballington Jones, was in Powers' pay, therefore no messages could be delivered to the exile except by military orders. It was ten to one that Jones had never seen a written word from Major Renworthy, and if so, I could safely count on deceiving him with a forged signature.

"I will send your message," I promised, "on condition that you wait here for the answer."

She straightway fell to writing the farewell letter, and meanwhile I consulted Sofian, who was a rarely genial old oriental philosopher of many strange and stirring adventures. He cheerfully aided me, first by sending an imperative order, signed by Major Renworthy, to Charley Devant, to present himself immediately at the home of an American army chaplain. He would be escorted back to the Maryland in due time for the scheduled sailing.

Secondly, Sofian sent a messenger to the chaplain's home to conduct him and Devant to the Garden, with a special marriage license secured from the Faculty office by written order of Major Renworthy.

The girl wrote on, and now and then a tear blotted out a word. I watched her with reminiscent sadness, in spite of the fact that I confidently hoped to bring about her happiness. Being old-fashioned and a bit sentimental, I was wearing my mother's quaint old wedding ring on my watch charm, out of sight, but not out of mind, for a double reason. It had been given me by my mother some ten years ago for the girl I then expected to marry, but who died within a few days of her marriage date. I have never owned anything more precious than that little gold band with all its bitter-sweet associations; yet, because it came to me that my bride to-be of long ago would want me to dedicate it to Naida Brent's happiness, I resolved to part with it.

So the girl's letter was dispatched, and she settled back in a garden seat in an attitude of deep sadness. I tried vainly to brighten her spirits by assuring her that Charley would doubtless do exceedingly well in Samoa, which is not at all a bad place for ambitious young Americans. Suddenly her exquisite face gave me the signal to rise and walk away. I sauntered out to the water's edge and looked at nothing in particular while she met and talked with radiant young Charley Devant. When I finally turned and looked into Charley's eyes, over the girl's shoulders, a surge of amazed color crimsoned his face, showing me that he instantly knew me for an impostor. But he was game at that. He recovered his poise by the time I had crossed the few steps that separated us.

"Take her—if you are worthy of her, Charley Devant," I said as I slipped the precious little wedding circlet from my chain into his hand. "And see that you make her as happy as I wanted to make the girl who would have worn this ring if she had lived."

He caught my hand in a crushing grip. "I don't know how you ever can be thanked enough for this act," he assured me in a voice that warmed me through and through.

The chaplain's acquaintance with Major Renworthy was, fortunately, as slight as Naida's, wherefore he did not question my identity. I signed the marriage papers and passed them on to Sofian who, being a law-abiding American subject, was as good a witness as the law required. The sub-

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I Sauntered to the Water's Edge While She Met and Talked with Charley Devant

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sequent ceremony was perfectly valid and binding, notwithstanding the papers bore the forged name of a superfluous witness.

Sofian had, by that time, secured a little motor launch to transport Devant and his bride from the garden to the Maryland, for it would have been impossible for them to have gone aboard by any of the tenders, as the bride's mystified chaperon had certainly sent out an alarm by that time. I watched the little boat skim across the bright stretch of water, with the bridal pair waving their eager thanks, until it slipped back of the stately bulk of the Maryland. Then I dismissed the pleasant-mannered chaplain with a proper fee, and sat down to enjoy my delightfully interrupted reading over a cup of Sofian's superlatively fragrant coffee.

I was late at the dinner table that evening, but my loquacious neighbor was waiting for me over a long-drawn-out desert, with an exciting morsel of news.

"The most extraordinary thing happened this afternoon," she began at once with an air of extreme relish. "Naida Brent disappeared on her way to her betrothal reception. She left her chaperon on the pretext of delivering an important message to a Spanish family, and entered their house but was not seen by any of them. The entire detective force of Manila was set to work within an hour, and it was finally discovered that she had met Charley Devant in an obscure little coffee garden where a chaplain had married them. Naida's distracted father heard of the affair too late to prevent it, after the bridal party had already sailed for Samoa on the Maryland.

"The most inexplicable feature of the romantic affair," my informant went on with increased relish, "is that Major Renworthy arranged the elopement and then disappeared—fled, apparently. Brent and Captain Powers are now raking the city for him and they are furious beyond words But what can they do? Naida and Charley are legally married and on their way to the other side of the world."

"Well, well, romance isn't dead, then, as the pessimists would have us believe," I commented with a good deal of satisfaction. "May the young couple always remain in love."

"I can't conceive of dignified and stern Major Renworthy in the rôle of a matchmaker," my table neighbor observed. "He will have a hard time squaring himself with Mr. Brent and Captain Powers when they finally overtake him."

In truth, I was rather sorry for having put the worthy major in such an unpleasant predicament, for he surely would have a deuce of a time in establishing an alibi. But, on the whole, I was exceedingly well pleased with that hour's work in Sofian's delightful old garden.

The Bowler's Lament

By J. P. McEvoy

WHEN the names of beer and whisky
Will be ghosts of faded dreams
We'll be up against it sadly,
For we cannot name our teams.
All the Hoffbraus and Blue Rivers
And the Needleweise, et cet.,
Will be dead as Davy Crockett
And that's pretty dead, you bet.

We must name them for the flowers,
For the veg'tables and vines,
For the precious gems and metals—
For we cannot name for wines;
We will name them for the statesmen,
For the different makes of cars,
For the different brands of pickles
And the Pullmans and cigars.

Bowling news will read as follows:
"Hyacinths to Meet the Dills,
Eau de Onions versus Wilsons,
Underlands and Stomach Pills;
Bryans-Fords to meet Fierce Sparrows,
Lillies card a game with Soaps,
Artichokes and Liver Lifters,
Stronger teams than Flor de Ropes."

This will be our fate, Beloved,
When the whisky and the beer
Take their handy names and beat it
Far from hereabouts or here.
Teams now known as Braus and Mashes,
Blends and Brews, et al., et cet.,
Will be dead as Marco Polo—
Marco Polo's dead as yet.

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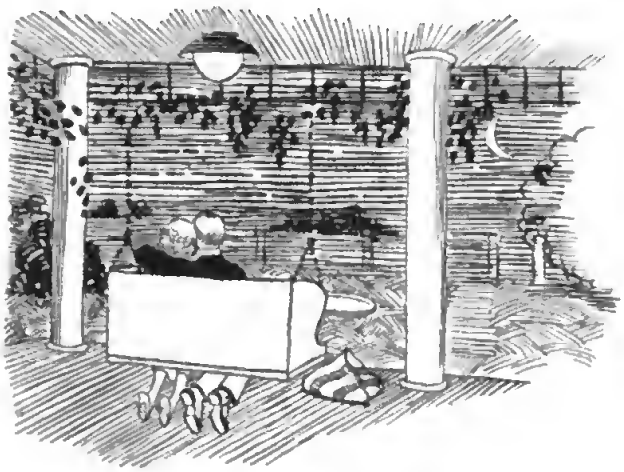
The Little Swing—

by Emily Brown Heininger and F. R. Morgan

Don't you remember the little swing
Where we so often sat?
While you would sigh and hold my hand
In the moonlight as we'd chat?



Don't you remember the vines and flowers,
With the little stars peeping through.
And how often we wondered
If the neighbors were peeping, too?

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Millinery Military

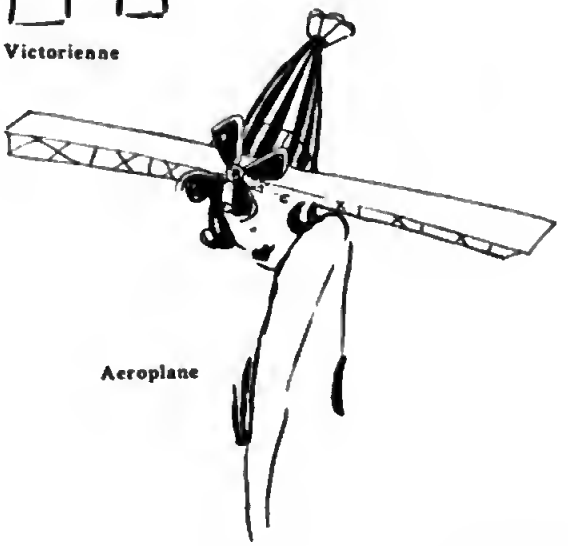
by Clara

Camouflage

Victorienne

The Battery

The Gas Mask



Aeroplane

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Marine and Modern Tice

Parrot

Garden and Home Defense

La Baionnette

The Monitor

Mascot

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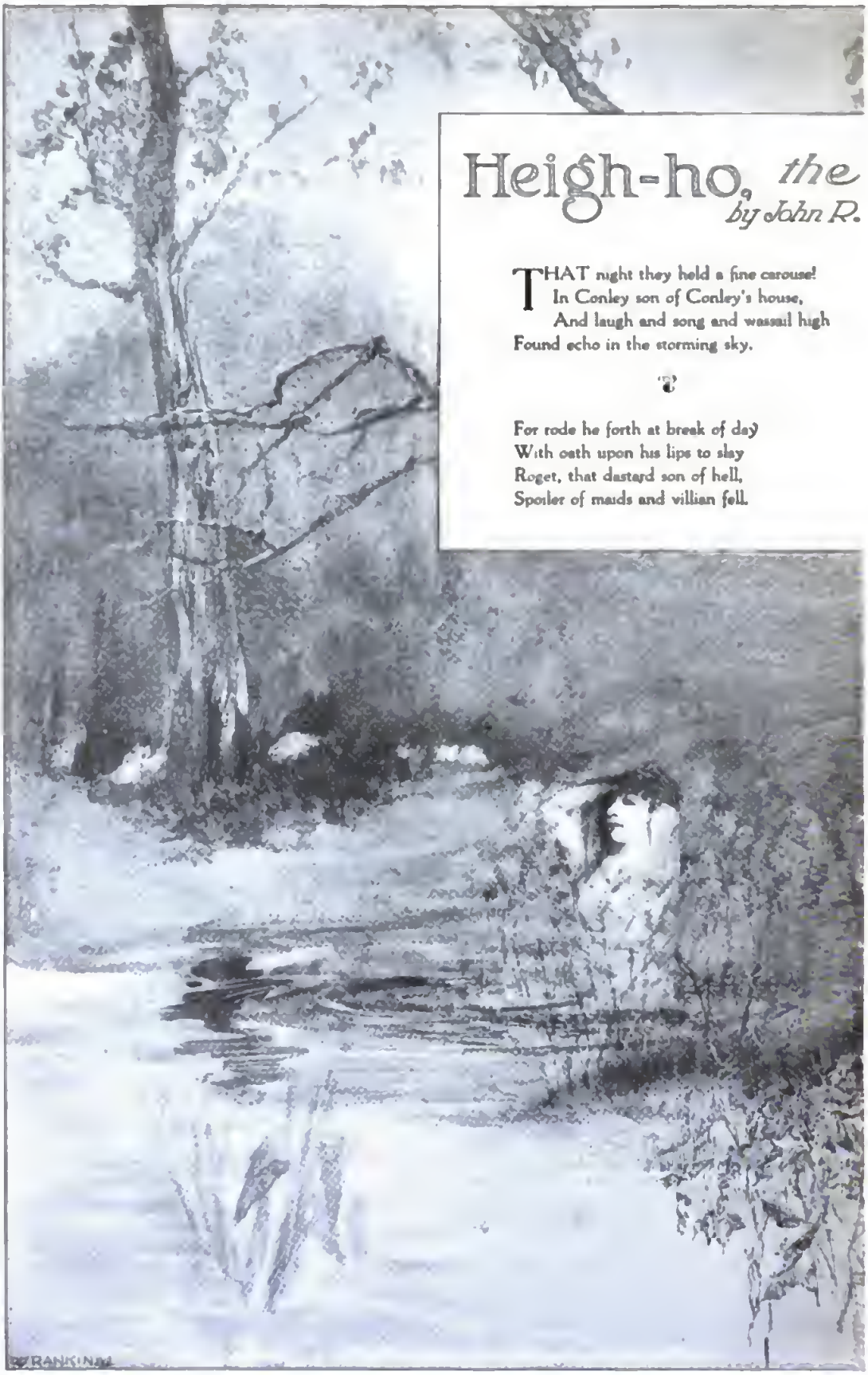

Heigh-ho, the

by John R.

THAT night they held a fine carouse!
In Conley son of Conley's house,
And laugh and song and wassail high
Found echo in the storming sky.

❦

For rode he forth at break of day
With oath upon his lips to slay
Roget, that dastard son of hell,
Spoiler of maids and villian fell.

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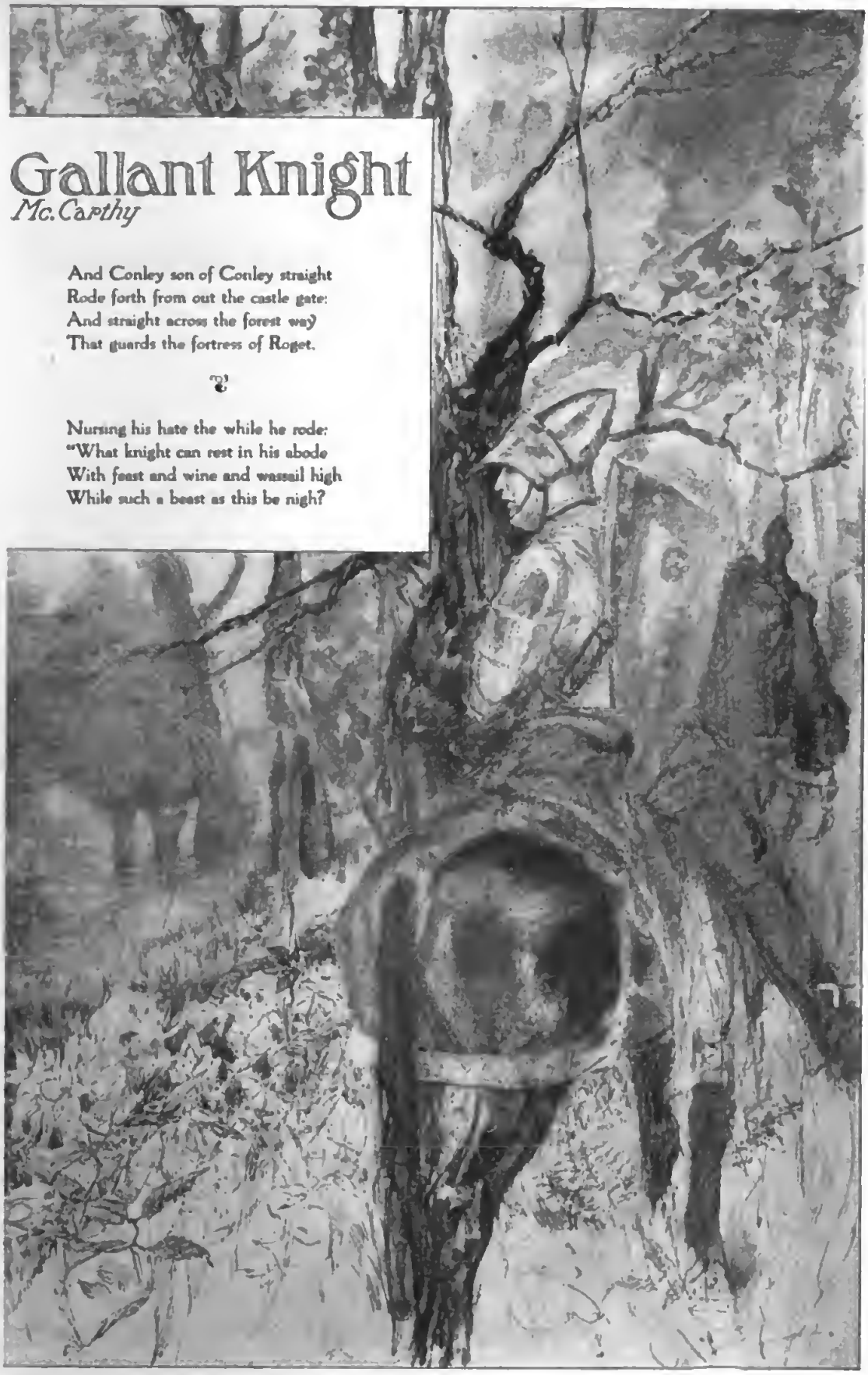
Gallant Knight

Mc. Carthy

And Conley son of Conley straight
Rode forth from out the castle gate:
And straight across the forest way
That guards the fortress of Roget.

Nursing his hate the while he rode:
"What knight can rest in his abode
With feast and wine and wassail high
While such a beast as this be nigh?



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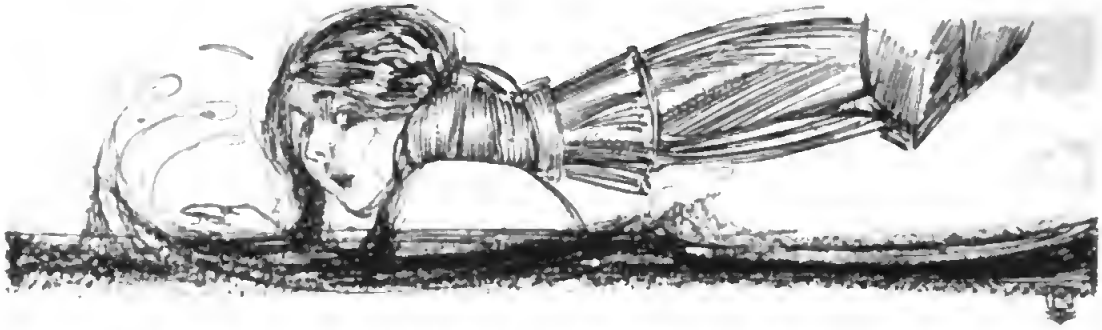

"For who can know what winsome maid,
What bold knight's sister unafraid
Will cower tomorrow in the den
Of this most devilish of men?

"There needs a valiant arm to deal
Roget the master-thrust of steel.
And mine the steel and mine the arm
To guard the country's maids from harm!"

Still rode he forth upon his steed
To rescue maidens in their need;
Nor stopped until a forest stream
Stayed his steed and stayed his dream.

For there beside the waters cool
Upon the green bank of the pool
Were silks and satins and velvets gay
Lying in sweetest disarray.

And double his charger's length away
In naiad freedom and girlish play
Within the pool a maiden lay:
The laughing sister of Sir Roget.

Then Conley son of Conley stared
At gleaming shoulders gayly bared
Above the pool's caressing brim,
And strangely sweet they seemed to him.

The jealous stream essayed to hide
The maiden's beauties in their pride,
While they rebuked each cool caress,
Veiled with a lovelier loveliness.

The young girl met Sir Conley's eyes
And terror stilled her swift surprise:
Whether to hide, or pray, or flee?
But straight into the pool rode he

And seized her where her midnight hair
Made her fair shoulders more than fair;
Before him placed the shrinking maid
And spurred into the forest glade.

That night they held a fine carouse
In Conley son of Conley's house,
And laugh and song and wassail high
Found echo in the storming sky.

Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Hugh Rankin

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Things That Never Happen!

Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Virgil E. Alford

Somewhere in France

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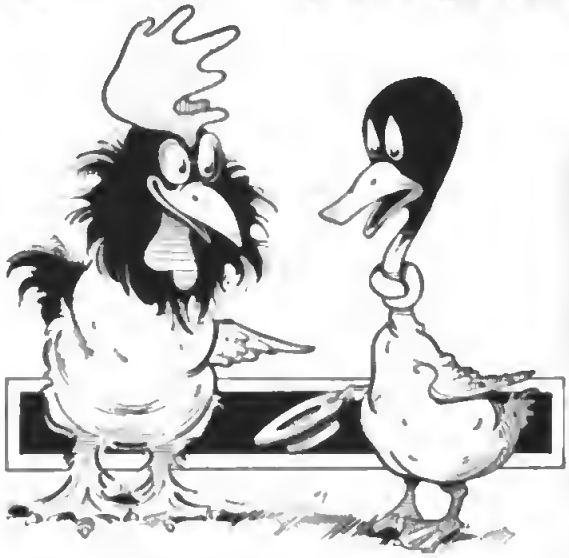
Our Dumb Animals

by John C. Argens



"What'e the idea, Doc, of putting thie knot in my neck?"
"That'e to keep the cold from going down and settling in your lunge."

The Bird: "Gee, but that fellow uses fowl language!"

"Great Guns, Joe, look at the fireflies! Let'e go down and have a light lunch."

The Duck: "What in the world have they arreeted you for, Henry?"
The Rooeter: "Great Scott, man! They have a charge of bigamy against me!"

Drawn for Cartoons Magazine

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Children of the Queen of Spain

Painted by Bendito, and shown at the recent exhibition at Madrid, opened by the queen herself.

PAINTINGS *of the* MONTH

WITH many patrons out of town, the New York art galleries just now are indulging in their annual midsummer siesta. Still the leading galleries have been displaying some of their finest pictures as a summer show, and have arranged them for the benefit of the tired business man who must remain in town, and for the ever-present holiday tourist. The conscientious seeker after art can, therefore, find much even in summer time to reward him for his pilgrimage.

The Kraushaar Gallery, for example, is showing a notable painting by Ignacio Zuloaga which is quite different from the circuit pictures by this Spanish master which have attracted so much attention lately.

The Kraushaar Zuloaga is entitled "Antonia La Gallega." Antonia is a little Spanish dancer, and is presented in a moment of repose, resplendent in her fringed and flowered gown. She turns her smiling face toward the spectator, showing an expanse of snowy bosom and neck. Her dark hair frames an oval face of decidedly Castilian type, and she wears artificial roses as adornment. Her left hand daintily lifts up a portion of her dancing robe, and her girlish figure is rendered highly effective, superimposed, as it is, upon a swirled background.

At the summer exhibition at the Montclair (N. J.) Art Museum William J. Baer has been showing his "La Penserosa." This is a study of a highly imaginative, highly sensitive young girl, her dark, rippling hair surrounding a face of peculiar wistfulness and beauty. She is reading a book—possibly a book of romance—and has marked the place in the love story while she goes on with her dreaming.

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Spanish Dancer

Shown by Ignacio Zuloaga at the Kraushaar Galleries.

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La Penserosa

Shown by William J. Baer at the Montclair (N. J.) Art Museum.

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Don'ts for Artists

by Ella Costillo Bennett

DON'T, when you send your vivid impressionist picture to the art exhibit, forget to mark which is the top, and which is the bottom; some careless employe is apt to hang it upside down, and leave the lover of art in such perplexity as to have to stand a half hour trying to comprehend whether it is a picture of "Sunset on the Bay," or "After the Battle, Mother."

Don't forget when you paint the green sky and the pink grass to add the blue cow.

Don't label your picture of fruit "Still Life." It is easy to see that it is still, but it is sometimes hard to find the life.

Don't leave everything to the imagination of the beholder. He can buy a puzzle at the ten-cent store and not have to spend a dollar to decipher hieroglyphics.

Don't make all your girls with red hair just because Titian liked it. The plain blondes, brunettes, and semi's are going to feel slighted if this auburn-lock business keeps on much longer.

Don't think that bome cooking and light housekeeping one night, and a champagne supper the next is going to make you a real artist. Few, if any, of the great artists hit the primrose trail. Bohemianism is left, very largely, to would-be artists. The great artists are busy with work—and dreams.

Don't, however great the temptation to be unique, sign your name in a freakish, bizarre way so the art lover cannot read it. It isn't good advertising, and unless the spectators keep their catalogs you are forgotten when the door is passed.

Don't label your pictures "Girl and Cat," "Woman and Dog." Artists, above all, sbould not be stereotyped, yet the titles of their pictures are nearly always so. Let the title suggest a thought if not a story. Writers do not entitle a story: "Woman and Her Husband," or "Girl and Her Sweetheart."

Don't ever think that art consists of a cluttered studio, flowing necktie and hair, and hilarity in a restaurant. It is noticeable that those who do especially good work leave posing to their models. Artists who command big prices usually dress like business men.

Don't think you have to marry your model because some writers bave made entertaining stories with that theme. In real life it is oftener the other way round. The wife becomes the model, instead of the model becoming the wife.

Don't lie awake nights trying to think up new ways of painting human beings, like Aubrey Beardsley must have done; the old way, is, after all, mucb better, and no artist can hope to improve on the original model at its best.

Don't copy Gibson's style of drawing by making everybody on a geometrical plan. Nature made curves in woman; so do not imitate one who tried to make angles supplant the original design.

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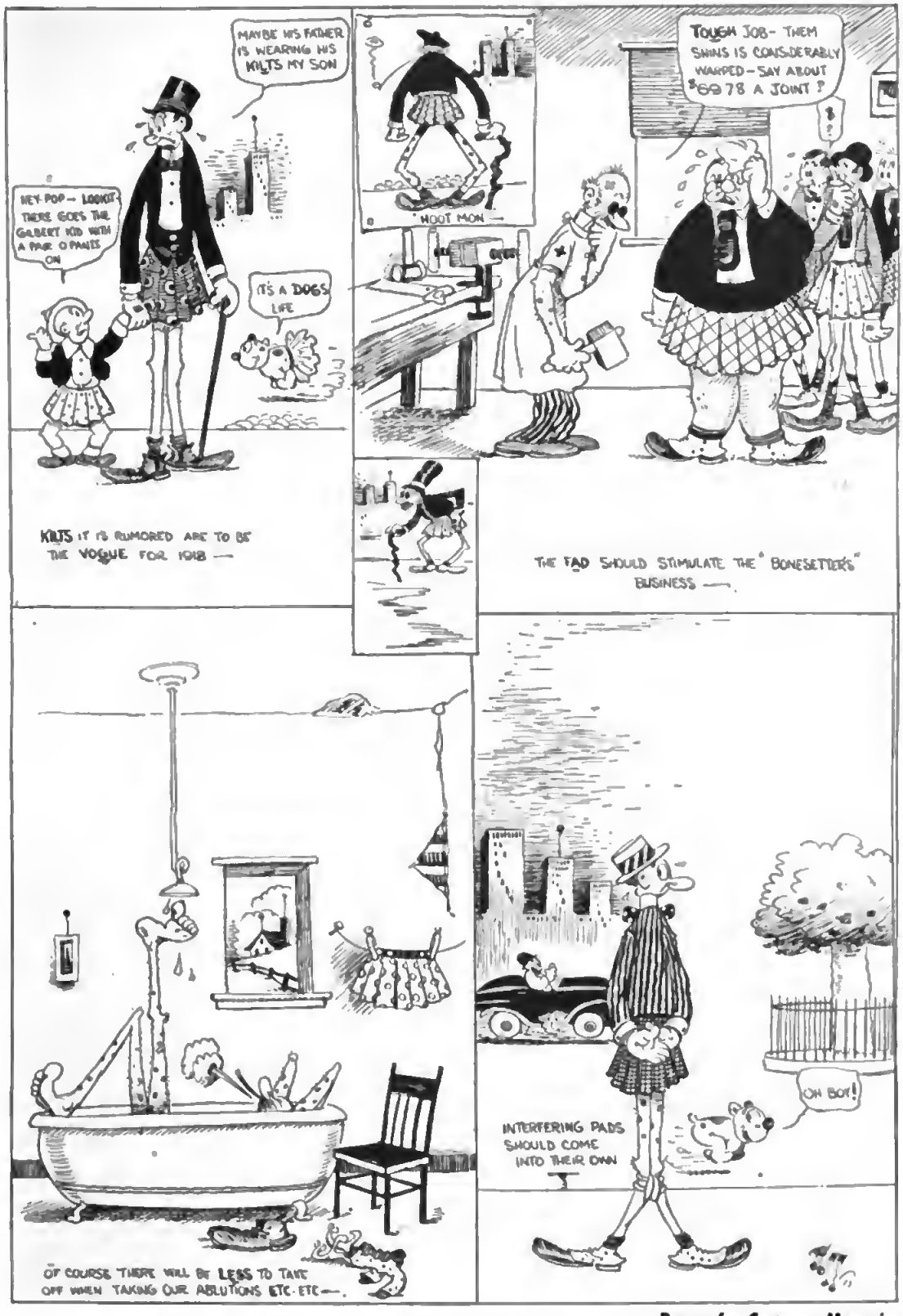

Drawn for Cartoons Magazine

WHEN UNCLE SAM STARTS CUTTING THE CLOTH

A Few Suggestions of What We may Expect When Kilts Take the Place of Pants

—by Oscar Hitt

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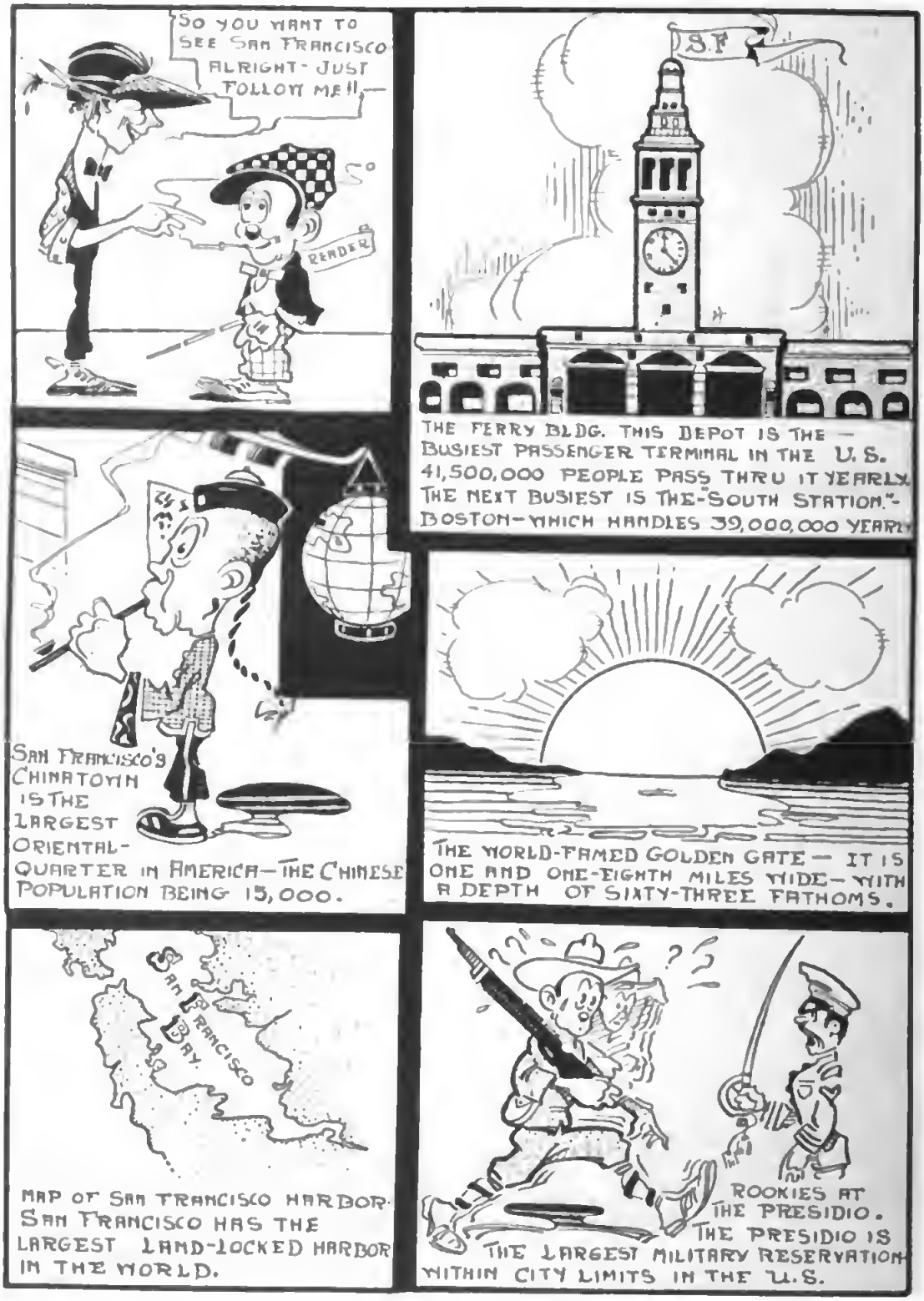
Seeing San Francisco



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—by John C. Argens....

PALACE OF FINE ARTS.

TALK ABOUT YOUR CLIMATE— WE HAVE BATHING THE YEAR AROUND—"NUFF SAID."

MISSION DOLORES- THIS OLD MISSION WAS BUILT IN THE MEMORABLE YEAR-1776.

ON THE LAKE IN GOLDEN GATE PARK. THIS PARK IS THREE AND ONE-HALF MILES LONG.

THE ROARING PACIFIC OCEAN- WITH CLIFF HOUSE AND SEAL ROCKS IN THE DISTANCE.

GOSH! THERE ARE LOTS OF OTHER SIGHTS SUCH AS THE U.S. MINT— OUR NEW $4,000,000 CITY HALL—THE NEW PUBLIC LIBRARY WHICH COST $1,100,000 AND FISHER-MAN'S WHARF AT NORTH BEACH—BUT—WE CAN'T GET 'EM ALL IN THIS LITTLE SPACE-SO OUR SIGHT-SEEING TRIP WILL END HERE——

Argens.

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The Road to Yesterday

by E.A.Bushnell

Drawn for Cartoons Magazine

As You Look Back upon It Now, Even a Day in Bed Was Not So Disagreeable, After All

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She Made Him a Proposition Which Startled Him

From Soap to Footlights

by A.H.Folwell.—Drawings by W.E.Hill

MILLICENT'S life was much the same as that of other young ladies until the day she made up her mind. Then she left the beaten track, never to return.

It was a theatrical notion that came into Millicent's head. Its motive power was the conviction that the American stage needed her, and that ultimately her name would appear on the programs in black-face type. Such notions, of course, are common, and were this all there was to it, Millicent's story would scarce be worth the telling. But Millicent, so it happened, was a different sort of girl from most of those who are stage-smitten, and her manner of storming the footlights was all of her own devising.

Her papa, of the kind commonly known as devoted, had money in plenty to help Millicent mount the ladder of glory. She might have gone to the best teachers of dramatic art had she cared to, but that would have taken time, and Millicent's scheme was a time-saver.

"I," she told herself, "am not going to achieve success step by step. I am going to achieve it at a single bound. I wouldn't think of asking papa to put up for a course at an expensive dramatic school, for all to come of it in the end might be a thinking part in a second-rate road company. That is not my idea of success at all. There is plenty of room at the top; the top is where I shall begin."

So the next day, her mind made definitely up, Millicent went to ————, the office of a leading theatrical manager? No, not by any means. She went to the office of a leading soap manufacturer. Seeing him privately, she made him a proposition; a proposition which startled him.

"My—er—dear young lady," said the leading soap manufacturer, "really, I don't

know what to say. Your proposition, which this check convinces me is made in perfectly good faith, is unusual, most unusual. You have beauty beyond question, and as far as that is concerned, there is no obstacle in the way. Only the irregularity of the proceeding makes me hesitate. Your father is aware of the use you propose to make of this money?"

"My father gave it to me," said Millicent, "to defray the expenses of my training for the stage."

"Hmm," said the leading soap manufacturer, musingly.

"In which event I may spend it as I see fit, may I not, if the stage be my object?" persisted Millicent.

"I presume you may, my dear young lady, I presume you may. Upon the whole, I see no good reason why what you suggest should not be done. After all, it is but a matter of business between us; and—er— business is business."

Great were the advertising campaigns of the soap manufacturer. He used newspapers, periodicals, street cars, fences and subway stations to give his products wide publicity. And shortly after Millicent's visit there appeared in the spaces which he controlled the portrait of a stunning young woman in the sparkle of evening dress, while on her deftly lithographed face was a witching smile.

"Who in the infernal regions is Muriel Mack?"

Across the top of the portrait, in largest type, so that those who rode might read, were these words in plainest English:

WHAT THE BROADWAY FAVORITE, MURIEL MACK, SAYS OF SIMPKINS' SOOTHING SOAP

And beneath the portrait, climaxed by a rakish fac-simile autograph, was a brief testimonial:

"To any woman seeking to acquire or to retain a lily-white complexion, there is nothing I can recommend so cheerfully as Simpkins' Soothing Soap. There is nothing to injure the most delicate skin, and the results from its use are most gratifying.
MURIEL MACK."

Nor was this all. That of itself was not sufficient to make a stir, although thousands of people noticed it and were in varying degrees impressed. Folks began to talk, however, when "the Broadway favorite," Muriel Mack, appeared on signs and in the public prints as sponsor for other things of merit; for Bixby's Complexion Cream, for Dr. Dilderman's Nerve Food; for Adler's Adjustable Hairpins and for several other articles of merchandise.

"How much that actress, Muriel Mack, whose picture is in all the cars, looks like Millicent," thus Millicent's friends could not help remarking. As for theatrical managers, they said to each other:

"Who the infernal regions is this Muriel Mack? Seventeen people have asked me that since last night."

Then, in a very little while, letters from this or that theatrical manager began to come to Muriel Mack. They were addressed care of Simpkins' Soothing Soap or Adler's Adjustable Hairpins, and none of them went astray in the mails. Muriel Mack was asked to call at her earliest convenience, and when she did so, driving up to the office of Sexton and Gay in an imported town car, with her maid in attendance, Gay said to Sexton:

"She's a queen!"

And Sexton said to Gay:

"Lock the door; she mustn't get away till we've got her signature to a contract."

As Gay remarked to Sexton afterward,

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it didn't make any difference whether they had heard of her or not so long as the public had. Muriel Mack was on every fence, in every street car, in every "L" and subway station, and to millions of people—who will believe everything they see if only it be shown to them often enough—she was "a reigning Broadway Favorite."

"What if she can't act?" said Gay to Sexton, "she's good to look at, and people will be glad to look at her. If she can act, all the better, but the crowd'll come anyway. She's as well known now as Lillian Russell, and tomorrow I hear a new cigar is to be named after her, the Muriel Mack Perfectorino."

She Had the Looks, She Had the Gowns, She Had the Publicity Too

Yes, Millicent did very well on the stage. She was a success from the start. She had the looks, she had the gowns, she had the publicity, too. In fact, she had all the essentials that enter into the make-up of a successful, if not a great actress, and when as Muriel Mack she opened on Broadway in "The Green Grass Widow," it was taken for granted that she was a star. For had she not recommended Simpkins' Soothing Soap, Bixby's Complexion Cream, Dr. Dilderman's Nerve Food and Adler's Adjustable Hairpins? And was there not a Muriel Mack cigar? What further proofs were necessary of her skill at stagecraft?

Then it followed, as night follows day, that Millicent received an offer from a big movie producer who persuaded her to become a star in the hopping pictures. As a cinema favorite her salary ran well up into six figures. As a side line she wrote a daily column of advice to girls for a syndicate.

She appeared at Movie Expositions and at Movie Balls where thousands of her feminine admirers stood in line for hours and even rioted for the privilege of shaking hands with her. Perfumery and face powders were named after her. She was as well known in New Zealand and South Africa as on Broadway. It became the fashion for ladies to wear their hair like she did. The Muriel Mack curl was soon the reigning fad.

"It worked out just as I thought, just as I knew it must," laughed Millicent happily. "The way to stage fame is not through the dramatic school and minor parts, but through the advertising sign. Other women in the profession become great actresses and are asked to recommend Simpkins' Soothing Soap. I pay for the privilege of recommending Simpkins' Soothing Soap and thus become a great actress. Could anything be simpler?"

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Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Alice Harvey

SAMMY TRAININGCAMP

He Comes Home for the Week End, and While the Fatted Calf is being Cooked for Supper, Entertains the Family with a Recital of His Experiences

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Under The Big Dome

By Elisha Hanson

WHILE the "Sammies" have not as yet begun fighting in France, there are a number of good battles waging here in Washington. The main one is between the president and congress. A lesser battle recently settled by the Gordian-knot process was the Goethals-Denman affair. Meanwhile the country is anxious lest the war itself be lost if these minor skirmishes are allowed to go on indefinitely. The chief executive and his advisers are inclined to pass the buck to congress. Congress in turn passes it back to Wilson. Neither the president nor the greatest deliberative body in the universe seems to be the proper spirit of coöperation.

Nor is it stretching matters too far to say that congress has as little confidence in the president as the latter has in congress. The lawmakers will tell you that President Wilson has come to them for one power or another until he now has powers which would make Julius Caesar, Napoleon Bonaparte, or William Hohenzollern, to say nothing of the ex-ruler of Russia, look like country constables.

ONE of the greatest handicaps under which Mr. Wilson labors is a lack of capable advisers. His friends have compared him to Abraham Lincoln. But Lincoln had a Seward where Wilson has a Lansing; a Chase where Wilson has a McAdoo. Lincoln, when he chose his cabinet, selected the greatest figures in American public life. Wilson has selected only mediocre men; so, with due regard to their limitations, he consults them, but little.

Lincoln during the Civil War was always accessible to his advisers and to congress, and for that matter, to the general public. Wilson is growing more and more inaccessible every day.

However, he has a few friends upon whom he depends heavily for advice or service, and he is always turning to them. One is Edward N. Hurley, who in the space of less than two months has occupied three of the most important war posts at the chief executive's disposal.

When Mr. Wilson reorganized the Red Cross he called Hurley to Washington to take charge of the army relief work. Later, when the exports-license board was created, he put Hurley on that, allowing him to name his own successor in the Red Cross. And a few days later when the president finally ended the Goethals-Denman controversy, he placed the shipbuilding program in the hands of the Chicagoan. Hurley is one of those geniuses, rare in public life, who believe in accomplishing things and actually do accomplish them, but for two months he was hopping around Washington like a jumping jack.

Nothing is more typical of Wilson than the manner in which he allowed the shipping-board wrangle to grow worse and worse until finally he had to cast both principals to the whales. Fortunately for General Goethals his reputation achieved at Panama has suffered not at all, and he will doubtless find a larger sphere of activity in France.

THE limitations of President Wilson's personal acquaintanceship are said to be responsible for his troubles in another direction, namely in his bureau of public information.

Nobody at the time quite understood why he chose George Creel, a magazine writer but slightly known to Washington newspaper men, to take charge of this bureau when it was created. It was expected, of course, that some Washington correspondent, who, at least, knew the ropes, would be selected for the work. But Mr. Wilson, with one or two exceptions, has nothing

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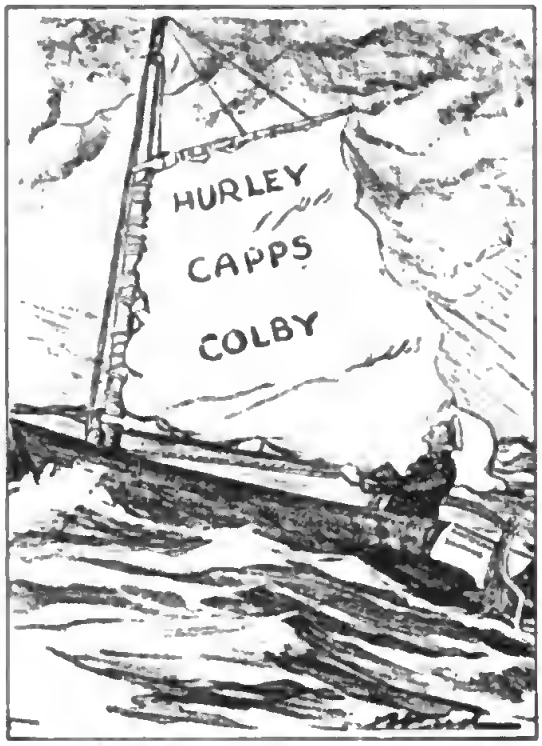


WEED in Philadelphia Public Ledger
The Fresh Sheet

more than a speaking acquaintance with the newspaper men here. There is no group of inside White House correspondents today as there was during the McKinley, Roosevelt, and Taft administrations. There is no correspondent who has the ear of Wilson as Eddie Hood, of the Associated Press, had the ear of John Hay back in the Roosevelt régime. There is no correspondent even who is intimate with Lansing, Baker, Daniels, or any of the other cabinet members.

But Creel's wife, Blanche Bates, the actress, is a friend of Margaret Wilson, the president's oldest daughter, and Creel, whether for that reason or not, was made chairman of the bureau of information.

Incidentally, since that weird Fourth of July yarn about the night submarine attack on the United States transports was printed, Creel's bureau has been more often referred to as the "committee of public elaboration."

Creel everlastingly damned himself with the Washington newspaper men when he censured—I had almost written censored—them in a magazine article for having too low a standard of ethics. This bit of advice was followed up by his "elaborated" sea story—a story that no reputable newspaper man would have written, and one which condemned him in the eyes of congress and the general public alike.

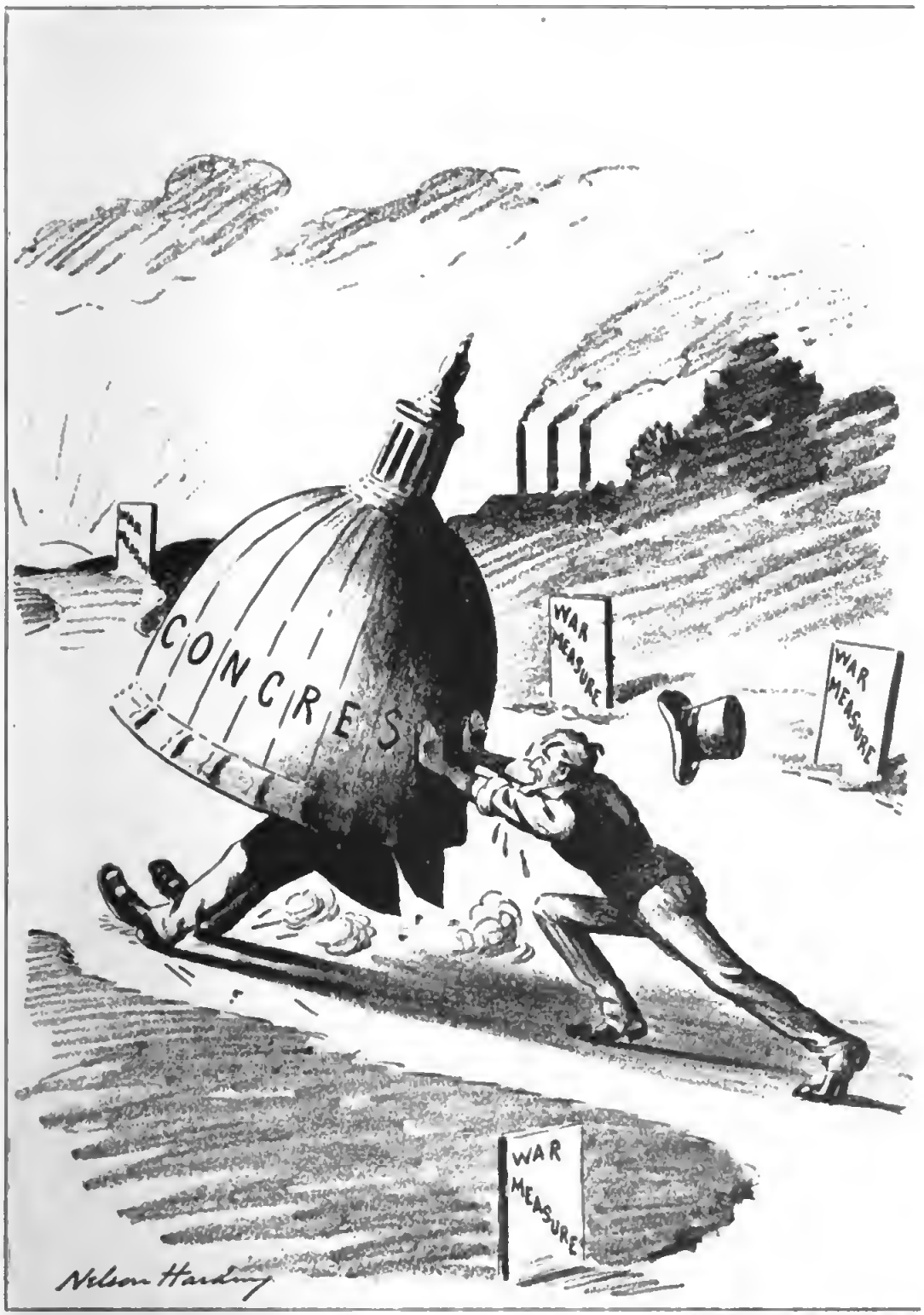
IT IS generally said of one who cuts red tape and gets results that he is a modern Napoleon. Why is it that so few bureau chiefs in Washington wish to become modern Napoleons?

It was, up to a few weeks ago, practically impossible for a man to join the aviation corps unless he had a university degree appended to his name. In the army, unless the regulations have been changed recently, an enlisted man is not allowed to fly. That privilege is reserved entirely for the officers. With the tremendous demand for aviators to keep up with the new program of construction, it would appear that some privates at least will have to fly.

One of the prominent victims of red tape is Tracy H. Lewis, correspondent of the New York Telegraph. Lewis, who holds a score or more records at trapshooting, and is one of the ten or twelve best men in the country with a gun, was rejected at the first officers' training camp because of defective eyesight!

Another victim is Bob Presnell, a Chicago newspaper man who went to Mexico

KIRBY in New York World
Wiping It off the Slate



HARDING in Brooklyn Eagl

The Big Push

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with the national guard last year. While there he broke all records at army shooting and was appointed an instructor in rifle practice. Yet, when discharged from the guard because of a dependent wife and family, the war department refused to admit him to the Fort Sheridan training camp because of a slight defect of vision.

EVEN more ridiculous on its face than either of these cases, was that of Lieutenant Elliott of the Australian army. Elliott, an American who was in Melbourne when the war broke out, enlisted as a private. He went to the Dardanelles where he won his commission by excellent work. From the Dardanelles he was sent to France, where after a time in the trenches he was made an officers' instructor. He was an expert in trench warfare and especially in bomb throwing. When the United States entered the war he resigned his commission, returned to this country and offered his services here. The last time I saw him he was wandering the streets of Washington, as dejected as a disappointed office seeker. Up to then the government had found no place where it could use a man who had gone through the Dardanelles hell and had proved his efficiency on the French front.

Still another case was that of Doctor Uppendahl of Peoria, who went abroad at the outbreak of the war, enlisted in the British medical service, and was promoted to a majority. Returning to the United Sates after resigning as major in the British army, Uppendahl was offered a first lieutenancy in the American medical corps. He took it, but his friends, including Congressman Ireland of the Peoria district, did not hesitate to express their opinion of such a system of demotion.

REPRESENTATIVE WILLIAM B. McKINLEY of Illinois, is one of the quietest men, if not the quietest, in congress. He believes in action, not talk. When McKinley first came to Washington, however, he did have a talk in his bosom which he wanted to get rid of. So, one day he arose in the house and clamored for recognition. As he is somewhat under five feet high it was difficult for the speaker to see him. Finally the latter fixed his eye on the Illinoisan and shouted out: "If the gentleman from Illinois would only stand up it would be easier for the chair to recognize him."

"I am standing up," retorted McKinley.

He never tried it again.

SENATOR JOHN W. WEEKS, of Massachusetts, who ran second to Charles Evans Hughes in the matter of delegates at the Chicago convention last year, is recognized as one of the ablest men in either house of congress. The senator has a bald head, nationally known, of which he is very proud, but recently he became sensitive to it when one of the opposition papers up in Massachusetts printed a cartoon of his famous dome and inscribed on it "Nobody Home." It was the first time that particular slander has ever been cast at Weeks and the latter's friends feel that if the cartoonist will only take the trouble to get acquainted with him it will never be uttered again.

Commercialized Heart Throbs

By Roscoe Gilmore Stott

Old Veraion

O, come with me, my fair one,
  To the garden of my dreams!
I'll plant a kiss upon your lips
  In the pale moon's mystic gleams.

And Now

Come, patriotic maiden, come,
  In a pair of rural jeans;
Come help me plant potatoes
  In the garden of my beans!

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THE CARTOONISTS' CONFESSIONAL

Terry Gilkison will Certainly Have to Invite the Missus to the Show—if She Ever Happens to Lamp This

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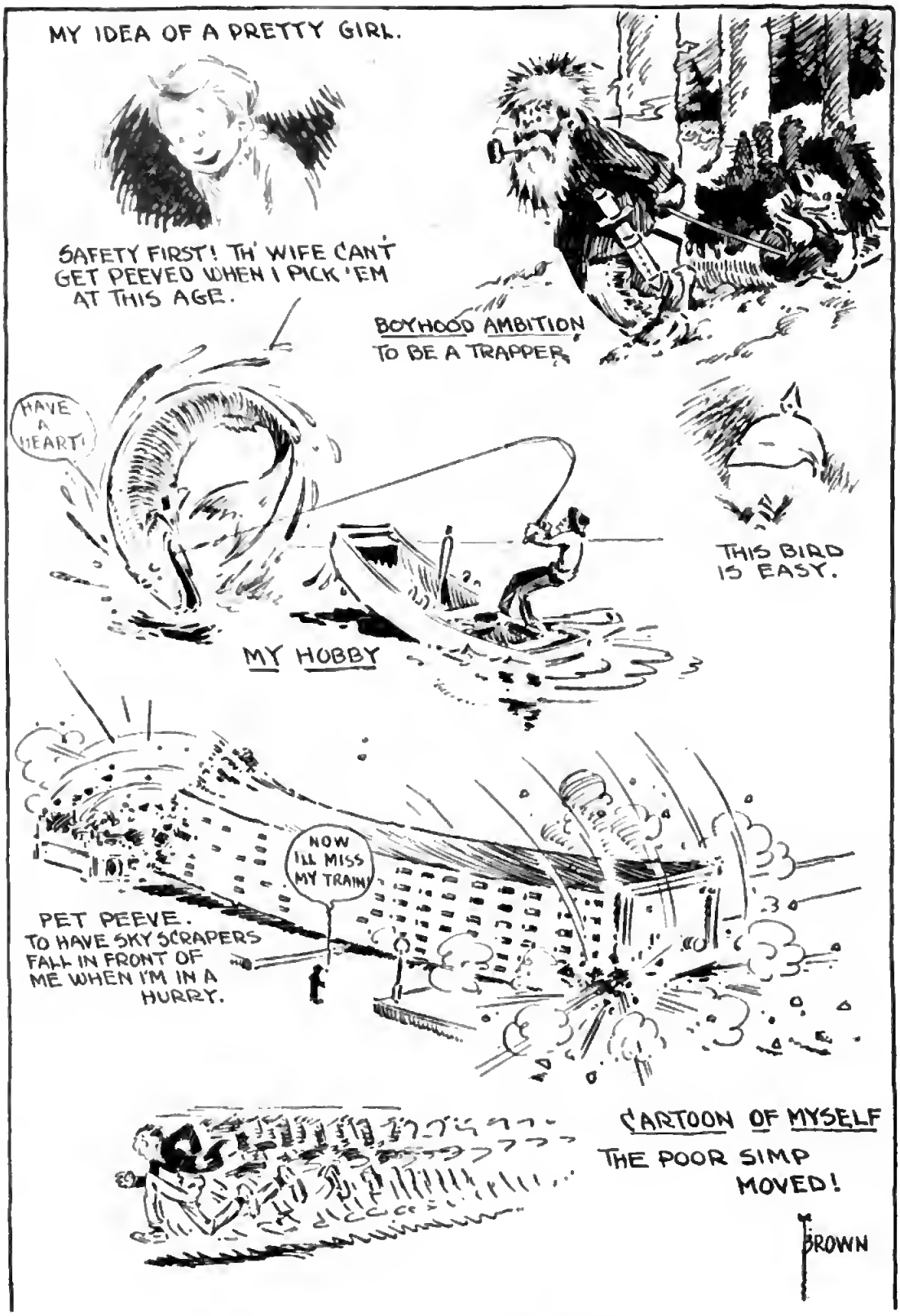

THE CARTOONISTS' CONFESSIONAL

Ted Brown of the Chicago Daily News Is a Bit Conservative When It Comes to Pretty Girls

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THE CARTOONISTS' CONFESSIONAL

John C. Argens, of San Francisco, can Draw Pretty Girls, However, When He Wants to. Look at the One on Page 399

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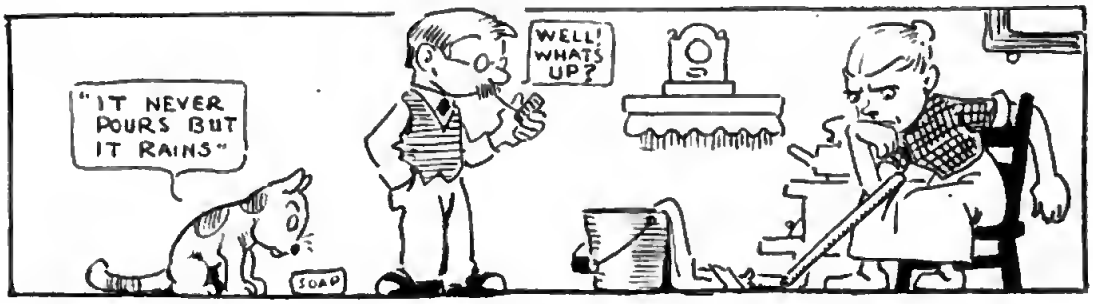
HOMESPUN

INDISPENSABLE is the drum major of a rural brass band, and the envy of the small boy is he as well. This functionary is about as serviceable as a figurehead on a battleship, yet his duties are beyond estimation in keeping the tubas and trombones from stumbling into mud puddles and guiding the alleged musicians past refreshment emporiums. His success rests on the extent of his ability to twirl the stick over three-story buildings and catch it behind his back on its descent. He is to the band what the monkey is to a hand organ. All eyes are upon him while the ears feast on the music. Big city bands often roam about the streets unescorted by a drum major and feel not at all discommoded by his absence, but a country band would not deem itself fit to be seen on parade without this distinguished appendage.

WOMEN are given to worry more than are men. When anything threatens to worry a man, he finds solace in the little brown jug. But women cannot look adversity in the face with such calm abandon. They are not built that way. As near as I can make out, it is a difference in temperament. Woman is more highly organized than man. Her nervous system is much better developed. If you notice a look of worry on your wife's face and ask, "Well! What's up today?" she sighs and says, "Oh, dear, dear! Everything's up. We're getting old and shabby and the house is becoming dreadfully dilapidated, and now to cap the climax I've broken my mop stick!"



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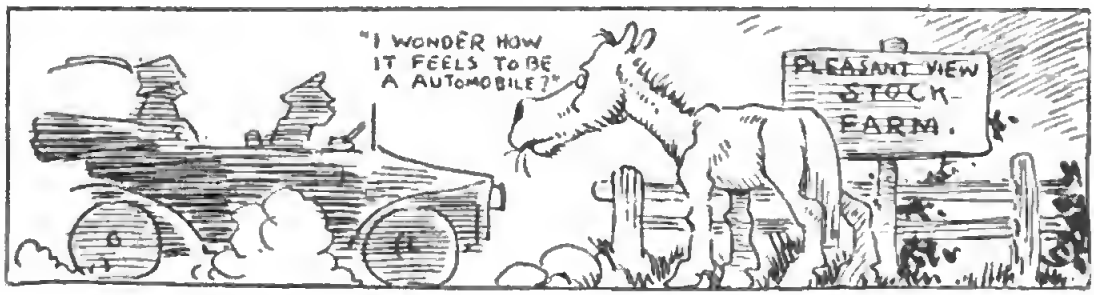
PHOLSOPHY by ZIM

WHEN the allies secure possession of the iron mines of Germany, the war will have practically reached its finish. With no Iron Cross compensations, there will be little incentive left for the German soldier to fight further. Meanwhile, of the many theories advanced for subjugating the German empire, the one coming from our mutual friend, Hi Holcomb, the expert potato culturist, seems the most potent. "In place of exterminating our millions of potato bugs with expensive solutions," says Hi, "let us farmers remove them gently and crate them up for the allies' aviators to scatter over the crops of Germany, and by this humane means slowly starve Germany into subjection!"

FOR years farmers have sent their flaxen-haired Elijahs, Gabriels, and Ephraims to college to make city lawyers of them. Now the city folks are sending their smart Alecks to colleges to make rubes of them. The same old story of one man's cow always wanting to be in the other man's pasture field. Why cannot we be satisfied with the work as the Lord performed it and with the environment that nature cast about us? I wonder sometimes if horses ever wish to be automobiles. I believe reformers would accomplish more were they to seek legislation denying water to the drunkard. From past experience with the inborn discontent of the human race to crave things which cannot be had, I am sure such a denial would prove effective in obtaining the desired point.



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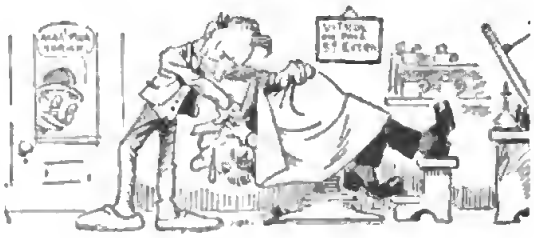
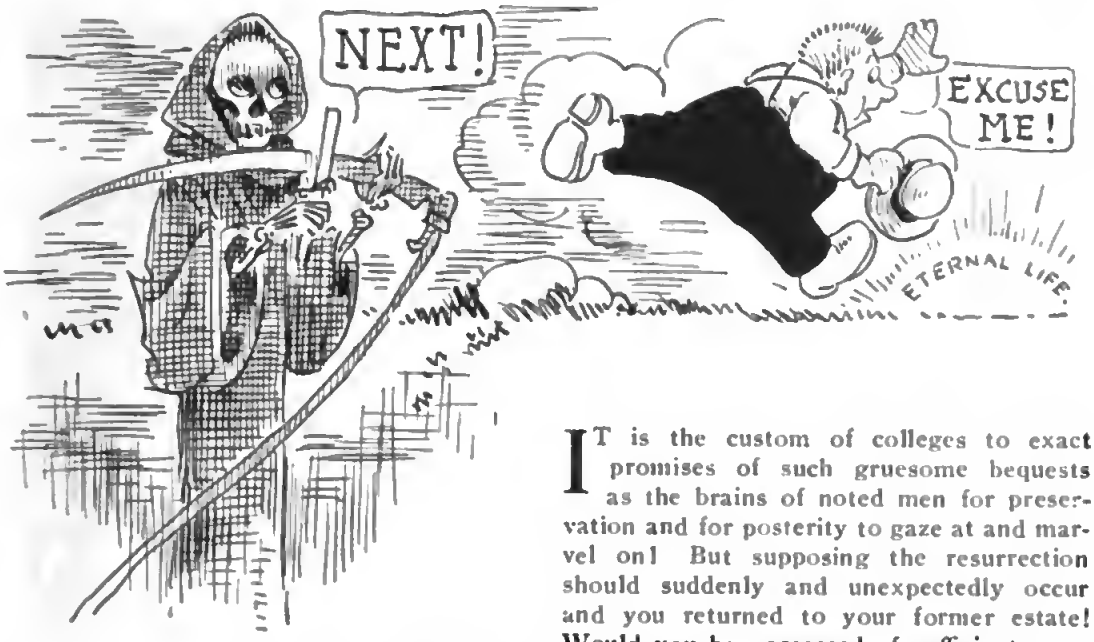
THE barber shop is one of my daily drop-ins, either to get dolled up or dressed down. The fellow who runs the place calls himself a barber (Heaven forgive him). He dispenses three brands of barbering—good, bad, and worse—and does it all himself. The brand you get depends upon how he feels on that occasion. After an acquaintance of some years I am quite able to select the proper time for the particular grade of shave I desire. When he's in a cheerful mood and lighthearted over some winning at poker the night before, then I am sure of a delightful job at his hands. At other times I dodge his chair by suggesting that I'll be in later, or by telling any old lie that I can conveniently invent on the moment. For that is the day that he will slop lather into your eyes, jam his index finger into your mouth, use your stomach for a sofa pillow and unfold all his life's woes!

HAY fever is one of the joys of summer life. It is an outrage, however, to saddle the entire blame on Timothy and his blushing bride, Clover. The finger of scorn should never have been directed toward so industrious a pair as Tim and Clove for the reason that evidence has been obtained which proves an alibi, evidence in the form of a tramp weed, appropriately named Rag Weed, who has forced his unwelcome pollen upon our nostrils. This foul growth thrives best on the outskirts of the more exclusive and respectable vegetable society, and is present in every civilized community. The fetid odor of the polecat is not akin to attar of roses, nor as fragrant as orange blossoms, but no ill effect results from its inhalation—whereas, this disreputable, odorless tramp, Rag Weed, scatters his dust to the four winds of heaven, leaving the innocent and unsuspecting nostrils to gather it in. Many a troth has been blighted by the sneezes and nasal accents produced by this beastly plant. When we were boys on the farm and slept with the hired man in the haymow we were never troubled with hay fever. Perhaps it wasn't fashionable in those days or else Rag Weed had not yet grown so influential.

SINCE it has become fashionable to swat flies while in their pursuit of delivering microbes at your door, the knowledge has come to us that there are several species that resemble one another very closely—so closely that it requires an expert swattist to detect one group from the other. There is the regular house-fly which tenaciously sticks to the home and its environment, and insists on eating at the first table; and there is the other which prefers camping out of doors, riding horseback and feeding at garbage cans along the way. The latter resembles the hobo inasmuch as his coat is always dusty and he spurns the home and fireside. It is said that musca domestica is barred from any social intercourse with his cousins lower in the social scale, but of the two, the tramp fly has my sincerest respect for he seems to know his place, while the house-fly most generally doesn't. I have seen the hobo fly descend from a passing charger, make for my ash can, look over the bill of fare, and appease his appetite, then slap himself on the chest and catch the next horse that went by. If all flies acted as gentlemanly there would be less swatting in this world of ours.





A MAN who anticipates a respectable obituary should select a duller time for dying. If a fellow has been at all active in helping to make history he modestly looks forward to the day when his fame and deeds shall grace the gloom column of the newspapers. But at such times as these, when even the advertising space is usurped for war news, the mortality of a single individual is passed over with a few lines of cold facts and funeral announcement; a scanty recompense for a life full of glowing deeds! Put off your demise until another time. When the sword has taken on the rust of peace and editors are scratching their heads for copy to fill their pages, then your snuffing out will be deplored in prose and verse, and all due attention will be shown you.

IT is the custom of colleges to exact promises of such gruesome bequests as the brains of noted men for preservation and for posterity to gaze at and marvel on! But supposing the resurrection should suddenly and unexpectedly occur and you returned to your former estate! Would you be possessed of sufficient common sense to locate the particular jar of alcohol in which your brain was pickled and restore it to its former place? If our men of wisdom would stop to consider the result in such a case of dire emergency, the parting of great men from their brains would be much reduced. I, for one, shall never lend myself or any portion of me to these educational canning factories. When Gabriel's bugle sounds the advent of resurrection I want to be completely intact, free from alcoholic pickling and ready for business.

The dog, faithful quadruped, and friend of man, is ordinarily an intelligent animal. When he has a tin can tied to his tail, however, he seems to lose his reasoning powers entirely. Also he loses faith in man.

Paul and Virginia

Copyright, Underwood and Underwood

Anita Day as Paul, and Betty Stankovich as Virginia in the old romance, gave an interpretation in rhythmic dancing of "The Storm" recently at the garden fete and

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Romp Through Storm

bazaar for the benefit of the United Hospitals at Rye, N. Y. The two girls danced with vivacious grace and charm, and were one of the principal attractions at the fete.

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TO SUIT THE SUIT

Official of Lady War-Workers' Bureau: "What sort of work do you feel fitted for?"

Applicant: "I don't quite know, but I want to wear these clothes."—Punch.

Levity, the

A Distinction Without a Difference

"After all," observed the Northener, "there is little difference between the North and the South."

"In what way?" inquired the Southerner.

"Take the laws, for instance."

"What about the laws?"

"I notice you have an ordinance in your city to prevent chickens from running at large."

"Yes."

"We have just such a law up in our town."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, only we don't call it that."

"What do you call it?"

"The curfew." — American Hardware Record.

Ruthless Rimes for Heartless Homes

Kaiser Wilhelm, in his boots and sashes,
Fell into hell and was burned to ashes.
By and by the place grew chilly,
But the devil hated to poke up Willie.

—Chicago Tribune.

NO ROOM FOR THEM THERE

Norah: "Father says it's going to be a new world after the war."

Jack: "Crikey! If it's anything like the new moon the Germans will get pushed right off it!"—The Passing Show.

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Soul of Wit

The Captain Protests

"What is all that noise down there?" inquired the spirit of '76.

"A fellow objects to these German submarines being called 'pirates.'"

"Who is it?"

"His name is 'Kidd.'"—Judge.

Taken Down

The young subaltern, who was a son of a general and never omitted to rub in that fact was taking a message from the general to the gunners.

"If you please," he said to the major. "father says will you move your guns."

The major was in an irate mood. "Oh!" he rejoined, "and what the blazes does your mother say?"—London Opinion.

The three reasons why a woman is an angel, are:

She's always harping about something; she's up in the air most of the time; and she has nothing to wear.—Exchange.

WORKING OVERTIME

Mistress: "Do you intend to continue permitti my husband to kiss you?"

Maid: "Not without a reasonable increa Ma'am."—Sydney Bulletin.

CARELESS

He: "They've dropped their anchor again."

She: "Serve them right. They had it dangling over the side all the morning."—The Passing Show.

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From The Bystander, London

AND HIS TEMPERATURE'S UP AGAIN

Enthusiastic Nurse: "Twenty-two didn't want to take that pill you gave me for him, but I coaxed him in the end."

Sister in Charge: "Pill?! That was his souvenir bullet!"

Why He Enthused

A keen temperance advocate was addressing a meeting on his pet subject. "I should like," he declared, "to take every bottle of wine and every bottle of beer and every bottle of spirits and sink them all to the bottom of the sea."

A man at the back of the hall jumped up excitedly, shouting: "Hear, hear! Hear, hear!"

The lecturer paused in his remarks to beam delighted approval on the interrupter. "Ah, my friend," he said, "I see you are a good teetotaller, a man made of the right stuff."

"Oh, no," said the man; "I'm a diver."—American Hardware Record.

Bounder: "I see Blinks has a new siren for his car."

Rounder: "You don't say! What happened to the blonde?"—Exchange.

Marion: "What's your dog's name?"

Helen: "Ginger."

Marion: "Does Ginger bite?"

Helen: "No; Ginger snaps."—Yale Record.

Cowman (to new recruit, Women's Land Army): "You get behind that there water-butt. Maybe the cows won't come in if they see you in that there rig."—Punch.

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From The Bystander, London

GOOD FORM

Economy That Is Bound to Attract Attention—if Only from the Police

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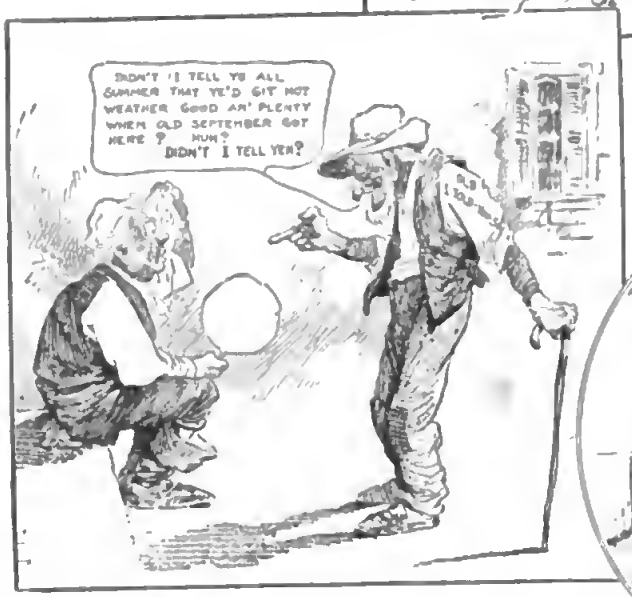
In Golden

BRINKERHOFF in New York Evening Mail

The President of the National Defense Society

DONAHEY in Cleveland Plain Dealer

His First Harvest



MAY in Cleveland Leader

Old I-Told-You-So Is Here Again

TEMPLE in Cleveland Plain Dealer

His Master's Trail

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September

DONAHEY in Cleveland Plain Dealer

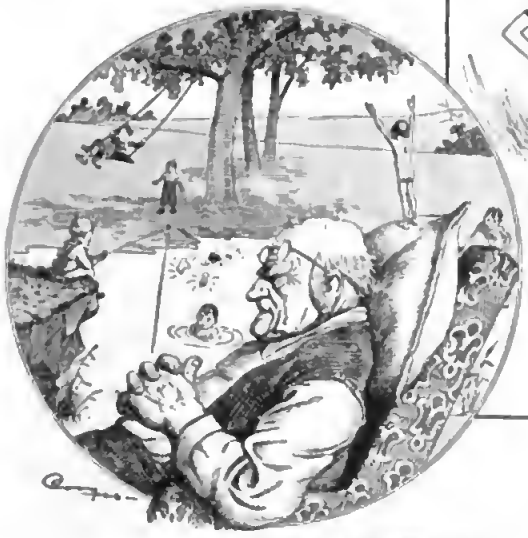
The Village Belle Thought the Hay Fever Club was Making Fun of Her

BRINKERHOFF in New York Evening Mail

Society Note:—Mrs. Lucci and Family will Remain in Town for the Summer

DONAHEY in Cleveland Plain Dealer

"I don't want to be president of the United States."



CORY in Chicago Journal

Grandpa's Midsummer Dream

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RAPHAEL KIRCHNER DEAD

THE world of art has suffered an irreparable loss in the death of Raphael Kirchner, painter of fair women and their souls. Mr. Kirchner died in New York, August 2, following an operation. Since his childhood he had been in delicate health, but with a devotion that no physical handicap could discourage, he applied himself to art. He was born in Vienna 42 years ago, his father being an Englishman, and his mother an Italian.

Endowed with a great talent for music, he planned at first to become a concert pianist, but the long, tedious hours of practice so told on his health that he was forced to abandon music for painting. A few years ago he began to attract attention by his drawings in La Vie Parisienne and other gay boulevard journals of the French capital. From Paris he went to London, where some of his best work appeared in the London Sketch.

By this time the "Kirchner girl" had become a distinct type. The embodiment of life, color, and movement, she seemed actually to exist. Her sparkling eyes, her ruby lips, the delicate foam of her lingerie, were real. Kirchner has been referred to as the painter of the double entendre, yet there was little in his pictures to offend even the most Puritanic taste. It might better be said of him that he went in quest of the Golden Girl—and found her. He could show in a marvelous way the very texture of a silk stocking or a dainty slipper.

Coming to America, about a year ago, he achieved great vogue as a portrait painter. Among his best known paintings are "La Première Cigarette," "L'Amour Plume," "L'Amour Vengé," "Des Lys," and "Voices of the Ocean." Two of these appeared recently as cover pages for Cartoons Magazine.

A COMPOSER-CARTOONIST

REUB. GOLDBERG, as the New York Evening Mail puts it, has "gone musical." His musical fame, established overnight, already has spread as far west as Chicago, and is spreading farther. He has set some of his "Sillysonnets" to lilting fox-trot rhythm, and the result has been published under the title "Cartoons in Tunes." Here is the chorus of his first one:

"I know not why the sun does shine;
I know not why I call thee mine;
I know not why the birdies sing—
In fact, I don't know anything."

A second chorus is, perhaps, a bit more practical. It runs:

"Love's breath is wafted with a sigh;
We know not how or when or why;
We know not whence come Love's sweet thrills
Until we have to pay the bills."

It is reported that Goldberg has already added to his Sillysonnets a musical version of "Father Was Right," with "I Never Thought of That" in preparation. For those who can't read the music he has thoughtfully put his original pictures on the cover, beautifully colored in green and red.

Reub. Goldberg must henceforth be known as "the composer-cartoonist," or vice versa. Having written his song, he challenges the world of music with his own pet phrase. "Now that you've got it, what are you going to do with it?"

H. T. Webster, accompanied by his brother-in-law, George Woerts, has been up in Maine for a fishing trip.

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GROVER PAGE

Who Stepped Into Carey Orr's Shoes on the Nashville Tennessean

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Adolph Treidler, Who Made the Liberty Loan Posters

INSPIRED DUTCHMAN IN NEW YORK

Louis Raemaekers, the "inspired Dutchman," whose cartoons in Amsterdam and London have written a history of the great war in terms of human interest and pathos, has arrived in New York. He has signed a contract with the Hearst interests, and will draw cartoons for the Hearst newspapers and for Puck, which recently passed into the hands of William Randolph Hearst.

Raemaekers for a long time has fought his silent battles against Prussianism with a courage born of great convictions. His new employer has been doing his bit in the war by opposing the dispatch of American troops to Europe.

ARTISTS AND THE WAR

In the United States, as in France and Great Britain, the artists have risen to the occasion. The success of the Liberty loan, the recruiting campaign, and the Red Cross drive was attributahle largely to their efforts. The pictures on this page show two of New York's most famous illustrators at work in their studios designing posters. At the top is Adolph Treidler, who designed the Liberty loan posters. Below, James Montgomery Flagg, the Empire State's official artist, is seen with a collection of his posters. One of the most striking designs of the campaign is the Lyendecker poster entitled "These Men Came Across." It shows an American naval gun crew in action.

James Montgomery Flagg, the Empire State's Official Artist, and Four of His War Posters

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FAY KING

Also a Queen, and a Popular Little Denver Cartoonist

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John M. Baer, Congressman-Elect

BAER GOES TO CONGRESS

Farmers and cartoonists alike may congratulate themselves over the election to congress of John M. Baer, official cartoonist of the "reubs" of North Dakota. Baer running on the nonpartisan ticket, supported mostly by the farmers, won by a majority of about 4,000. There were six other candidates. The congressman-elect was formerly postmaster at Beach, N. D., but left that post to draw cartoons for the Nonpartisan Leader. His "Hiram A. Rube" cartoons are familiar in 70,000 farm houses in the Northwest. Mr. Baer draws for one publication that has been barred from the mails, but he will probably remedy that now. He intends to introduce a bill compelling editors to put cartoons on page 1. A feature of his campaign was the use of contributed cartoons. Two are shown here, one by "Bart," and one by Evans.

Cartoons by "Bart" and Evans Boosting Baer's Campaign

THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD

Another Cartoon Lesson by DeBeck

That Is, If You Know How to Handle It Correctly. The Lines in the Upper Right-Hand Corner Are Not Thumb Marks, but Pen Strokes, Which You must Practice As a Musician Practices His Scales. Brush Work May Also be Used in a Pen-and-Ink Drawing Effectively. Try Out Some of These Hints for Yourself and Send the Result to Mr. DeBeck if You Appreciate Expert Criticism. DeBeck doesn't Care How Much Work You Make for Him—He Is a Glutton for It. Possibly You Are a Genius and Don't Know It

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NELSON GREENE'S NEW WORK

Nelson Greene, formerly on the Puck staff of cartoonists, is now designing posters for the United Cigar Company's window displays. These posters have boosted the Liberty loan, the Red Cross work, and the "Saving Daylight" campaign. Posters were issued on the occasion of the visits to New York of the Russian, Belgian and Italian commissioners, and on the occasion of Flag day. The Flag day poster, of which half a million were distributed, told the story of "Old Glory," and contained five illustrations of the American flag in its various changes.

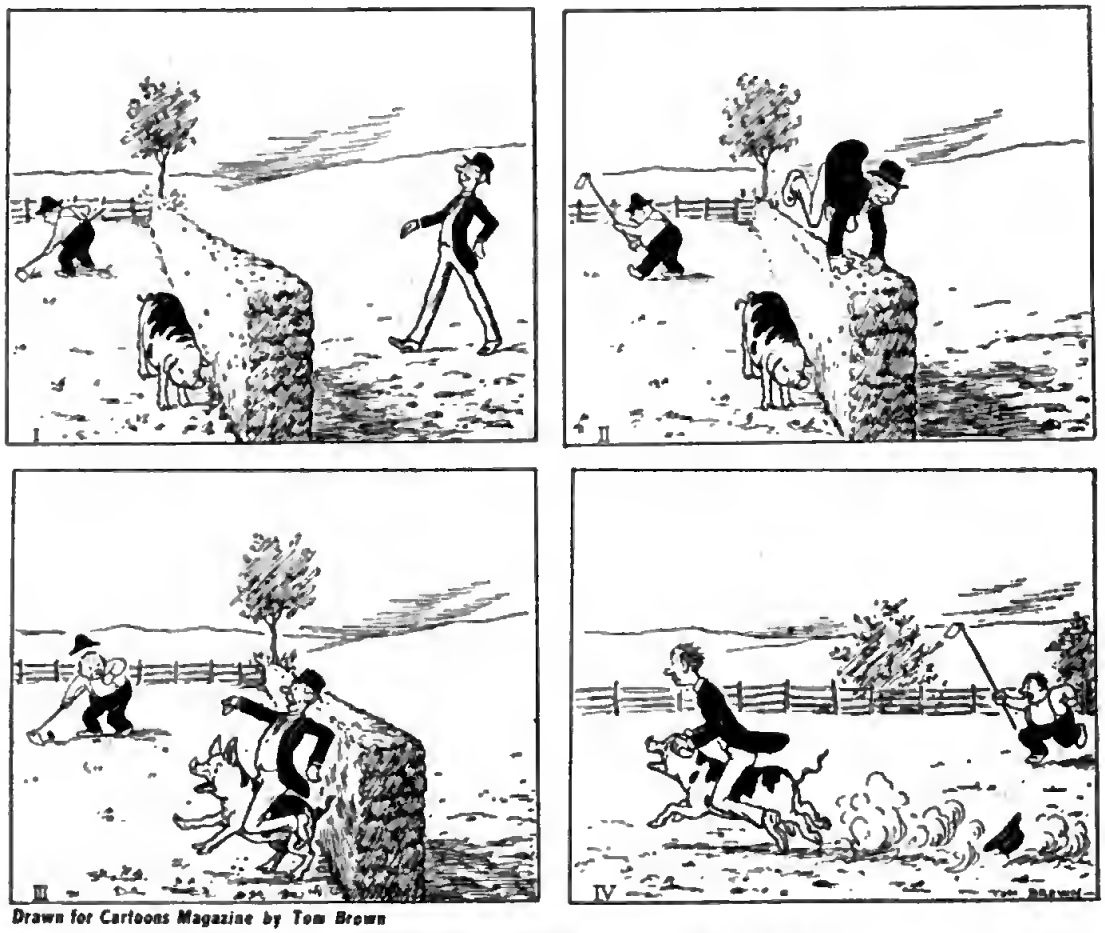
Thomas Foley, cartoonist of the Minneapolis Daily News, won the prize offered for the best recruiting poster design for the First Minnesota artillery. It shows a 14-inch gun in action. The caption reads: "Do you dare to join the First Minnesota artillery?"

A LIVE RECRUITING AGENT

Ted Nelson has been busy in St. Paul drawing a daily cartoon in chalk outside the recruiting station and giving chalk talks at patriotic rallies. He has been sent on several occasions to do recruiting in small towns, where he would set up his drawing board in the street or public sqnare and proceed with his speech. "The experience I've had in the last three months," he writes, "was worth a great deal, even if I didn't become a Patrick Henry."

Dick Kennedy, of New York, has left for France with the Fifth division Supply Train corps. He expects to do some humorous drawings behind the lines.

Lou Skuce, of the Toronto World, has inaugurated a new comic strip entitled "Mr. Fan." This is said to be the first regular comic feature ever produced by a Canadian.



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Tom Brown

Why Farmer Corntossel Signed the Pledge

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THE GIRL
CRUST THE LEAD
FRIEND ED
THE JUDGE
ASK THE PEOPLE OF MARYLAND IF THEY KNOW THIS BUNCH
R. BROOK
IT.
OH MR CRUST, YOU FLATTER ME--
BY JUDGE
BY JUDGE
BY JUDGE

PEOPLE YOU KNOW

Walter W. Hubbard has left the Manchester (N. H.) Union and Leader to become art editor of the Bridgeport Evening Standard. He is organizing an evening art class.

P. L. Crosby, a cartoonist for Life, was married early in July to Miss Genevive Volve, of New York. Mr. Crosby is a second lieutenant in the officers' reserve at Plattsburg.

Austin C. Williams has resigned his position on the art staff of the Chicago Daily News, and has gone to the Detroit Free Press.

Robert H. Schulze, formerly cartoonist of the Baltimore Evening News and Binghamton Republican and Herald, has joined a machine gun company, and expects to see active service in France in the near future.

Boyd Hayes, of Nashville, has enlisted in Battery E, First Tennessee Field Artillery.

CHARITY WORK

By Carl Garderwine

No word in the entire unabridged irritates the comic artist more than "Charity." The demand for charity work far exceeds regular orders, and the cartoonist, if he would preserve the good will of what few good friends he really does have, must fall for it. Of course, there is little enough expense attached to a cartoon. All you have to do is to sit down and draw it. You really enjoy doing so, and it's good practice. Your time is worth nothing.

Generally when you are pounding away hardest at an idea, the door opens, and in comes a friend. He asks for a cartoon that will require "only two or three minutes of your time." After you've finished it, mention the word "money," and watch him evaporate through the door. It's rather small in one to ask for a remittance from a friend for drawing just an ordinary cartoon. Cartoonists, however, are but human, and the majority like to draw their pay as well as pictures.

View From the Casino, Narragansett Pier, R. I.—a Silhouette by Beatrix Sherman Lillian Hobson and Steve Webster—Tea Time

OCTOBER
25 CENTS

notice, hand same to any postal employe and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors at the front. NO WRAPPING — NO ADDRESS A. S. Burleson, Postmaster General

CARTOONS MAGAZINE

Our Latest War Moves in Cartoon and Comment —Raemaekers, a Crusader Against Kultur, by Harold M. Harvey—the Dawn of Art by A. H. Folwell—Drawings by W. E. Hill, Ralph Barton, L. M. Glackens, C. W. Anderson and Others.

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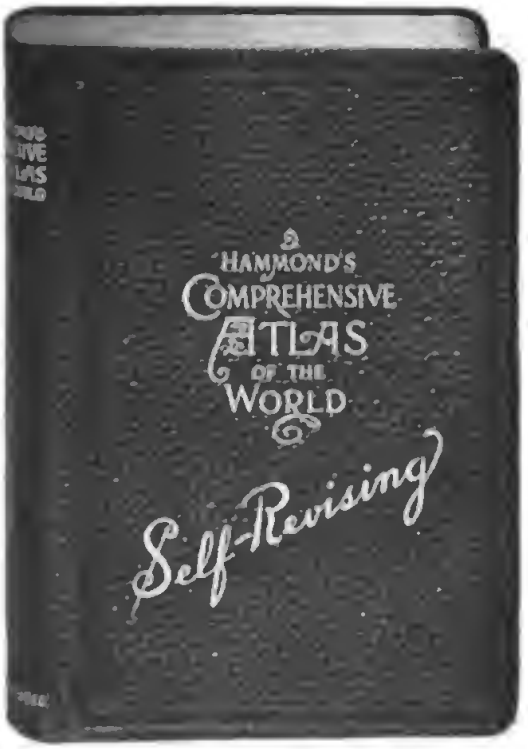

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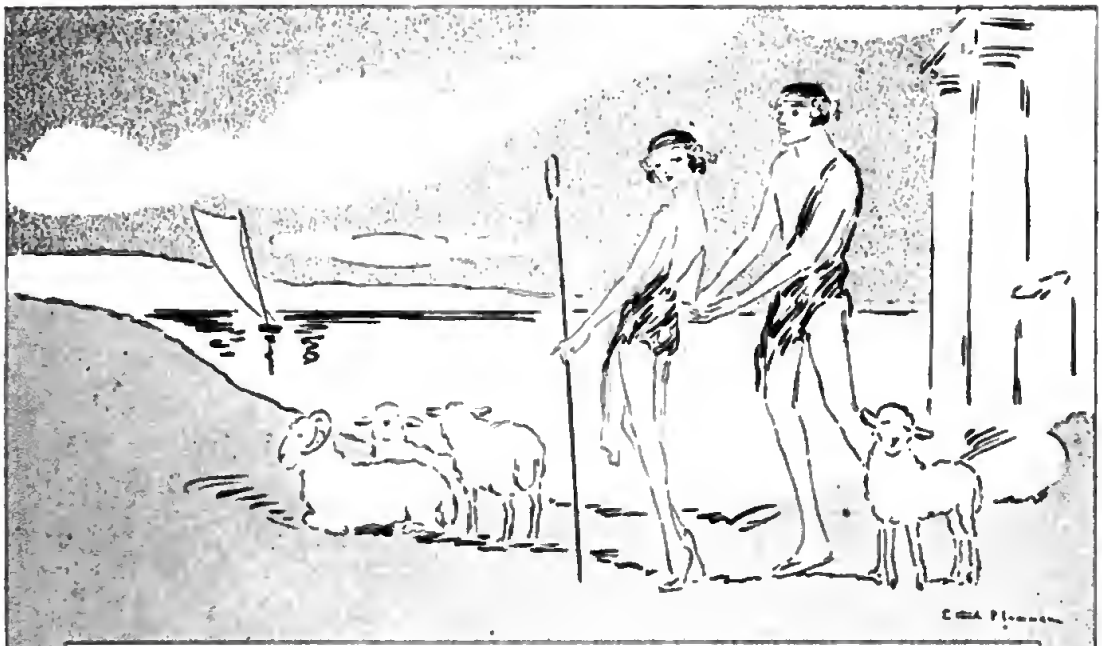

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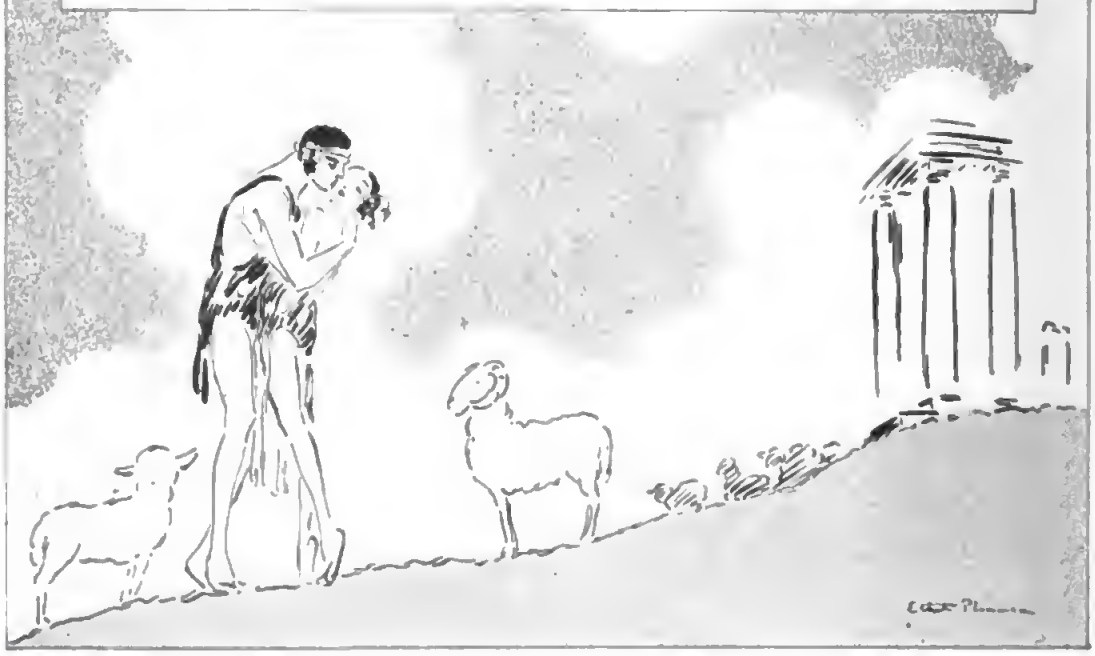

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Volume 12 OCTOBER, 1917 Number 4

CARTOONS MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT 6 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO

LOUIS RAEMAEKERS in Land and Water © London

Kultur has Passed Here

See "Raemaekers—a Crusader Against Kultur," Page 500.

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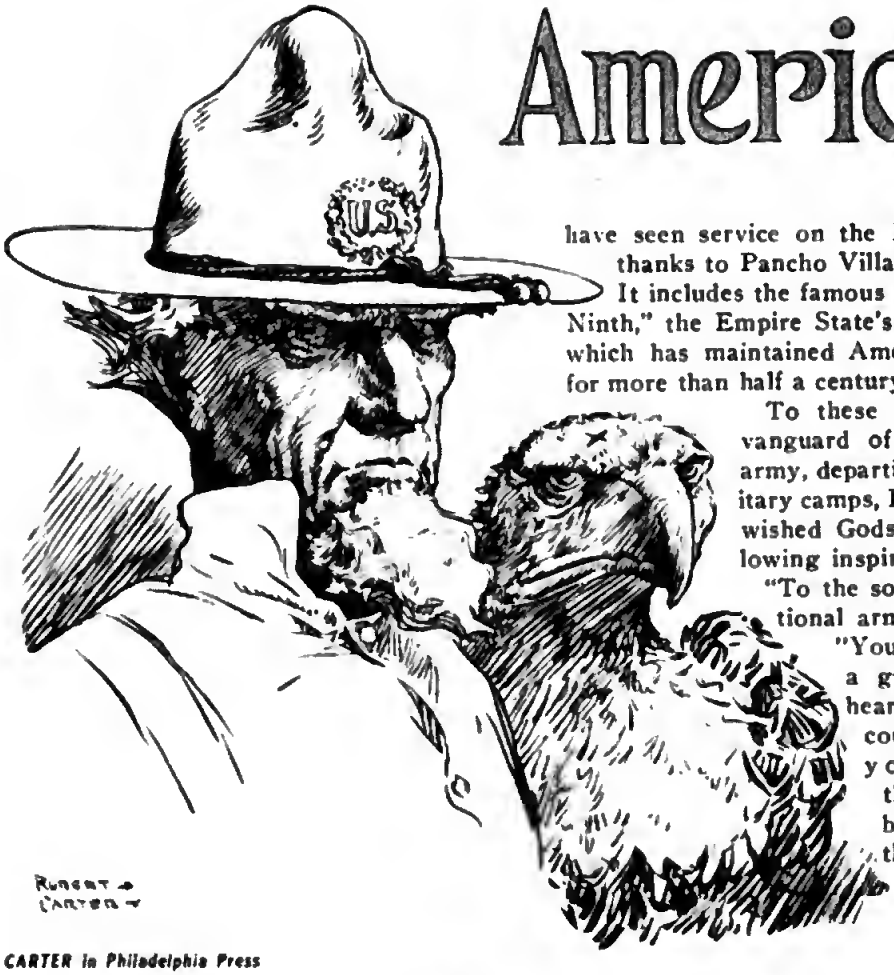
America's



CARTER in Philadelphia Press

Veterans

THE formation of a representative division of the national guard army—the Rainbow Division, so called—composed of regiments and detachments from twenty-six states and the District of Columbia, and fitly representing the patriotism and martial spirit of America, was, as the New York Times remarks, "a veritable master stroke." Germany has referred to our participation in the war as "America's worthless assistance." It was the German leaders who coined the phrase "Kitchener's contemptible army." Those "contemptibles" today are sweeping Germany off the map. If America can place 1,000,000 men on the west front, students of the situation say, the boches will crack, and our "worthless assistance" will have proved the coup de grâce.

It will be this "rainbow division" that will supplement Pershing's army in France. The division is composed not of "tin soldiers" but of seasoned troops, most of whom have seen service on the Mexican border, thanks to Pancho Villa and his raiders. It includes the famous "Fighting Sixty-Ninth," the Empire State's crack regiment, which has maintained American traditions for more than half a century.

To these honor men, the vanguard of America's new army, departing for their military camps, President Wilson wished Godspeed in the following inspiring message:

"To the soldiers of the national army:

"You are undertaking a great duty. The heart of the whole country is with you. Everything that you do will be watched with the deepest interest and with the deepest solicitude not only by those who are near and dear to you, but by the whole nation besides. For this great war draws us all together, makes us all comrades and brothers, as all true Americans felt themselves to be when we first made good our national independence. The eyes of all the world will be upon you, because you are in some special sense the soldiers of freedom. Let it be your pride, therefore, to show all men everywhere not only what good soldiers you are, but also what good men you are, keeping yourselves fit and straight in everything and pure and clean through and through. Let us set for ourselves a standard so high that it will be a glory to live up to it and then let us live up to it and add a new laurel to the crown of America. My affectionate confidence goes with you in every battle and every test. God keep and guide you! WOODROW WILSON."

During the past few weeks every city in the United States has been sending its boys off to the training camps with rousing

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"Worthless Assistance"

cheers and bursts of patriotism. The sound of martial music has reëchoed through our streets. We have seen long khaki-colored lines swing along to the measured throb of drums. We have begun to realize that we are at war. The young men who yesterday were in our offices and factories have assumed a different aspect, now that they have doned their country's uniform. From every circle somebody is missing. Almost every home today is following the fortunes of a man who very soon will be going "over the top" and whose address will be "Somewhere in France."

Meanwhile the exemption boards have been grinding out the material that will compose America's new army. The stigma of the draft has disappeared. The youngsters selected by the national lottery to carry the Stars and Stripes to the front feel signally honored. Their families feel honored also. The local pride of their respective communities is reflected in countless editorials. To quote one from the Chicago Tribune:

"Yesterday the One Hundred and Forty-Ninth field Artillery, formerly the First Field Artillery, Illinois National Guard, broke its camp at Fort Sheridan and started on the first stage of its journey to the battle front in Europe. The departure was as quiet as it was significant. We should have preferred to send these men off with a cheer, but circumstances did not permit. Instead, therefore, we must send after them our Godspeed.

CARTER in Philadelphia Press

Her Bit

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"The One Hundred and Forty-Ninth Field Artillery will be our first representative in the fighting line. It was chosen for the 'rainbow division' because it had reached a comparatively high degree of efficiency under the conditions of our unmilitary nation. It has been and will be an honor to Illinois, and we hope its officers and men will feel that Illinois honors them and will follow their fortunes with confidence and affectionate pride.

"Yet we hope it will never have to pay the price of glory, that peace will come before even they, the vanguard of our Illinois soldiers, are called into battle. We shall appreciate them and welcome them back as enthusiastically in that happy event, for we know they are American soldiers and patriots, every inch of them, and worthy of the flag they have the high honor of carrying first to the firing line."

Similarly the New York Times speeds the departing Sixty-Ninth. We read:

"Prominent in the new national guard division, which it is said will be the first to go to France, is our own heroic 'fighting Sixty-Ninth,' a regiment of which New York has been proud, and with good reason, for more than half a century. We call it the Irish regiment, and men of Irish birth and descent fill its ranks. They are our real Irish-Americans, if that distinction is necessary for American citizens. They are not to be confused with the so-called Irish patriots, who have never done anything for Ireland, but who, in the service of Germany, talk sedition in our public places. The Sixty-Ninth is of Irish blood, but American to the core. The blood of the Sixty-Ninth is the best of Irish blood. The patriotism of the Sixty-Ninth is true American patriotism."

EVANS in Baltimore American

Making the Shadow Blacker

In this mobilization of federalized militiamen the Brooklyn Eagle notes that at present we have an establishment of men at arms numbering approximately 700,000, which compares favor-

ably with similar British forces when the war began. To quote:

"By one of those swift changes of plan both necessary and desirable in meeting emergencies, the war department has called upon the militia for a division to prepare for early service abroad. Twenty-six states will be represented in this first militia division, New York by the famous Sixty-Ninth, which becomes the One Hundred and Sixty-Fifth Infantry, U. S. A. There is no douht that several other militia divisions, similarly made up, will soon be called.

CARTER in Philadelphia Press

They can't Keep Us Back!

"There has been a general impression that the guardsmen, as our second line of defense, would not be sent to France until after all the regulars had been sent. A little reflection shows the fallacy of any such reasoning. Ordinarily the regulars would go first. Pershing's division is already there—but when we speak of our army of seasoned regulars, we are talking about something that does not exist.

"When we entered the war, the regular army had slightly more than 100,000 men They were seasoned troops and among the best in the world. The army has since been recruited up to its newly authorized war strength of approximately 300,000 men. This means that two-thirds of the men in the regular army are recruits, either very raw or with only a few months or a few weeks training. Even Pershing's division contains a large percentage of new recruits. It is obvious from this that with the dilution in the regular forces the most experienced whole regiments we have are the national guard organizations that saw service on the border.

"The immense value of that experience now becomes one of our greatest assets. It gives us a force, containing a minimum of raw recruits, which has had a uniform training not possessed even by the skeletonized regular army."

Speaking of our American forces, either already in service or about to be sent into the training camps, the Philadelphia

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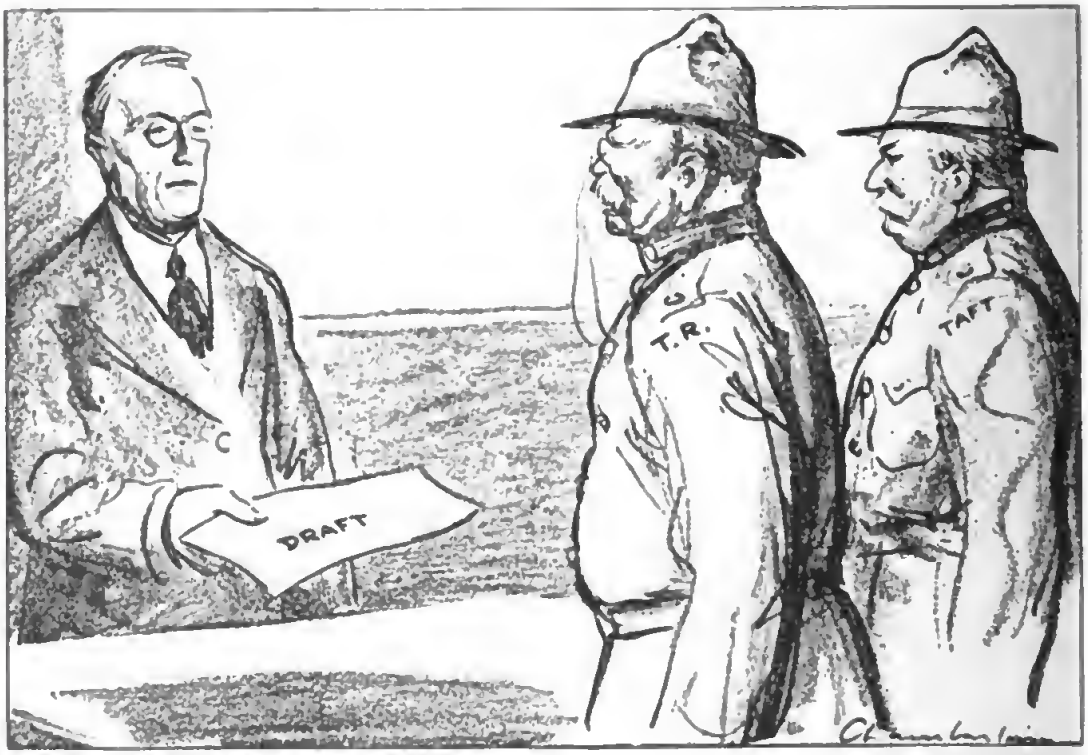
WESTERMAN in Ohio State Journal

Men

FITZPATRICK in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Whistling



CHAMBERLAIN in Philadelphia Evening Telegram

Draft Them, Mr. President

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G. BRANDT in Kladderadatsch, Berlin

THE ITALIAN DEPUTATION TO WILSON

Count of Udine: "You, Mr. President, bear the shining light of humanity. You guarantee the victory of right and freedom."
Morgan (whispering in Wilson's ear): "We can't lend anything under 15 per cent."

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CARTER in Philadelphia Press

When It's Over Over There

Press takes an optimistic view and says:

"Although the national army of drafted men, our greatest contribution to the war, has still to be organized, the nation has already no mean fighting force, 943,141 men, all volunteers in the army and navy of the United States. According to the official bulletin, the officers and enlisted men of the navy number 233,117 men, while the land forces total 710,024. The regular army has 298,996 and the national guard 300,000 men. The enlistments since the declaration of war have been in the navy, 121,514; regular army, 190,347, and national guard 136,994.

"This speaks well for the martial and patriotic spirit of the young men of the country. It gives us nearly three-quarters of a million of men in the land forces that are available for active service. Most of them will soon be, where some of them are now, on the other side of the Atlantic, assisting our allies to withstand and beat back the aggressive army of the Germans. They will be a welcome addition to the war-wearied French and perhaps prove a determining factor in bringing the war to a close before the larger national army is ready to take the field.

"The organizing, training and drilling of such a very large body of raw troops will take several months at the best. It may be next spring before these young men who have so much to learn are considered fit for active service on the firing line. In the meantime our national guard and regular army, our aviators and hospital corps will have been there before them doing effective work in checking German presumption and oppression and making the world safer for democracy."

America's spirit is summed up by the St. Louis Republic in the following lines which somehow reflect what we are all feeling and what we are all saying:

"The war preparations of the last four months are bearing fruit. Nearly every day some contingent leaves for the front.

"It may be a militia regiment, whose presence in uniform, marching and counter marching through the streets, has made it a

CARTER in Philadelphia Press

The Height of the Storm

From Kladderadatsch, Berlin

Chorus of Allies (Lloyd George, Wilson, and Poincaré): "We will never negotiate with an autocratic government—never!"
Voice of Nicholas: "And if I remember rightly, they once called me 'Brother.'"

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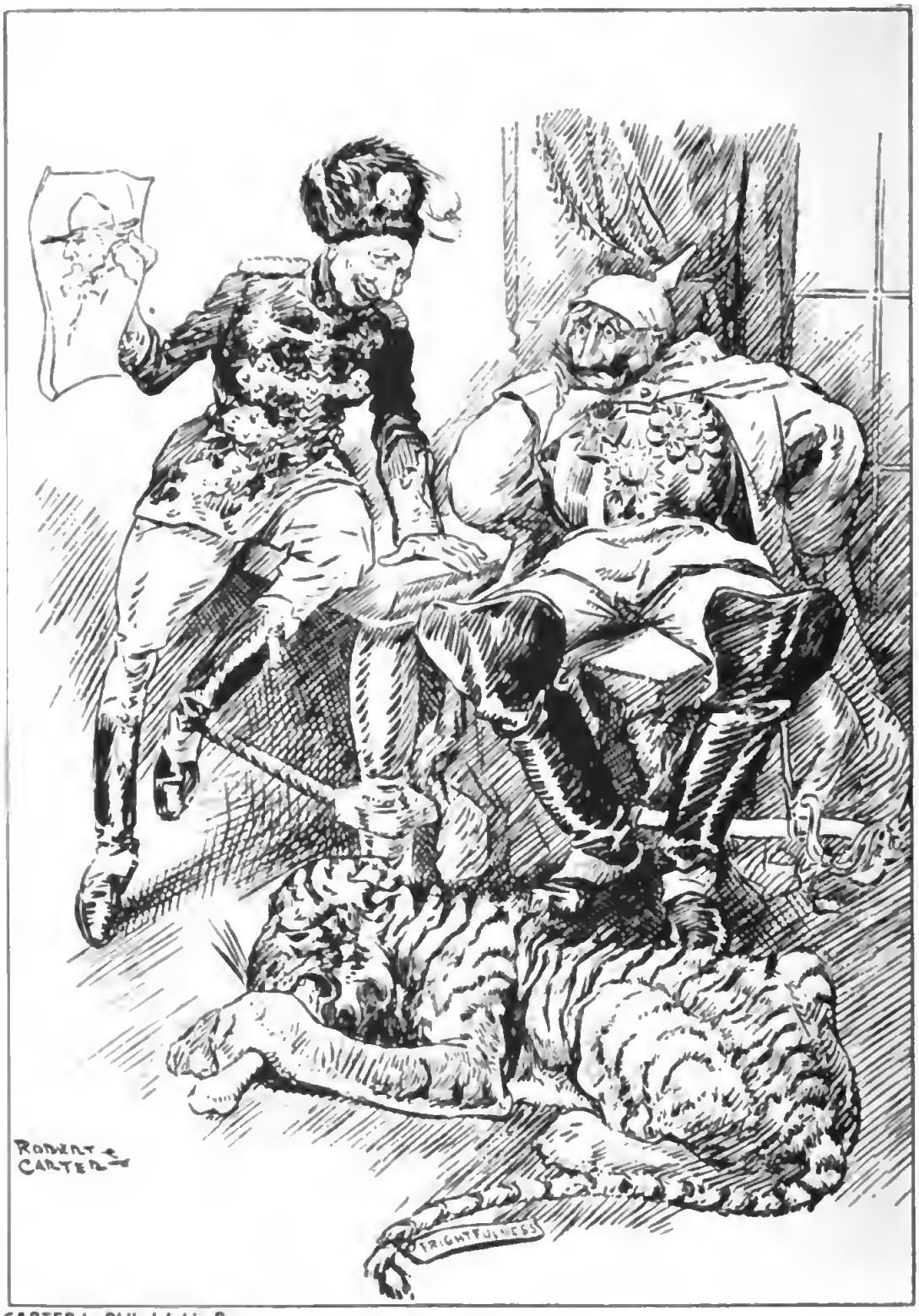

CARTER in Philadelphia Press

The Kaiser: "Don't laugh, son. That's the man who ruined the royalty business."

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From Der Brummer, Berlin

THE BLOOD BATH

America: "Stay away, my child!"
Wilson: "Naw; I want to go wading, too."

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MARCUS in New York Times

The Rainbow

familiar sight. We scarcely realize it has gone until we hear of it at some distant point, still marching and counter marching, preparing for the hour of destiny to strike.

"It may he a contingent of young graduates of the officers' training camps, sent forth a few weeks ago as lawyers, teachers, clerks and what-not, returning with military titles and shoulder straps, and now sent forth again, some to France, some to distant camps or barracks, but most to cantonments, where they will help shape the new national army.

"One day it was a regiment of volunteer engineers, slipping out in the fog of uncertainty toward 'an Atlantic seaport,' and next heard of in England.

"So went the hundreds of naval reserves, and so are constantly going the stalwart recruits for the navy, marines and regular army. Almost every eastbound train carries its contingent of khaki-clad warriors, army physicians or Red Cross nurses. Soon they will be moving in solid trainloads and on special time.

"The United States has shown that it can raise a great army, democratic in personnel and principle, without disorganizing indus-

SCOTT in Cleveland Leader

The "Rainbow" to France

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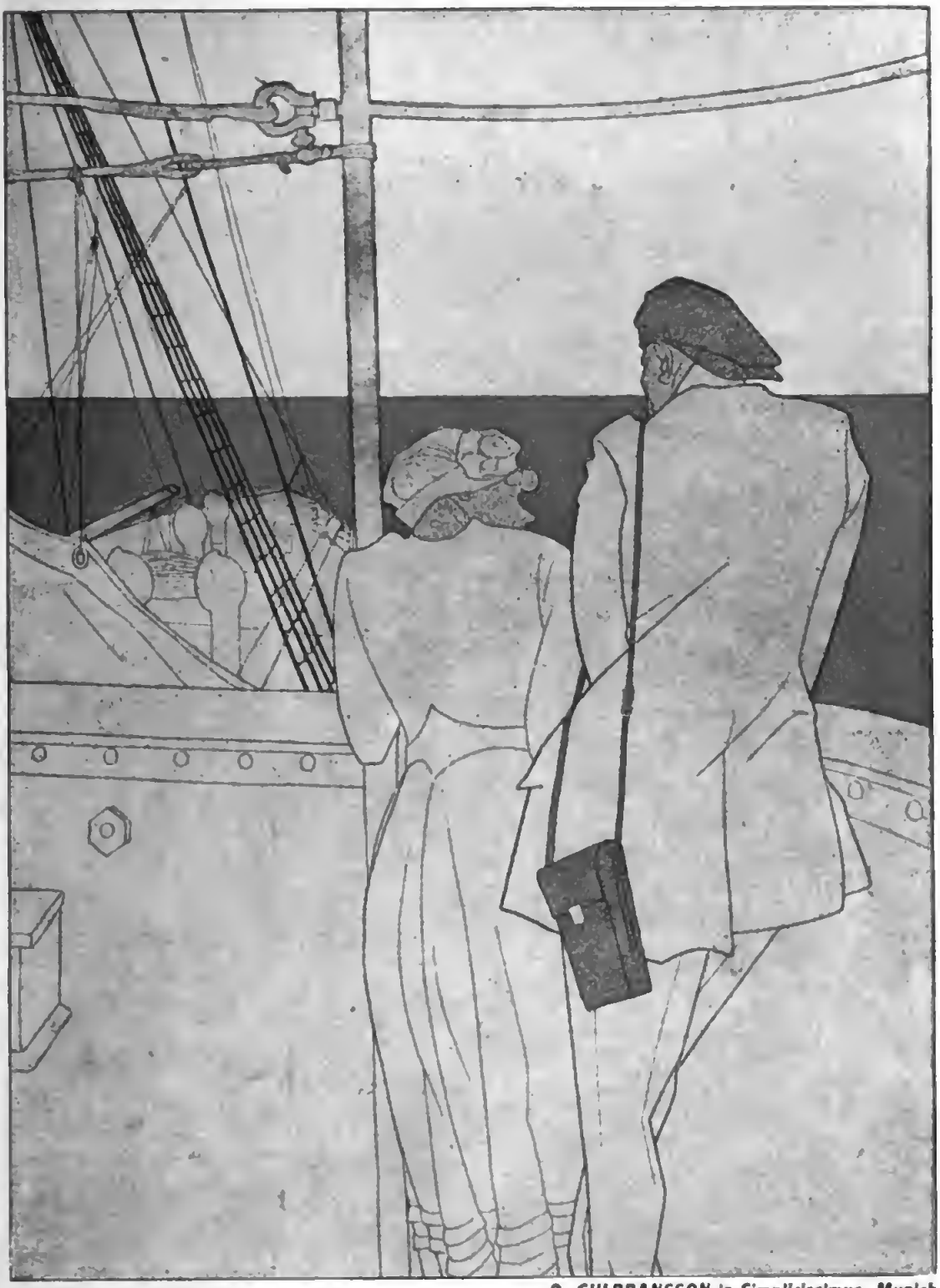

O. GULBRANSSON in Simplicissimus, Munich

AN AMERICAN HONEYMOON

"What! Do you find matrimony tiresome already?"
"Yes. My only hope now is a U-boat."

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WILMOT LUNT in The Bystander, London

UNCLE SAM'S WAR-AIM

To Demonstrate to the Kaiser a New Meaning of Stars and Stripes

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try or leaving a lot of dependents at home. No other nation has ever done this.

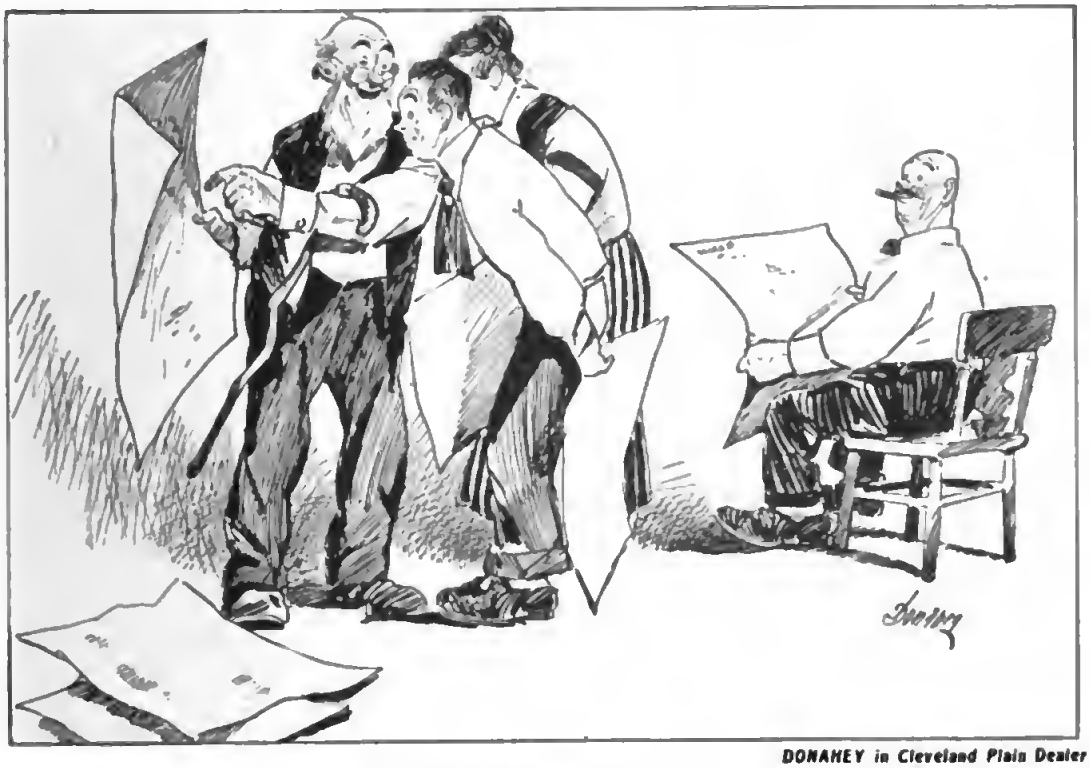
"So the boys are off to the front. The 'front' immediately in sight may be only a collection of hastily built barracks on the plains of Kansas or Oklahoma, a sort of training school, where most of them will receive their first rudimentary knowledge of military affairs. But it is a step toward the real 'front,' where most of them will go before they again see the familiar sights of their own home towns.

"To those who go is given a great honor and a great responsibility."

"The time is drawing near," observes the New York Times, "when the soldiers of the United States will meet the troops of the German emperor in battle. When the first of those days arrives it will have a symbolism far more obvious than any day of battle since the war began. Democracy has been facing autocracy since the emperor sent his men into Belgium, but on that coming day autocracy and democracy will be battling visibly for all the world to see, so that no man can have any excuse for mistaking the meaning of the sight before his eyes."

CESARE in New York Evening Post

The Wealth of the Nation



DONAHEY in Cleveland Plain Dealer

Bill's a Soldier Now

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Hohenzollern Peace

SYKES in Philadelphia Evening Ledger

Out of Season

ACTING as spokesman for the allied nations, President Wilson has replied to Pope Benedict's peace note with a decided "No." The answer may be summed up in a sentence — "We cannot take the kaiser's word." The door of peace is open, but Germany, like the rich man in the parable, may not enter. The status quo ante bellum, proposed by the pontiff, is impossible. The world is dealing with a leper nation. There can be no peace until Germany is cured of the political ulcers now afflicting her. The pope's peace plan, if accepted, would have meant a German peace. Germany tried last December to arrange peace on her own terms but her offers, like the more recent offer, went begging. Not the Hohenzollerns nor the Hapsburgs but the German people themselves must define the terms under which the war shall cease.

Nothing that President Wilson has said or written since the war began goes to the point so directly as his "NO-te" (as some cartoonist has expressed it) to the vatican. To Germany it came like a slap on the face. His references to the "furious and brutal" policy of the German government, to the impossibility of taking the word of that government "as a guarantee of anything that is to endure" brand the Teutonic alliance as an Ishmael.

KIRBY in New York World

"Are we still victorious, papa?"

Still Goes Begging

"To such impudent talk," says the Koelnische Volks Zeitung belligerently "one does not answer with self-defending attempts at justification but with the sword."

By the entente press, however, the president's answer is hailed as a moral aid to the allies and an aid to humanity in general. The consummate power and insight with which he has focused the attention of the world on Germany's intolerable ambitions and abominable methods, makes the issue more direct than ever, in the opinion of the French and British journals.

The London Daily Mail sees in the president's response "the utter disbelief in the American people that the Hohenzollern system can ever reform itself," and adds:

SYKES in Philadelphia Evening Ledger

"My, but suckers iss scarce yet!"

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CASSEL in New York Evening World

Nobody Home

"President Wilson's reply to the pope's peace proposal has the spirit and point of view the world has learned during the last six months to look for in all his utterances on the war. The United States entered the struggle for the purpose of making the world safe for democracy, and with the conviction that it never would be safe for democracy so long as an ambitious, intriguing, irresponsible government held the German people in its grip.

"President Wilson reiterates both his purpose and conviction. In a few

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CESARE in New York Evening Post

"Drop these over the enemy lines."

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CESARE in New York Evening Post

A Messenger

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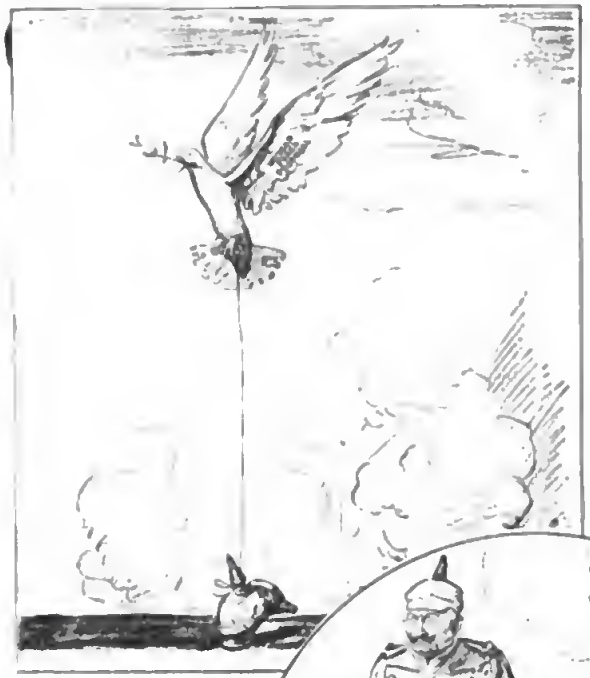

KIRBY in New York World

Weighted Down

courteous, but unmistakable words he shows that the pope's suggestion for a general restoration of the status quo ante would enable Germany to repeat in a few years, hence her attempt to dominate the world and would involve the creation of a permanent hostile league to keep her in check."

KIRBY in New York World

Back into Storage

The London Daily Chronicle declares that such a reply from the most disinterested of all the states at war will evoke a grateful response not only from the allies but also from the democracies, free and not free, throughout the world. The Chronicle proceeds:

"The resounding proclamation which comes from the White House of the reality of right and the reality of wrong and of the impossibility of reconciling them or shading them into one another by good natured words might well be issued from the vatican, the ancient repository of Christian verities."

After citing President's Wilson's indictment of Germany's rulers, the Chronicle says:

"This terrible judgment gains its eloquence from no fine phrasing, but solely from the fountains of noble wrath behind it, wrath which the head of a Christian church might honorably covet."

The London Times describes the president's reply as the answer of a practical statesman to a peace dream of the vatican and maybe of other courts as well, and suggests that it possibly will discourage similar proposals in the future. While wholly indorsing the substance of the reply the Times renews the exception it previously had taken to the president's distinction between the German people and the German rulers.

The German people, it explains, may not have chosen the war, because the Bismarckian constitution gave them no voice in the matter. "But they accepted it with enthusiasm and have supported it throughout, while their press has exulted

KIRBY in New York World

The First Replies

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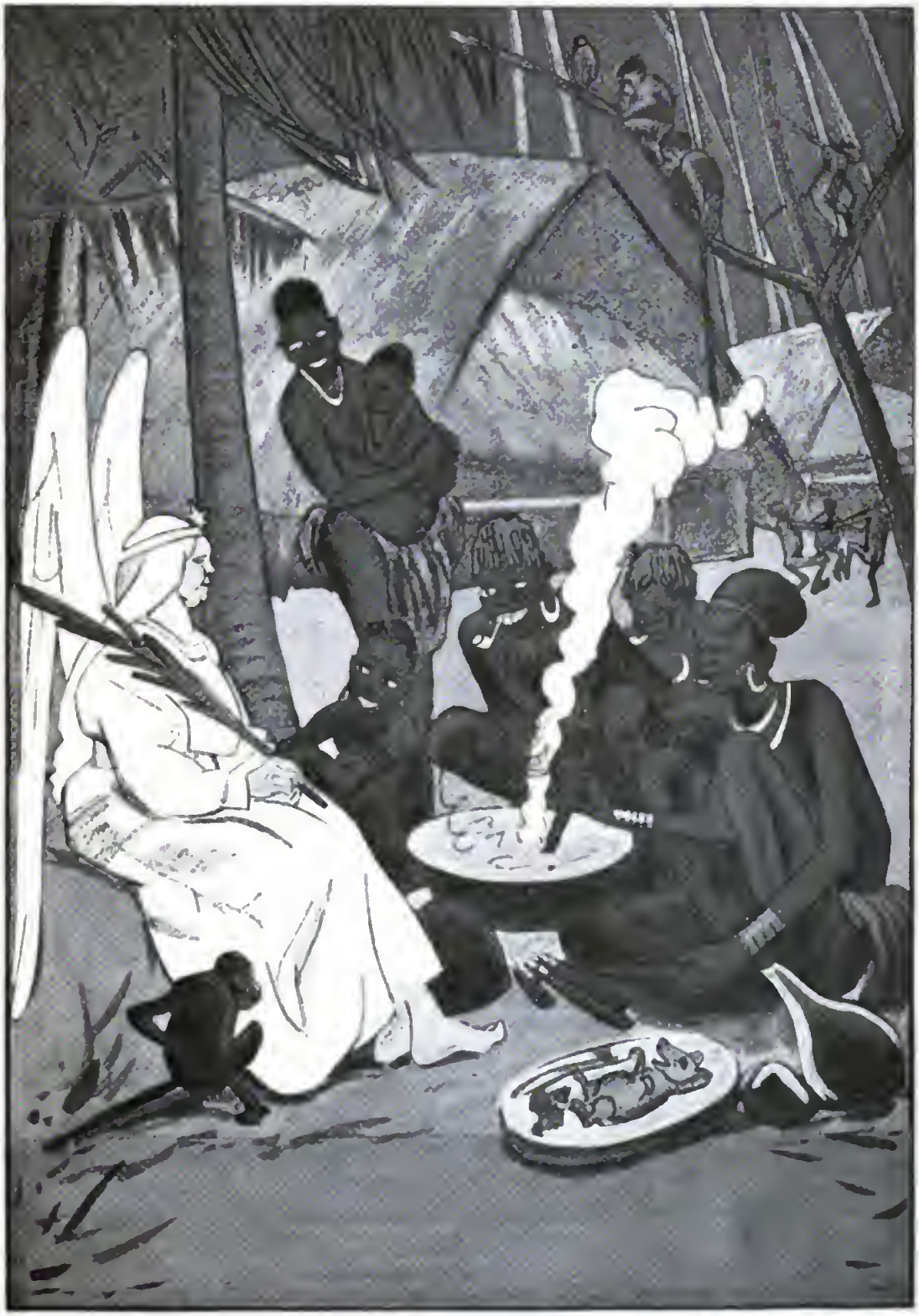

From Simplicissimus, Munich

The Peace Angel has Wandered Into the Wilderness. There She will Recover From Her Recent Batterings

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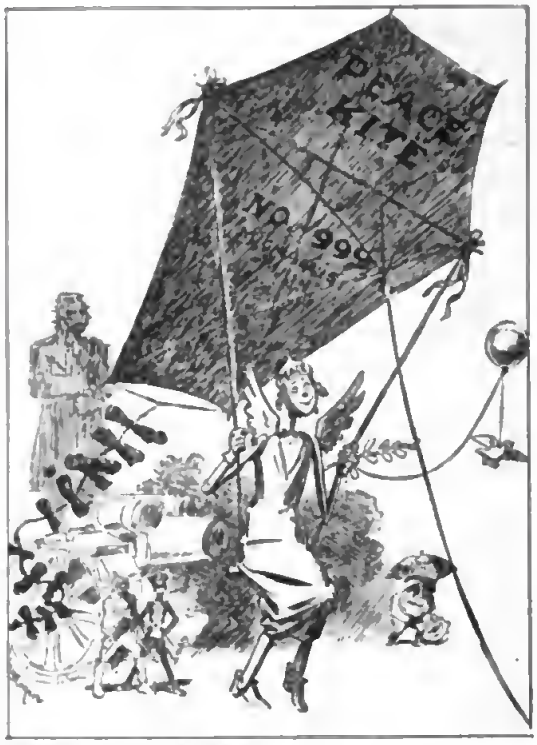
FITZPATRICK in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

What Thoughts?



ROGERS in New York Herald

They Hope It will be Seen in America

THOMAS in Detroit News

Both Scared

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DARLING in New York Tribune

She'll have to Learn to Sweep under the Bed

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KIRBY in New York World

Germania: "Where is your peace with victory?"

in its worst atrocities and condoned them."

That the reply is addressed as emphatically to the people of Germany as it is to the vatican is the point emphasized by the London Daily News, which defines the note as "a merciless indictment of the infamies of Prussian militarism and an equally passionate appeal to the German people to repudiate a system that has enslaved them." This newspaper continues:

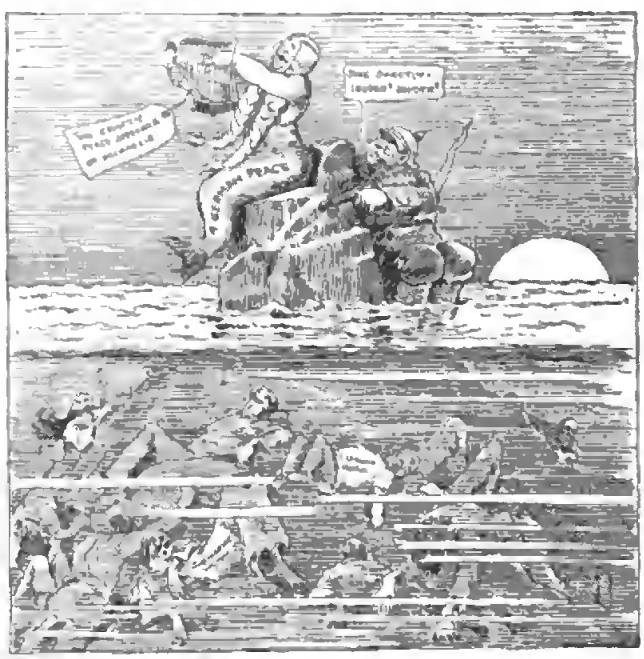
"Acceptance of the plan proposed by the pope would, says the president, be a triumph of reaction. It would stereotype hostilities of the past in a more bitter term and it 'would result in abandoning new born Russia to the intrigues, manifold subtle influences, and certain counter revolutions which would be attempted by the all malign influences to which the German government has of late accustomed the world.'

"In this passage the president speaks to the Russian people as elsewhere he speaks to the German people, and his appeal is as urgent in one case as in the other.

"The moment is one for bravery and disinterestedness by all who wish to save the revolution and Russia itself from a disaster, and the message from the head of the great democracy of the west should help to steady the new democracy of the east in the hour of its peril."

"If much time must elapse before the full weight of America's material help can be felt on the side of the allies the value of her moral influence is already palpable," the London Morning Post observes. "The immense force of President Wilson's reply to the pope's peace note reveals a man who has his eye fixed on realities and his mind resolved unflinchingly on a great purpose."

It is significant that even the German language newspapers seem to agree that the best chances for peace now lie in a continuation of the democratic movement which they say is now progressing in Germany. According to the Westliche Post, of St. Louis, the president has made known a peace program "which every honest man must unreservedly indorse," while the New Yorker Herold declares, "we should be the last to say that Germany



IRELAND in Columbus Dispatch

The Siren's Song

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ROGERS in New York Herald

The Millennium Is Certainly Here

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WESTERMAN in Ohio State Journal

Butcherer of Humanity: "I'll consider if the terms are honorable!"

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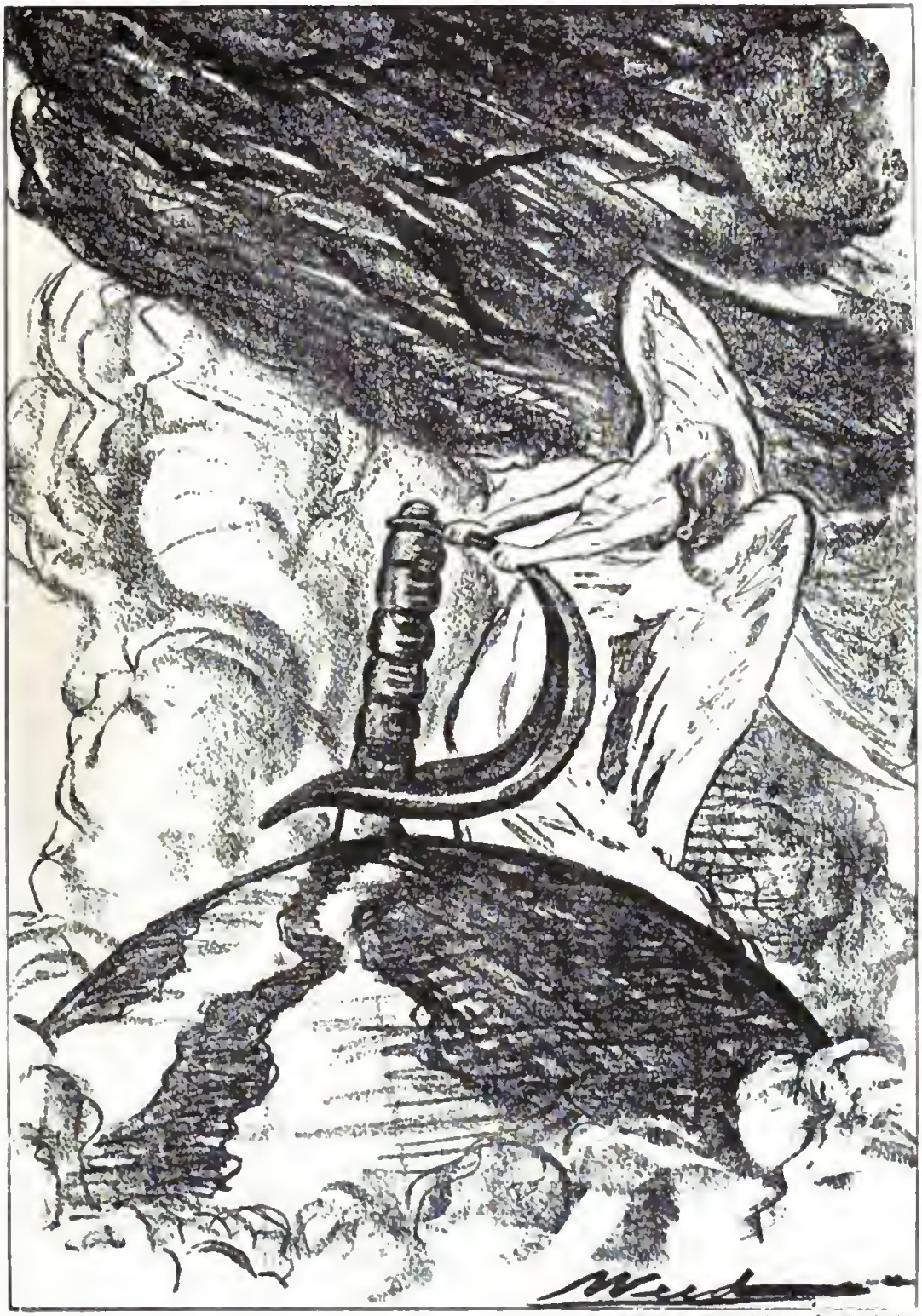

WEED in Philadelphia Public Ledger

Not Strong Enough Yet

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could not stand a considerable share of democracy." The Chicagoer Presse sees in the response a reiteration of Lincoln's celebrated pronouncement, "Government of, by, and for the people," and concludes that all America will rejoice at an ideal thus ably restated.

Says the New York World:

"Again has the president proved himself the great spokesman and interpreter of modern democracy. His note to the vatican is a new emancipation proclamation—emancipation for the German people themselves, if they will accept it, no less known for the peoples that are already crushed or menaced by ruthless military power.

"A 'peace that should rest upon the rights of peoples, not the rights of governments,' and upon 'their equal rights to freedom, security, and self-government and to a participation in fair terms in the economic opportunities of the world'—that is the very cornerstone of true civilization. Unless that is won out of the blood and welter of this war all is lost, and lost to the Germans themselves, as well as to the rest of mankind."

Says the Washington Star:

"It may be necessary to beat Germany in the field before the German people realize their rights and their responsibilities to the world and their duty to themselves. They are enduring with remarkable fortitude their sufferings and privations. As long as they continue to endure them without revolt against the autocracy that misrules them, it will be necessary to continue the fight in the field."

MORGAN in Philadelphia Inquirer

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The Only Way

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Renewed Hopes for Russia

CARTER in Philadelphia Press

IF telling the truth is the privilege of those who are confident of their strength the progress of the revolutionary government of Russia in its inspiring battle for national unity has been tremendously accelerated as a result of the great council at Moscow.

Before the most representative body of Russians that has assembled since the dethronement of the czar—a body composed of all the conflicting and hostile elements of the nation Premier Kerensky and General Korniloff, commander in chief of the Russian armies, set forth the military and political situations with the most brutal frankness and challenged the opponents of the government to interfere with measures necessary to the establishment of an iron discipline in the army.

As the time for the meeting approached, the whole world was allowed to know that there would be conflicting views of national policy and the policies of opposing factions would be set forth in bitter debate. There was the possibility, also, of a rupture between Kerensky and Korniloff, the latter demanding the reinstitution of the death penalty in the army as a measure for restoring discipline. Kerensky had abolished the death penalty with resulting chaos, but responsibility had so tempered his extreme socialism that he was able to walk upon the stage arm in arm with General Korniloff and at the conclusion of the council not only to grant what the commander in chief asked but to make it apparent that he intended to carry it into effect over any opposition.

If, as a result of the council, no constructive policy was formulated, the plain speaking of the leading participants brought all parties nearer together and left the government much stronger than it was before.

Kerensky sounded the keynote of the assembly when in his opening address he said:

"The government believes it can tell the truth, not only to our friends but also to our enemies—those who are destroying our troops, and those among us who are waiting for the moment when they may be able to raise their heads and pounce upon the free Russian people. . . . I will hide nothing from you, for we have come together for the first time to tell you of the unbearable, the immense responsibility which we are bearing, despite all the blows we are receiving. . . . Our patience has its limits, and those who go beyond them will have to settle with a government which will make them remember the time of czarism."

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CARTER in Philadelphia Press

THE PRICE OF LIBERTY
The Kaiser: "You've got your freedom; why fight?"
Uncle Sam: "I won mine in 1776 and I'm fighting for it yet!"

CARTER in Philadelphia Press

Ballet Russe

The vigor of the prime minister's utterances, however, was only a prelude to the calculating manner in which Korniloff opened the nation's wounds and showed the council the dire effects of the policies which marked the early days of the revolution. Of the military situation he said:

"The situation on the front is bad. We have lost the whole of Galicia, the whole of Bukowina and all the fruits of our recent victories. At several points the enemy has crossed our frontier and is threatening our fertile southern provinces. He is endeavoring to destroy the Roumanian army and is knocking at the gates of Riga. If our army does not hold the shore of the Gulf of Riga the road to Petrograd will be opened wide."

Turning to the situation in the army, he pointed out that it was no better off under the revolutionary government than under the czar, for while the lack of munitions and supplies had been repaired, a disorganization had set in which had made successful military operations an impossibility. Korniloff then continued:

"The whole series of measures taken by those who are completely foreign to the spirit and needs of the army has transformed it into a collection of individual groups which have lost all sense of duty and only tremble for their own personal safety.

"If Russia wishes to be saved the army must be regenerated at any cost. We must immediately take measures such as I have referred to, which have been approved in their entirety by the acting minister of war."

Korniloff then outlined the most important of these measures, in addition to restoration of the death penalty, which are:

1. Restoration of discipline in the army by the strengthening of the authority of officers and noncommissioned officers.

2. Improvement of the financial position of officers, who have been in a very difficult position in the recent military operations.

3. Restrictions of the functions of

CARTER in Philadelphia Press

Making Room for Uncle Sam

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BERNARD PARTRIDGE in Punch, © London

Russia's Dark Hour

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WEED in Philadelphia Public Ledger

What Will He Do Next?

DONAHEY in Cleveland Plain Dealer

The Dancing Bear

DONAHEY in Cleveland Plain Dealer

The Uninvited Guest

EVANS in Baltimore American

The Early Bird Loses the Worm

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WILHELM SCHULZ in Simplicissimus, Munich

HELPLESS RUSSIA

"Brother, I would like to shake hands, but if I do these beasts will devour me."
The beasts, of course, represent the entente.

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regimental committees, which although managing economic affairs of the regiments, must not be permitted to have any part in decisions regarding military operations or the appointment of leaders.

He had as much condemnation for conditions in the rear as at the front, declaring:

"The strength of every army depends upon conditions in the district in its rear. The blood which will inevitably flow during the restoration period may be shed in vain if the army having been reorganized and prepared for battle, remains without reënforcements and fresh supplies of projectiles and equipment. I, therefore, think it indispensable that the measures taken at the front should also be applied in the rear."

In spite of his bitter condemnation there was a hopeful note in General Korniloff's utterances.

"I believe that the genius and the reason of the Russian people will save the country," he concluded. "I believe in a brilliant future for our army. I believe its ancient glory will be restored."

Comment of the American press on the Moscow conference is almost without exception sympathetic. The Brooklyn Eagle finds Kerensky's policy similar to that of Danton and believes his audacity will bring him through the crisis, to quote:

"Kerensky's position now is that of Danton in May, 1793, when Dumouriez, the victor of Valmy had deserted, when there were checks and reverses on the frontier administered by Germans; when a royalist rebellion in the west was making headway. Even then Danton had a Carnot, an 'organizer of victory,' in the field. It is not sure that any Carnot has developed for Kerensky.

"Danton found the crushing of the Girondins, the execution of the Herbertists essential. 'Blood and iron' were needed. And to the prompt application of that remedy, gruesome as it seemed even to Danton, the holding back of the enemy and the holding together of France were principally due.

"One hesitates to carry the parallel further. Yet Kerensky may already see his Marat and his Robespierre, the impersonations of the demon of

NORMAN LINDSAY in Sydney Bulletin

"Guess who it is, Bill."

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W. TRIER in Lustige Blaetter, Berlin

SERENADE UNDER THE RUSSIAN WINDOW

Sweetheart, dear, our song pray hear;
We're trembling at the knees;
Oh, give us aid; be unafraid;
Remain an ally, please.

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CASSEL in New York Evening World Copyright, Press Publishing Co.

Doing a Man's Job

anarchy and the demon of academicism."

The enthusiastic reception of President Wilson's message to the conference leads the New York Times to say:

"It was a noble and needed message, and it is gratifying to know that the extreme left joined the distrusted 'bourgeois' in applauding it. It is not by exterior impulse or assistance, however, but by a patriotic union of the people that Russia is to be saved."

Those who claim to understand Russia often have said that if the heart of the country were once seriously threatened, the Russian people would stand together as one in its defense.

With the fall of Riga and with Petrograd, for the first time since the war began, exposed to the enemy, it appears probable that this theory will be put to a practical test. Unfortunately, however, early indications do not altogether favor a firm Russian stand. The instability of the Russian troops the dispatches tell us, had an important influence on the decison to evacuate the Riga district so quickly after the first German success. As had been the case in Galicia and Roumania, we are informed, some of the Russian units left their trenches without making a fight.

The capture of Riga, Russia's great port on the Baltic, not only opens the way to Petrograd, but virtually has sealed the fate of the entire Baltic fleet, which will be effectually bottled up in the Gulf of Finland. The fleet now lies in the harbors of the two naval bases at Reval and Kronstadt, protected by the guns of these fortresses.

The fall of Riga and even the evacuation of Petrograd itself, however, have been forecast as possibilities in recent confidential advises to the American government, and the latest developments are not regarded with so much alarm as might be supposed. As a military achievement, it is said, the capture of the Russian capital would amount to nothing.

That, despite the loss of Riga, the Russian people will fight to the end is the contention of the Chicago Journal, which declares:

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Sharpening the Rusty Sword

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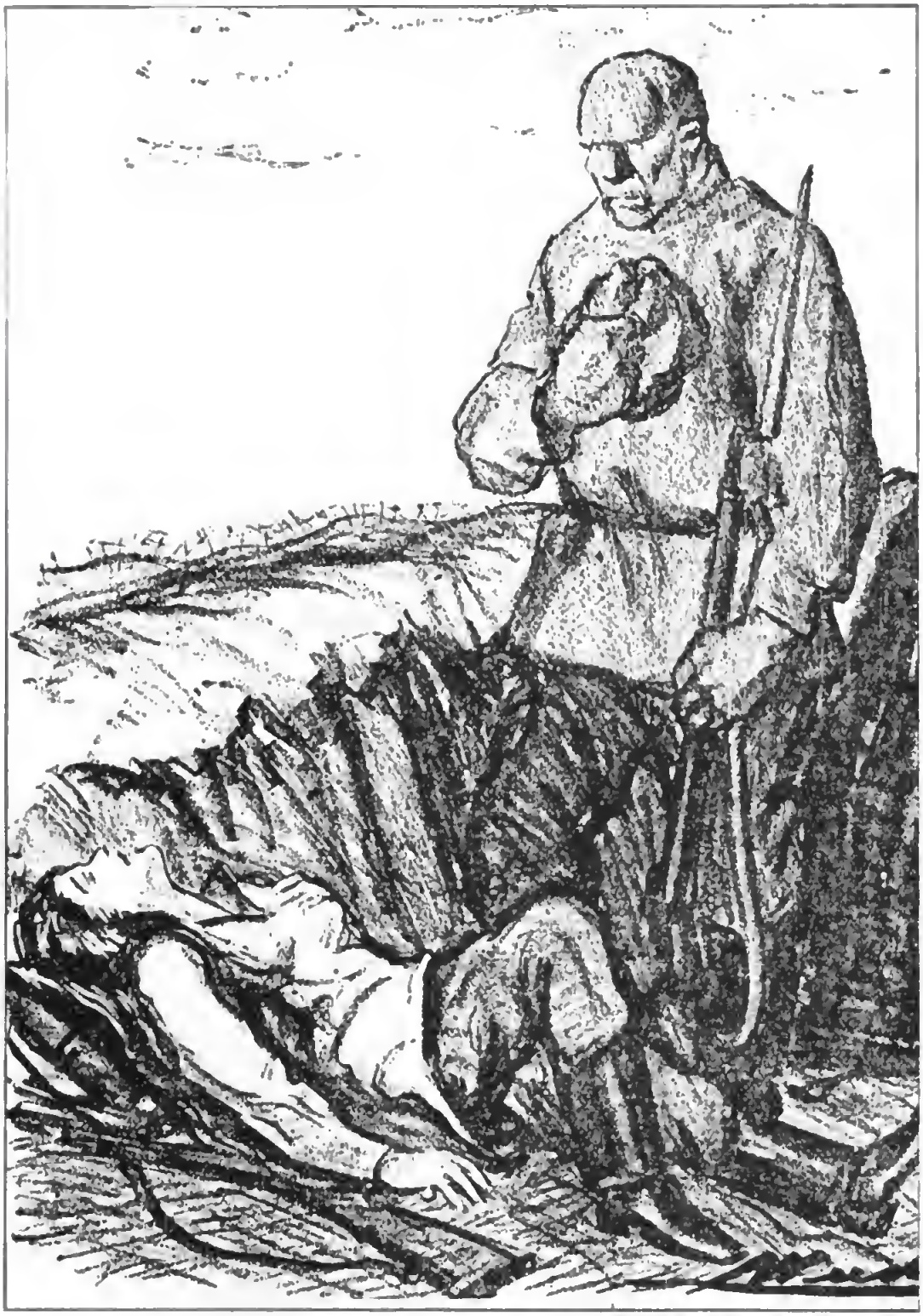

WEED in Philadelphia Public Ledger

A MOTHER OF FREEDOM

Headline—"Russian Women Die on Fighting Line."

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SYKES in Philadelphia Evening Ledger

Light

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"The German march from Riga to Petrograd is perfectly easy—when conducted from a comfortable arm-chair. The country, too, is exactly the sort that any 'idiot strategist' would select; lakes and marshes, little food, poor roads, and only a single railroad to depend on for supplies. Add to these facts the near approach of winter, and you can judge how likely the level-headed commanders of German armies are to undertake such an enterprise.

"In spite of these natural obstacles, the kaiser could take Petrograd if the demoralization of the Russian army continues. Any army can go anywhere if it meets no opposition. But why should the kaiser march to Petrograd when he has been there in spirit from the beginning of the war? From August, 1914, to September, 1917, there never has been an hour when the spies and traitors organized for the undoing of Russia did not occupy that capital in force.

"In spite of intrigues and falsehoods, the Russian people know Hohenzollernism as the foe of freedom and have sworn to fight it to the end. That is the great fact which the fall of Riga does not alter, and which would still confront the kaiser if he looked out at the hostile world from the windows of the palace lately occupied by the czar."

THOMAS in Detroit News

The Ballet Russe

DONAHEY in Cleveland Plain Dealer

"Very well! Let somebody fight who can."

Smashing Germany Fronts

A TRIPLE offensive of such smashing intensity as to leave the central alliance staggering and covering after the manner of a prize fighter who has been desperately hurt is the answer of the allies to peace proposals. From Ypres to the Isonzo the German line has been shaken and bruised until it would seem that a few more such strokes would find the weak spot in the Teutonic armor and deal the thrust that would end forever the kaiser's dream of a victorious peace based on the "war map."

It is probably true, as the Pittsburgh Sun says, that "history does not afford a parallel for the awful fighting that is now taking place in Europe." The measure of its conclusiveness we do not know. But as the armies of Great Britain in dash after dash nibble great holes in the German lines in the north; as the French reply to the boast that they are "bled white" and prostrate by taking thousands of the crown prince's soldiers prisoner and miles of his trenches about Verdun, the armies of General Cadorna on the Isonzo are making one of the most sustained and spectacular advances of the whole conflict.

Before the advance of the Italians stops it may well be that the end of the war will be visible to the naked eye. Monte Santo, the most formidable of Austria's mountain strongholds, has fallen to the armies of General Cadorna and the roads to Triest and Vienna are open.

Of the three great actions of the month, the operations of the Italians have been by far the most important and have yielded greater results, both in prisoners and territory. General Cadorna chose to attack on practically the whole of his front and in spite of the mountainous character of the terrain over which his advance lay he was everywhere successful.

Military critics have long pointed out that Austria is the solar plexus of the central empires and that a blow pressed home against the polyglot empire would come near finishing the war. Cadorna, it is true, has not yet reached Triest nor is he on his way to Vienna, but he has surmounted the greatest obstacles—that is the mountain batteries which were Austria's greatest security.

In the battles of the month the Pittsburgh Sun finds evidence of a lowering of the German morale. "Slowly backward the German wall of steel has been forced," it says, and adds:

KIRBY in New York World

Over the Top

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on Three

SYKES in Philadelphia Evening Ledger

Over the Garden Wall

"Verdun, which was once almost in the grasp of the army of the crown prince, is virtually freed of the German horde. Every hour brings nearer the capture of Lens, the chief city of the French coal district. Farther toward the seacoast the English warriors are irresistibly going forward, and the Germans are going backward. On the Italian front General Cadorna's intrepid fighters are hurling themselves at the Austrians and capturing men and gaining territory. It begins to look like a debacle for the central allies."

The same evidence of German weakness is noted by the New York Sun which concludes from the fact that there was hardly a reply worthy of the name to the various strokes of the allies, that the power to reply has been lost. Says this paper:

"We have hardly seen the last of the German counter offensives, but there are reasons for believing today that the Germans will not again strike as frequently or as vigorously as they were striking of late on the Aisne, before Verdun and Arras and on the Flemish coast. If they could find the means for an offsetting blow would they not be striking it at this moment instead of letting the allies develop a general attack in half a dozen places in France and Italy? If they hope to check the allies' progress, would they not rather check it before losing several important cities where their hold is imperiled. Germany has struck many tremendous blows. Her present actions suggest that she will not again hit as hard as in the past few months, not to speak of 1916."

The Detroit Free Press points out that the plan in the minds of those directing the war on the west front is the vastest conceived up to date, but does not believe it was influenced by the peace proposals of the pope. "There is a temptation," this journal says, "to consider the great new offensive of the French, British and Italians as a reply to the peace overtures made through the vatican, but in all probability the commencement of the grand attack shortly after the transmission of the pope's program for settlement is pure coincidence. It comments on the attitude of the ally governments towards the vatican's proposals only because those governments have declined to be swerved from a prearranged plan. For such an offensive as the one now in its first stages could not have been inaugurated except after a long period of careful preparation. Everything suggests that, far from being a result of impulse, this mid-August attack on the Teutonic lines is the result of long thought out and carefully

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considered arrangement and is intended to stand as a culmination of spring and early summer offensives, which throughout the period of their persistence seemed like main efforts but which may ultimately sink to the status of preliminary operations."

"The Vatican talks of peace while the quirinal shapes it," says the Newark News, which adds:

"It is an Italian tradition that victory is never denied the armies that cross the mountain peaks General Cadorna has been conquering. The advance that seemed open to him after the fall of Gorizia, a year ago this month, has been held up by Austria's hold on Monte Santo. It has been a rock to split the Italian armies. Troops pushing forward in the Carso to the south, or in the direction of Tolmino in the north, had their flanks menaced. Now that this stronghold has fallen, the whole Isonzo line can be pushed forward without any such peril. The routes to Vienna and Triest have been unblocked."

That the British-French, Italian operations are the prelude to the climax of the 1917 campaign is admitted by all critics and there is a disposition to believe that there will be at least one more smashing offensive this year. This need not necessarily result in the breaking of enemy lines, although it may well do so.

"It is worth noting," says the military critic of the New York Tribune, "that there is a plain change in battle tactics on both sides. The great German losses in prisoners and guns at Arras, more than 200 canon and nearly 30,000 prisoners, have brought the Germans to the point of adopting the French method employed at Verdun and recently along the Chemin-des-Dames, the method which calls for holding the front lines lightly and relying upon supports and counterattacks to maintain the main position. On the other hand, the British are restricting their objectives to less than two miles, in the main to a single mile, increasing their artillery preparation, advancing only this shorter

L. RAVEN-HILL in Punch. © London

PLAYING SMALLER

The Kaiser Makes a Change of Instrument

From The Bystander, London

Tommy's One and Only War-Aim

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HARDING in Brooklyn Eagle

Decorated Again

STINSON in Dayton News

"What care I for half a million men?"

RAEMAEKERS in Philadelphia Public Ledger

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FRITZ TAKES OFFENSE

Fritz: "This is no longer civilized war—they are stronger than we are."

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WEED in Philadelphia Public Ledger

Sixty Miles from Waterloo!

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MORGAN in Philadelphia Inquirer Copyright, Philadelphia Inquirer Co.

Everything Is in Accordance With Our Plans—Berlin Announcement

distance, consolidating their gains and then beginning a new preparation. This lesson, perhaps, is derived from the French experience in their spring attack along the Aisne, where too much was sought in a single leap and great losses were incurred without the attainment of any but modest results."

The same critic finds a similarity between the situation on the western front and the operations of Grant in the Civil War, declaring:

"Exactly the same sort of operation was carried on in the Civil War when Grant, in his great campaign from the Rapidan to the James, failed to destroy Lee's armies and achieve an absolute decision. The South, from its shaking walls, still thundered forth the same defiances and still proclaimed the same invincibility which now falls from the lips of the German emperor and is echoed by every German agent and sympathizer all over the world. Yet it requires only the slightest examination of the statistics for the past fourteen months of the war to demonstrate how rapidly and how unmistakably the German defeat is coming. A military decision next summer can be avoided by the German only if he succeeds in imposing his view of allied strategy upon the allied nations and the United States and Russia both fail to play a part in the campaign of 1918."

Great significance is not attached to the Verdun operations except as they show the virility still possessed by the French and the retention of the initiative by the entente allies. Says the Providence Journal:

"The German war monster takes a blow here and takes a blow there —at Verdun, at Ypres, at Lens, along the fearful Chemin-des-Dames—and does not return it, but cringes and gives ground. It is a long push to the Rhine. But the men of France and Britain are pushing with increasing force in that direction. When they strike they go forward, and where they go forward they stand until ready to strike again. And soon an army of Americans will join them, to make the blows harder and quicken the push."

Meanwhile the latest dispatches from the front carry the news that the enemy is planning a general evacuation east of Ypres. Another "strategic retirement," caused by the intensity of the British artillery fire, which will bring the Britons a step nearer the German submarine bases at Zeebrugge and elsewhere!

The territory to be abandoned is in west-

MORGAN in Philadelphia Inquirer Copyright, Philadelphia Inquirer Co.

Germany

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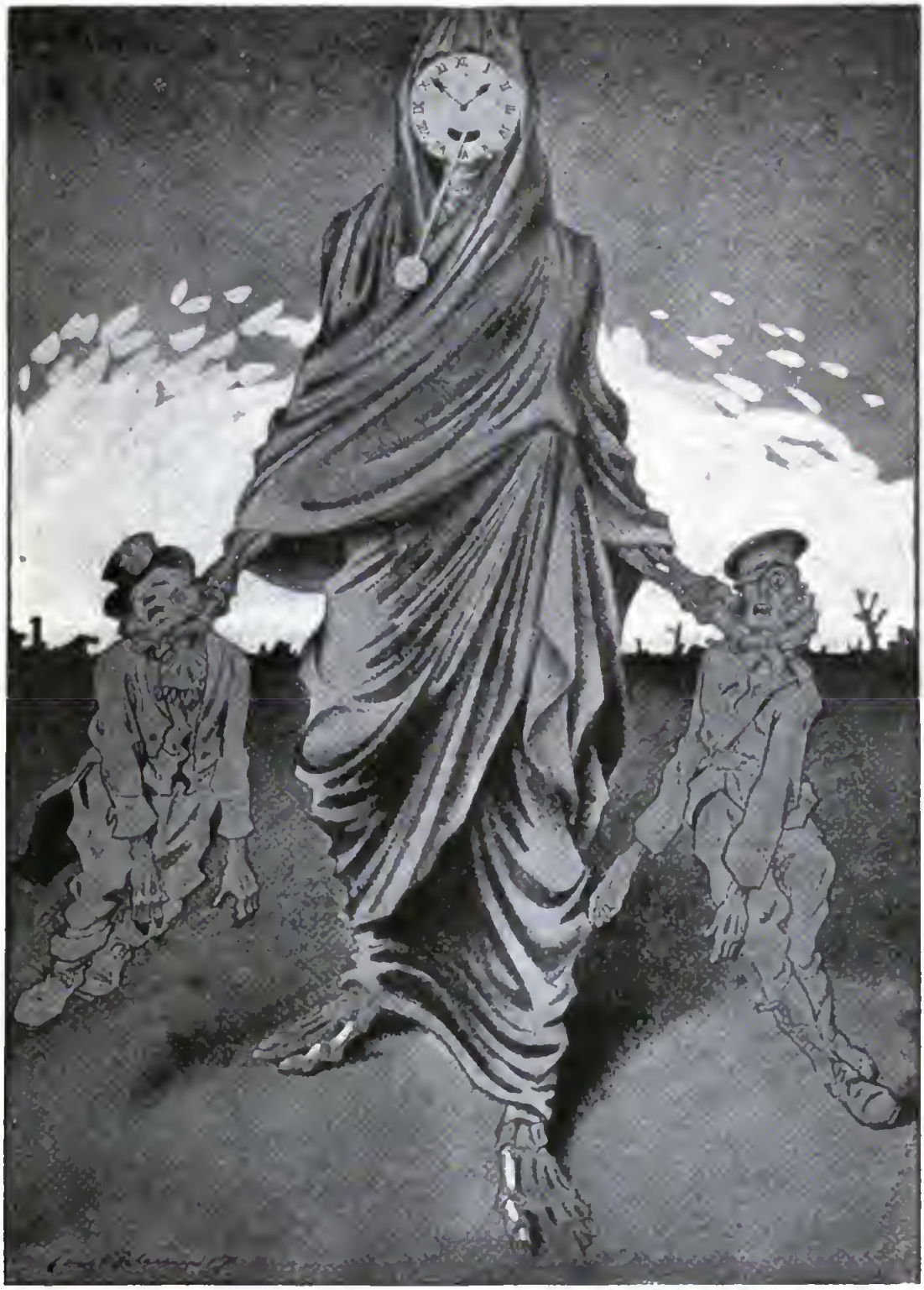

C. O. PETERSEN in Kladderadatsch, Berlin

TIME AS ENGLAND'S ALLY

"She takes such long steps, Tommy—we can't keep up."

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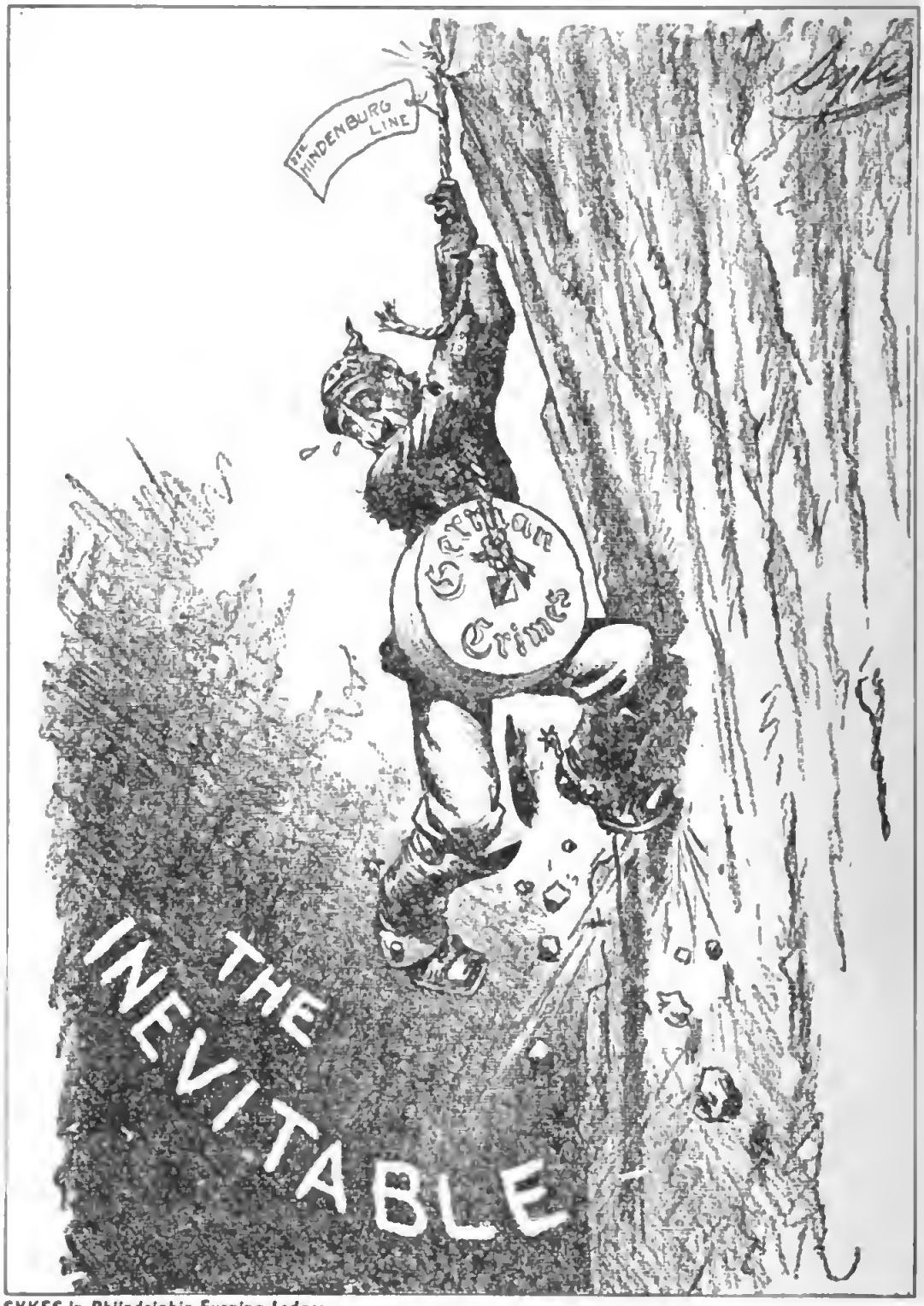

SYKES in Philadelphia Evening Ledger

"Oh, that I had the wings of a dove!"

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ern Flanders, and extends as far as the Courtrai-Thourout line, the line running to the east respeetively of Ypres and Dixmude. These Flanders defenses since the beginning of the latest drive have been battered incessantly by General Haig's forces, and have been held by the Germans only at the greatest sacrifice.

By falling baek to the Thourout-Courtrai line, it is pointed out, the enemy positions between Lombartzyde and Ostend would be endangered. Most of this region directly east of the Yser canal has been under water since the Belgians opened the canal floodgates to stem the first onrush of the German legions.

The conditions that stopped the kaiser's forces will also hinder the British so that they will be obliged to work around, rather than through, this waste of inundated lowland.

If the report of the German retirement proves eorreet it will mark the eompletion of the first step in the allies' smash toward the U-boat bases on the Belgian coast, the capture of which would be a staggering blow to the Germans. It would mean to the British the extermination of the rathole where the pests are born.

ALFRED LEETE in London Opinion

Crown Prince's Son: "What did you do in the great war, Daddy?"

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Getting

KIRBY in New York World

After the Altitude Record

a result, to lower levels. The food and fuel profiteers, moreover, will be unable to create artificial famines in certain articles. The whole scheme has not been worked out yet, but it is believed that control of prices is to be followed by a certain control of distribution that will leave the entire food situation largely in the hands of the government.

Herbert Hoover's appointment as the administrator of the food control measures is expected to insure the feeding of America and its allies in spite of the tremendous export demand, and assurances have been given that there will be ample quantities of food for home consumption. The public has been admonished, however, to be as economical as possible in order that America's food resources may be distributed as widely as possible.

Sporadic complaints from individual dealers there have been, but in the main the country has received the measures with acclaim and settled down to a tranquil contemplation of the situation for the coming winter. Reports of bumper crops have had much to do with easing the public temper, and the majority of Americans have resigned themselves to the substitution in great measure of corn for wheat, the crop of the former being the greatest in the country's history while of the latter it seems certain there will be an appreciable scarcity before the next harvest.

However, the measure for crop stimulation is expected to result in a greater acre-

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After the Profiteers

age to winter wheat than the United States ever has known.

Neutral nations have received the food regulations, and especially the embargo, with loud outcries against the alleged injustice of the government. Many of them have sent commissions here to obtain relief from the procedure which they claim will bring them to the verge of starvation. It has been intimated at Washington, however, that no food will go to neutrals until the most explicit assurances have been received that they are prepared to stop shipments of foodstuffs to Germany and her allies.

Newspapers everywhere point out the difficulty of Mr. Hoover's task and ask the public to be indulgent with whatever inconveniences his duties oblige him to impose on it.

"Mr. Hoover needs and should have sympathy and support in a task which has baffled the best talent in all nations under present conditions," observes the New York Times, which continues:

"It may even be said that at no time, and under no conditions, has it been possible to provide a solution of the differences between buyer and seller, producer and consumer, in any manner satisfactory to both otherwise than by their agreement. Compulsory bargains may meet emergen-

SYKES in Philadelphia Evening Ledger

All Autocrats Look Alike to U. S.

KIRBY in New York World

Bumping Another Autocrat

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KIRBY in New York World

Dividing the Melon

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KIRBY in New York World

The Conscript

cies, but complete satisfaction is not to be looked for. It is a patriotic duty to keep dissatisfaction within the narrowest limits and to condone errors within a broad limit of tolerance. Mr. Hoover has had more experience in management of food supplies than any other man, but no man has had experience with buying as sole buyer, and selling as sole seller, food supplies worth for a single crop around a billion and a half dollars, and incidentally controlling all the intermediate processes of turning the raw material into edible products. It would be a task for a superman if all sought to cooperate with him. It is more likely that many will try to hinder his work, some for sordid reasons, some for reasons of politics. Whoever will try to imagine the consequences of his failure and to think of an alternative to his success will see the expediency of supporting him regardless of opinions about the law under which he is acting."

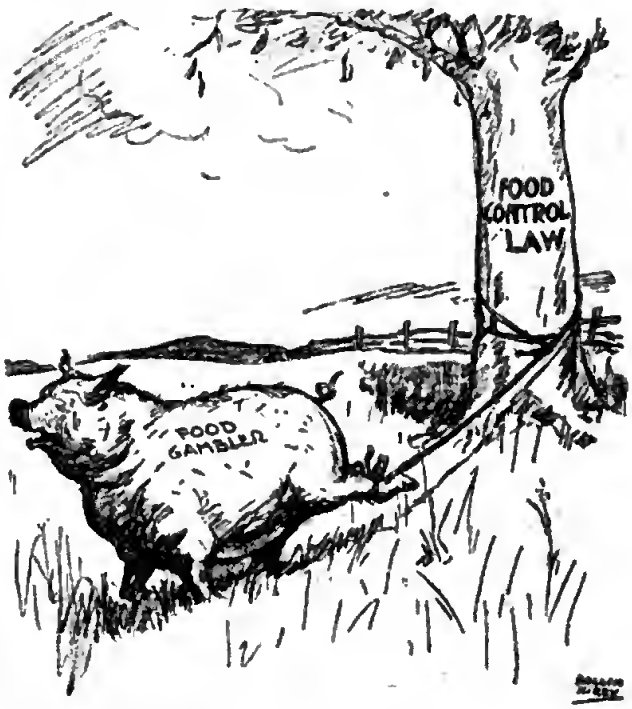
The New York World points out that the appointment of Mr. Hoover was made necessary, primarily, by the breakdown of the competitive system, and declares:

"What flour America can spare for Europe will be determined by need, not by frenzied hidding up of prices. Warehouse charges must be reasonable; wheat must not be stored more than thirty days in large plants without license; contracts for amounts in excess of trade needs will be voided. If necessary to enforce its rulings the country will buy the entire crop."

That the fixing of food prices is essentially just is the burden of many editorials, the Newark News asserting:

"Cost of production plus profit is the adopted yardstick, and with any increase of costs the clear intimation is that prices would be correspondingly raised.

"In principle this program is theoretically sound. Its application in practice is chiefly complicated by the uncertainty of costs. For if costs are constantly in a state of flux the nominal 'fixed' price must also become fluid, and the process of readjustment must become a continuous administrative



KIRBY in New York World

At the End of His Rope

DARLING in New York Tribune

Just When He Thought He Was Safe

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Westerman in Ohio State Journal]

The Greased Pig

tinkering whose effects will discourage rather than encourage production."

Bituminous coal operators are represented as wrathful over the maximum prices the president has fixed for their product while the miners of anthracite are reasonably well satisfied. The country as a whole, however, applauds both, and in many quarters there is bitter condemnation of the bituminous operators who have been held up as the most greedy and rapacious of the war profiteers.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat asserts that "a long step has been taken toward temporary governmental control," and the Philadelphia Evening Ledger thus sets forth the reasons for the federal action:

"That some coal men have gouged the public, federal investigation has fully proved.

"If the exercise of might in an emergency is to be the code, the national war business has the upper hand. It is legitimately employed at once in fostering the mammoth enterprise of victory, whose achievement must largely depend on a square deal to the public."

DONAHEY in Cleveland Plain Dealer

NOBODY HOME

"Is there a little Hoover in your house?"

CARTER in Philadelphia Press

That Little German Band

Spies, Copperheads and Slackers

IT might have been expected that with our entry into the war various strikes, race riots, and anti-war demonstrations would have sprung up. Germany, unable to hit fairly, is still capable of dealing a foul blow or two. What is to be wondered at is that there are not already acres of detention camps in which German propagandists, traitors, and slackers are imprisoned. As many newspapers have remarked, we are too lenient. We misinterpret the privileges of free speech. We are slow to realize that we have to deal with enemies in our midst. The recent activities of the I. W. W., the disgraceful riots at Houston, Tex., and sundry organized attempts to dampen the war spirit of America, can probably be traced to German origin. A majority of the German language newspapers are still maligning our allies and sneering at our president. Yet we allow them to exist.

But, as the proverb says, "beware the wrath of a patient man." We are beginning to have enough of this thing. Draft dodging, pacificism, anarchy, socialism, and propaganda mongering can go too far. We are gradually realizing that those who are not body and soul for Uncle Sam are against him, and that giving aid and comfort to the enemy is, in these days, a serious matter.

Thus we not only have the spectacle of negro rioters in irons, of an I. W. W. leader strung up to a telegraph pole, but of a pacifists' convention "all dressed up, with no place to go," shunted from state to state, and finally finding refuge in Chicago under the friendly wing of Mayor William Hale Thompson, who refers to himself as "Big Bill," and who compares himself with Washington and Lincoln.

Thompson, by defying the supreme authority of the state of Illinois, Governor Lowden, and by allowing these "white rabbits" to hold their convention in what he calls "the sixth German city of the world," seems to have placed himself in the position of a modern Ajax.

Add to this the activities of "Gumshoe Bill," Senator La Follette, Congressman "Billy" Mason, and others, and you have a situation calculated to send the kaiser into the seventh heaven of delight. As the Columbus Dispatch remarks, "we are too lenient."

"Repulsive as it is to us in ordinary times, we may be forced to the length of executing German spies. We must arrest and intern more disloyal aliens. We must keep a closer watch upon persons in sympathy with Ger-

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many. We must protect our own in every possible way—even in the German way, of arresting everybody who is suspected with good reason of being disloyal to the United States. It may work hardships in individual cases, and even an innocent person may at times be put to great inconvenience, but we are not safe under our present methods of leniency.

"The trains that are being wrecked, the steamships that are being set on fire, the labor troubles that are being stirred up by German sympathizers, the factories that are being blown up—these things must be ended, and they can be ended only through a merciless enforcement of our laws."

"If the war lasts long enough," observes the Cleveland Plain Dealer, "doubtless a way will be found to eliminate Germany's friends from the American congress.

"America is patient, slow to wrath. She proceeds quietly along established lines, when such procedure is at all possible. But if any considerable number of constituencies persist in returning to congress the men who are now displaying the kaiser's label there is likely to be an explosion. Some method will be devised to eliminate from American legislative councils men who are determined to do their bit in aid of the nation's enemy."

"Stamp out the vipers!" is the injunction of the Philadelphia Inquirer, which declares:

"The time is coming when the government of the United States will have to take steps to crush the vipers in its midst. They have been allowed a latitude such as would be impossible in any other country in the world. These men, for the most part, have fled from political persecution in the old world, and have found here an asylum and a refuge where all of their natural and political rights are scrupulously respected and protected. Many of them have not deemed it necessary to become citizens. Even the members of this class have been treated with consideration. In times of war it would be supposed that all would naturally rally to the defense of a nation which offers such

DARLING in New York Tribune

The Poisoned Pen

A biting satire on William Randolph Hearst who, through the influence of his newspapers has been trying to discourage the sending of American soldiers to France.

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DARLING in New York Tribune

His Adopted Son

The German-American press has masked its disloyalty by sneers against our allies.

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KIRBY in New York World

"You can't hide behind that!"

wonderful privileges and opportunities to all, regardless of race, color or previous condition of servitude.

"Yet viperlike some of these would sting the hand that has nourished and protected them. In most of the large cities they spring from their obscurity to denounce the United States and its war aims. They preach rebellion to our laws. They spread traitorous doctrines. They insult the soldiers and sailors of the nation. And what are the people—the loyal people—of the United States doing about this? We have had outbursts of indignation, but in a broad way these vipers are permitted to go on with their disloyal work, and permitted to nurse the belief that they have a right to indulge in their harangues."

The jailing of the editor of a German newspaper in St. Paul, according to the Chicago Tribune, is an indication of the limits of American patience rather than a revelation of American tyranny. The Tribune, which has led in the fight to suppress the disloyal German language press, continues:

"It is seldom that a nation goes to war in so tolerant a mood as that of the United States. It necessarily regards Germany now as a disturber of the world's peace, Germany has made it necessary, in American opinion, for Americans to make sacrifices from which they have flinched for three years.

"In spite of all their tolerance and in spite of all the patience with which they have submitted to compromising conditions, they find that they cannot avoid the red test and they are hardening themselves to stand it.

"At this time they are not making the lives of Germans in the United States unhappy. Germans have been under watch, when cases indicated the necessity. Some have forced the authorities to deal with them. Many have been warned and given reasonable advice, but the United States is not herding

SYKES in Philadelphia Evening Ledger

Dog Days

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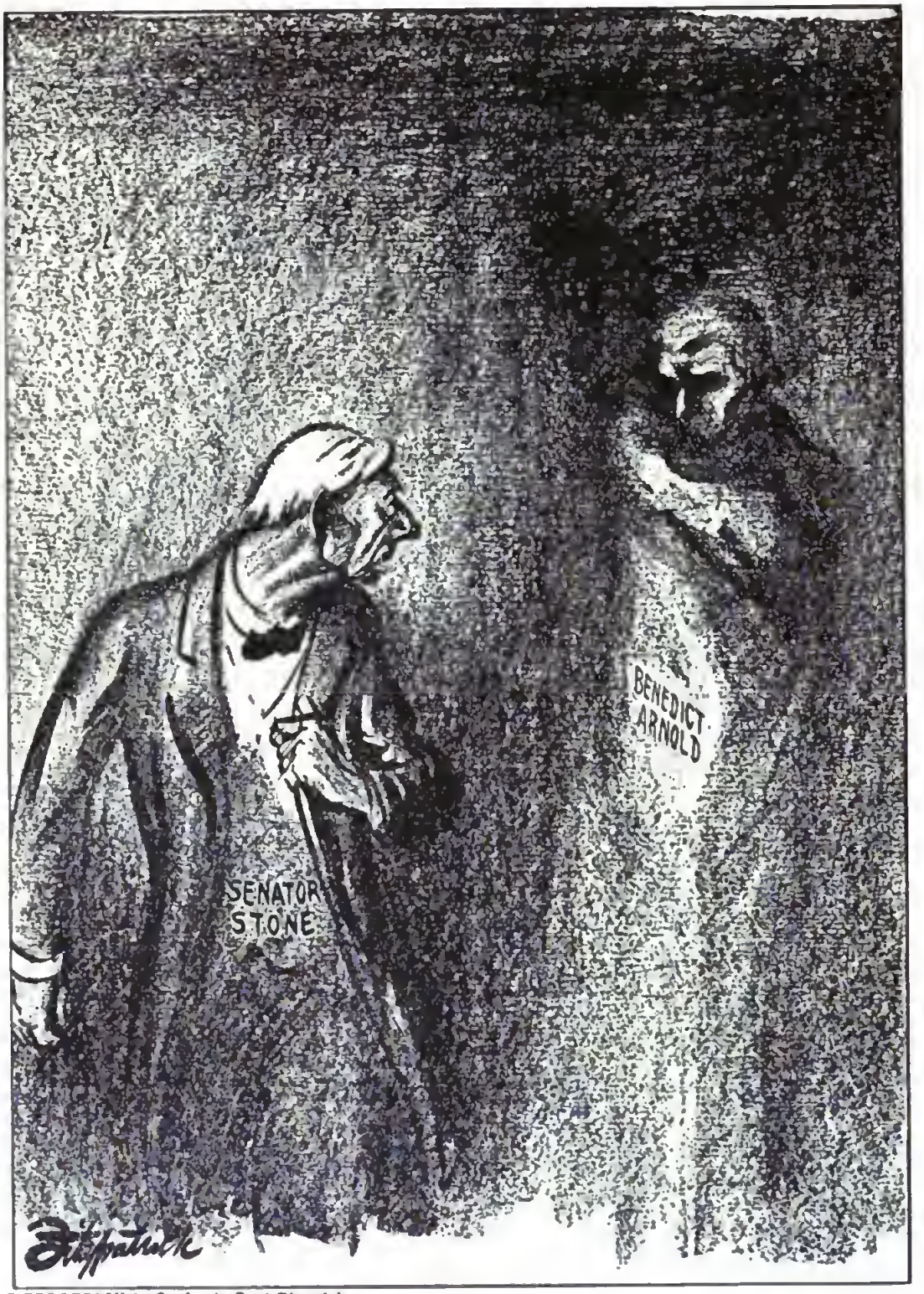

FITZPATRICK in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Remember!

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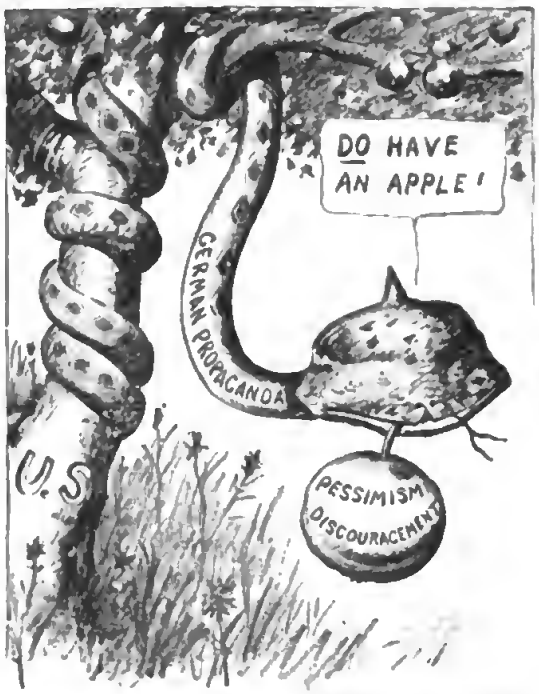
its enemy aliens into internment camps and is not making their lives miserable.

"It merely asks them to behave with consideration and with regard for their own position in a country now at war with their nation. In the other countries at war with the central powers of Europe no such tolerance is extended to the subjects of the enemy governments. We know that America has treated its enemy aliens not only with patience, but with kindness."

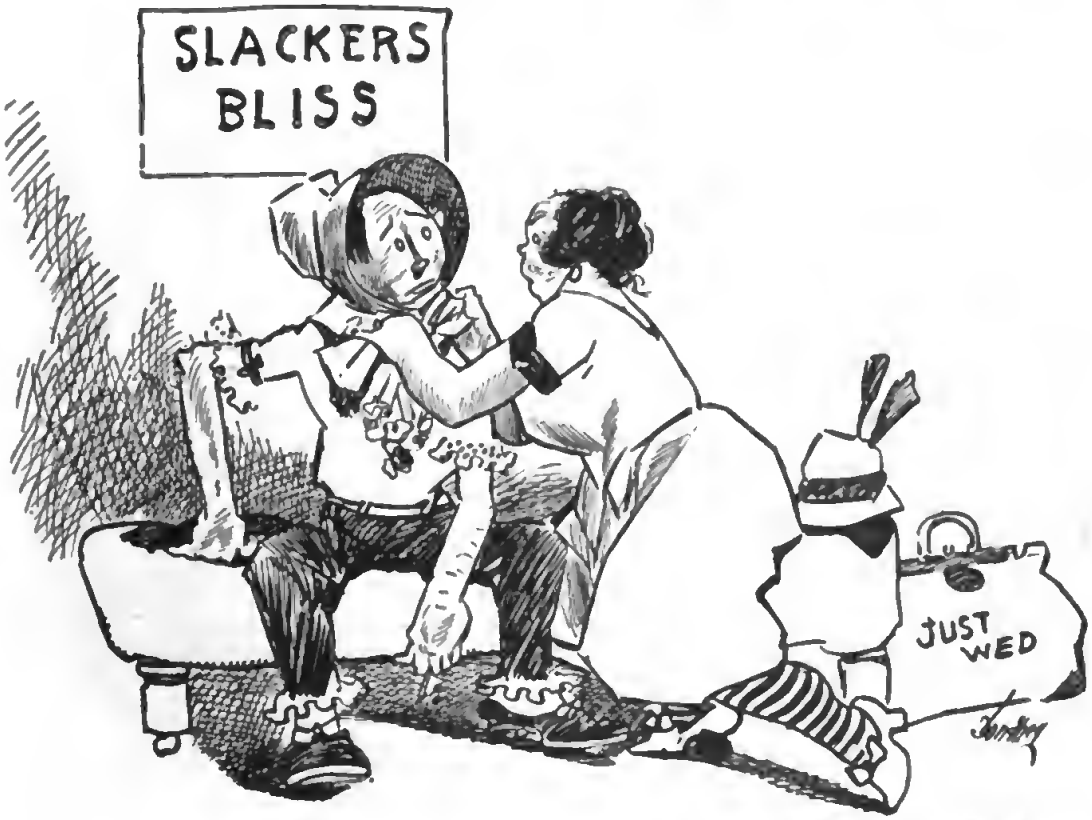
The protection given by the mayor of Chicago to the so-called National Council of America for Democracy and Peace—the organization that finally convened in Chicago after having been denied the hospitality of other cities—called forth from Governor Lowden of Illinois a warning to the disloyal. Branding the acts of these pacifists as a treasonable conspiracy, which "ought not, when the nation is battling for its life, to find shelter under a claim of freedom of speech."

"If we lose this war," the governor declared, "real free speech will be lost."



HARDING in Brooklyn Eagle

The Modern Serpent in the Garden



DONAHEY in Cleveland Plain Dealer

"Now, look here, Sweetie, if you want me to fix you up so your Uncle Sam won't know you, you've got to quit fidgeting."

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BEHIND THE LINES—SOME NEW WAR

Little Alsatian Girl Praying at a Wayside Church for Better Times for France

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PICTURES FOR YOUR SCRAP BOOK

Learning of the German Retreat, This Old Frenchwoman Returns to Her Old Home

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French Boys with Their Improvised "75's" Playing War in the Ruins of Their Once Happy Village Which for Three Years has Remained under the German Heel. Children along the Fighting Front Know of No Pastimes Not Connected with the Great Issue. From a Photograph Taken in Territory Recently Regained by the French in Their Great Drive.

Photos Copyrighted, Underwood and Underwood

French Women Are the Most Ideally Patriotic Women of the World. Horses and Cattle are not Numerous in France. So These Women Gladly Take the Place of the Farm Animals When There Is Plowing to be Done. This Photograph was Taken on the Shell-Raked Somme Territory Recently Recaptured by the French.

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A French Peasant Family Partakes of a Frugal Noonday Meal at a Ruined Farm House "Somewhere in the Recaptured District of the Somme." A Jug of Water and a Loaf of Bread Compose the Simple Menu. To the Left Stands an Ex-Soldier, No Longer Serviceable Because of His Missing Leg. He is Cutting the Bread for the Family.

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This Brave Daughter of France Reaps the Golden Grain While Her Baby Plays Happily in the Heaped-Up Grasses. The Scene Exemplifies the Spirit of Woman in France Today. While the Men are Away Fighting, the Women Till the Fields, for the Poilu must be Fed.

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A Crusader

by Harold

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The Zeppelin Raider

FOR centuries kings have paid homage to the artists of little Holland. With lavish favors they have showered her painters of quaint portraits, of friendly exteriors and restful, homely interiors.

The old order changeth. Today Holland's greatest artist is feared and hated by the ruler of her nearest neighbor. Louis Raemackers has been cursed by the kaiser and a price has been put upon his head. Painter of portraits distorted with hideous lust, delineator of the awful, noisome wastes of No Man's Land, limner of what were peaceful interiors before the scourge of Prussianism fell upon the world, single-handed, armed with a tiny piece of charcoal, a sheet of white paper, and a loaf of fresh-baked bread, he has done more to curb German ambition than the combined strategic efforts of a dozen allied generals.

In times of war men are made in a day. Three years ago Louis Raemackers was practically unknown, a painter of portraits and landscapes like his illustrious forefathers and a contributor of an occasional cartoon to an Amsterdam newspaper. Today he is hailed as the greatest cartoonist of the world war. Millions of women have wept over his vivid pictures of devastated Belgium's sufferings; millions of men, fired by his graphic tirades against German cruelty, have sprung to arms with vengeance in their hearts.

America's entrance into struggle for democracy has brought Raemaekers to this country. From

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"How I deal with the small fry."

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Against Kultur

M. Harvey

Paris, bravely trying to smile through her tears; from London, stolid and determined; from the blood-stained fields of Verdun and the Marne, he has journeyed to the quiet of a Long Island village because he believes that the pivot on which the destinies of the world are turning—"the center of gravity," as he phrases it—now lies in the United States.

He is a mild-mannered little person, this crusader against kaiserdom. His yellow hair, thinning a bit on the broad forehead, his tiny yellow beard, his red cheeks, his round face and gentle blue eyes do not suggest that he is a man whose capture would cause the entire German nation to rejoice. That he could ever cherish any feeling but the kindest toward humanity seems impossible, yet his hatred of Germany and her ideals is with him a religion—a cult born of a lifetime intimacy with the nation and her citizens.

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Belgium

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The Troubador

Raemaekers was at work in his temporary studio when I first saw him. As he rose from his easel, by the side of which stood a mysterious-looking loaf of bread, and came to greet me I felt that I had never been in the presence of a man who radiated more geniality.

"America has been very good to me in the few days I have known her," he said, his mouth, half hidden by a thin moustache, shaping itself

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into a smile. "She is a wonderful country and I believe she is learning how best to utilize her great power in the tremendous task she finds before her."

He spoke with conviction. Perhaps no man has felt the pulse of the world in the last troubled years with greater accuracy than Louis Raemaekers. The progress in preparedness, which we ourselves are often not able to realize, he feels on every hand.

"No," he went on, speaking in English which showed no foreign unfamiliarity save an occasional stress on a customarily unstressed syllable, "no, I have not been swept off my feet by the tremendous rush of America as my friends in Europe prophesied I would be. Every one is keen, alert, active, but there is no chaos. Each man knows what he is doing. That is why I have faith in you to carry the great struggle to a successful end.

"New York is an inspiring city. Its architecture is magnificent. The great, sweeping, perpendicular lines are suggestive of the nation's strength. From an impression which I received as I stood at night in lower Broadway I have drawn a cartoon. I looked up. Far above was the black sky, brilliant with glistening stars. To it mounted the straight lines of the skyscrapers, broad bands of alternating light and shade. To me it was the stars—the stripes—your flag. So I drew it, and in one corner I put a tiny, insignificant little kaiser, gazing upward in awe as I had done. He was asking: 'Am I still the most All High?'"

Born within a few miles of the German frontier of a Dutch father and a German mother, Raemaekers has spent a great part of his forty-odd years in close touch with Germans.

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The Air Plane Bag

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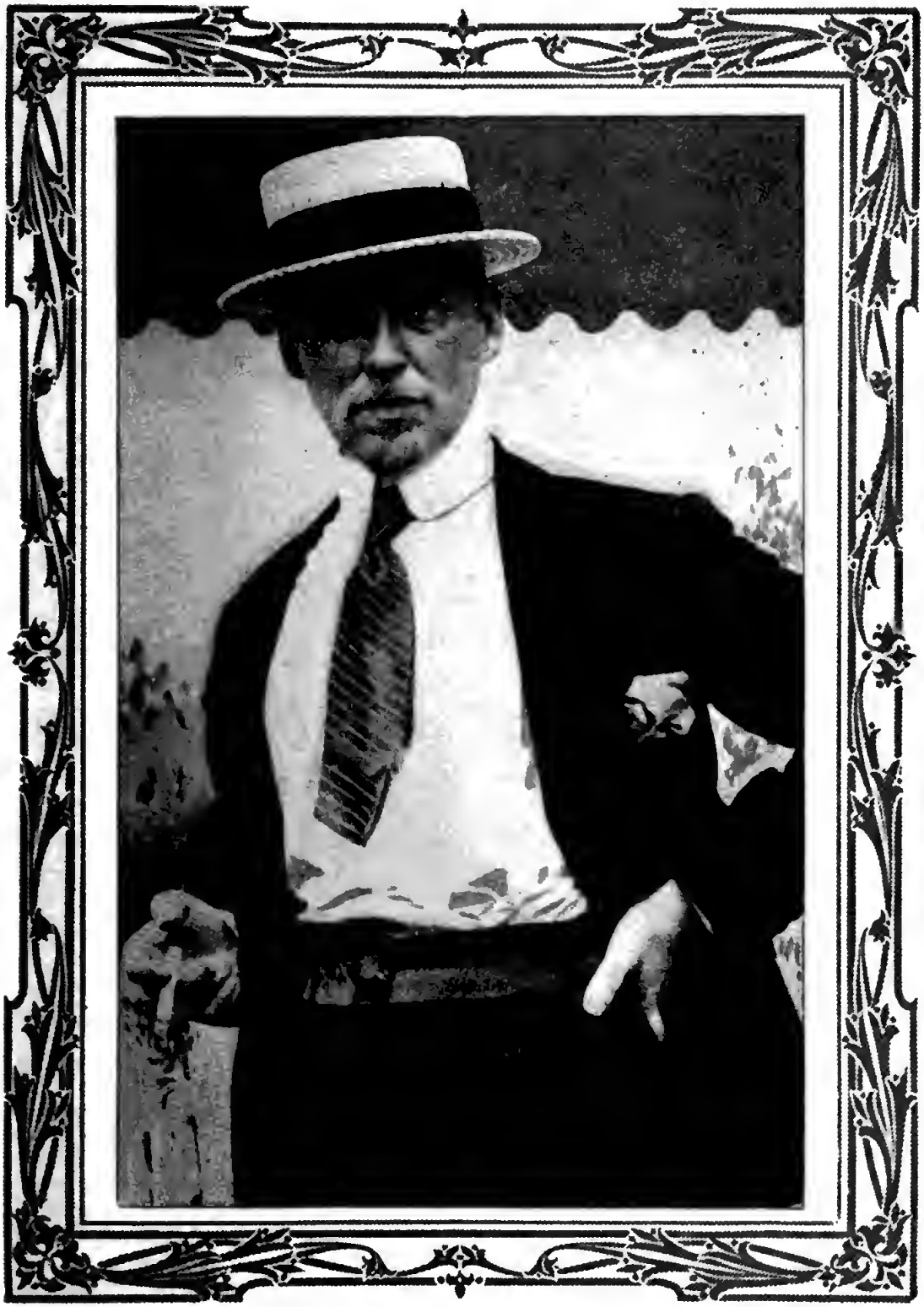

LOUIS RAEMAEKERS

The Cartoonist Who Swung Holland to the Allies

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Copyright, Land and Water, London.

Cinema Chocolate

"That is why I am certain they must be beaten until every bone is broken," he declared, his face growing serious for a moment. "I kn[illegible] well and they must be trampled on unt[illegible] national spirit is broken. Germans have two souls. One is the one with which they meet their friends, with which they live. The other is the one they devote to the nation. Every German is a Pan-German. They have been schooled from the time they were children to do what the nation required, no matter [illegible] degrading it might be. Yet I sincerely believe that the defeat of Germany will, after the years of readjustment, be more welcome to the people of Germany than to those of any nation now fighting. They will realize then how false their ideals have been."

For ten years before war actually came, Raemaekers had prophesied its coming. A castle in a small seacoast town in Holland first stirred him to action. Owned by an old German, it was from all external appearances, nothing more formidable than a quiet country retreat. The constant visits, however, of an unending number of haughty young "nephews" aroused the artist's suspicions. Investigation proved that these young men were naval officers and that the castle was an armed fortress.

Always in the vanguard when there was talk of war, Raemakers' first war cartoon appeared four days before the actual opening of hostilities. The figure of a woman, Europe, weighed down beneath the sword, the rack and the three-tongued scourge of the Inquisition, it was published in an Amsterdam paper under the caption, "After Twenty Centuries of Christianity." Others quickly followed which for a time his editors refused to print, believing them too harsh. The increased circulation which followed the appearance of his later work soon

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Louis Raemaekers' Three Children

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made them demand and publish everything he turned out.

"At first they wanted me to draw to suit them," Raemaekers told me. "I would not be held in check by an editor. I will not now. I draw what appeals to me. I will not draw what another man tells me I must draw if I do not believe the idea will bring results."

No one knew of Raemaekers' arrival in this country until he himself had announced it. The fact that his own cousin, a German, has foretold the unpleasant things in store for him if he ever crosses the German border, the threatening letters he has received, the mysterious telephone calls which have come to him at all hours of the day and night, have taught him to be cautious. Even in crossing the English Channel he hurriedly jumped from one boat to another half a minute before the craft left her wharf.

"I always go armed," he said, "but I have not worried. Those who are going to kill you do not tell you about it beforehand. And, besides," he added as the look of gentleness left his blue eyes and the lines around his pleasant mouth grew hard, "I am not sure I would not have the first shot."

In a moment the blue eyes were twinkling again as he was telling me of his three childreu whom he left in England with their mother because "it is very unhealthy crossing the pond just now." Going to a chest of drawers, he unlocked one and drew forth a pocketbook. From it he took his most precious possessions—two snapshots of the youngsters, the only photographs of them he has in this country with him.

"The boy is eight," he said proudly as he showed me the pictures. "The three of them must see America. I wish they might be here in the country with me. We would all be happy."

A faraway look came into his eyes and he patted the case ever so gently as he slipped the photographs back into it. The same ocean which separated him from the love of four people protected him from the hatred of an entire nation. Yet he would have braved the hatred of the world to have been with his loved ones at that moment.

On his easel stood a double-page cartoon still in the first rough state. Allegorical figures of the allied nations charged an armored kaiser. Uncle Sam, his sword aloft, called his sons to join the forces of civilization. As is his custom, often even before the drawing is begun, Raemaekers had found his caption. Beneath the sketch he had written: "Come on, guys, it's our job, too!"

Quick to grasp the spirit of America and anxious to use a title with the broadest, popular appeal, he had chosen the word "guys" believing it aided his purpose.

"Is 'guys' correct? Is it a good word? Is it what I want to say?" he asked naively.

The other member of our three-cornered conversation explained to him that a slight slur occasionally was felt when the word "guy" was used. He further and more convincingly built up his case by declaring that "guy" had come into use following the episode in history in which Guy Fawkes played the leading rôle.

Raemaekers understood at once. He knows the history of old Europe as well as he knows the history which he has had such a large part in making.

"Ah, then it's 'boys' I want," he laughed, and pulling a wad of dough from the center of the mysterious loaf, erased the offending word, quickly substituting the other with its friendly suggestion of comradeship.

Raemaekers never draws his likenesses or caricatures from photographs. If he has not seen a man he draws from the memory of some excellent portrait viewed in his student days in the art centers of Holland, Belgium, France, or Germany. Most of the great figures of the present war, however, he has seen and many are the amusing stories he tells of those he has met personally.

One day at a luncheon in London, he was seated next to a man prominent in British politics. "You are a Hollander, aren't you?" the distinguished knight asked him.

Raemaekers replied proudly that he was.

"Ah, then between us we can solve the Irish problem," the M. P. went on. "I am Irish. You are Holland. We will put all the Irish in Holland and all the Hollanders in Ireland. In one year the Hollanders will have been so industrious that they will have made Ireland a garden and the Irish will have been so lazy that they will have neglected to care for the dykes and will all have been drowned."

Raemaekers greatly admires many of our

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Culture at Wittenburg

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great Americans. "Mr. Wilson, your president, is a remarkable man," he declared. "A year and a half ago I did not admire him. I could not understand his delay in entering the war. Today I admire him all the more for his hesitancy. He was studying his people. He was acting for their best interests. When the psychological moment came, when he knew that the people would support him, he seized the sword and the nation followed. Only the greatest of men could do a thing like that in face of world-wide criticism."

In common with every European, Raemaekers is a great admirer of another son of Holland—by descent, at least—Theodore Roosevelt. And, in common with all other foreign visitors of note, one of his first acts on arriving in the United States was to make a pilgrimage to Oyster Bay.

At the gate of Sagamore Hill he was told that he could not see Mr. Roosevelt unless he had an appointment. The friend who was with him hurried a note to the colonel and the colonel rushed one back saying that he must see Mr. Raemaekers at once.

As the cartoonist's car rolled up the drive to the Roosevelt house the former president ran out to meet it. His interest in a man who is as splendid a fighter as himself prohibited any delayed greetings.

"Mr. Raemaekers," he cried as he shook the artist's hand, "you're the one man I've been longing to meet. I want to shake your hand as much as I do that of King Albert of Belgium."

Raemaekers has set no date for his return to Europe. At present he is drawing four cartoons a week: three for a newspaper syndicate, one for a weekly magazine. He will remain near New York until his work is thoroughly established, but later he plans to travel through the Middle West and on to the coast.

"I have heard so much of all your cities that I must see them," he told me. "I am sure the interior cities are very different from cosmopolitan New York—perhaps, might I say, they are more typically American."

This winter, perhaps this fall, Raemaekers will hold an exhibition of his originals, one hundred and fifty of which he brought with him, and fifty more of which are now on their way to this country. Although one exhibit of his work has already been made here, he insists that the collection was too small to be worth great consideration.

One common bond Raemaekers finds between the United States and his own beloved Holland. "Holland feels that she is too small to fight," he phrases it tersely. "The United States felt that she was too big to be drawn into the struggle."

Now that we have finally entered the lists we may feel proud and content that Louis Raemaekers has come to our shores to spur us on, to hearten us with his vivid portrayals of Prussianism, as he has heartened the fighting men of Flanders and of the plains of France.

Artist and Emperor

By Tudor Jenks

THE Kaiser is warded by night and by day,
The helmeted warriors guard every way,
But a keen trenchant weapon still reaches his heart—
The truth-telling pencil of Raemaekers' art!

No longer the Dutchman makes innocent fun,
For horror not humor he finds in the Hun;
And the world learns to know, despite phrases and lies,
The villainies seen by an honest man's eyes.

In vain are the trenches, the concrete, steel mail;
Apollo's bright arrows never can fail—
Straight to the soul of the tyrant they fly,
To sting and to wound till autocracy die!

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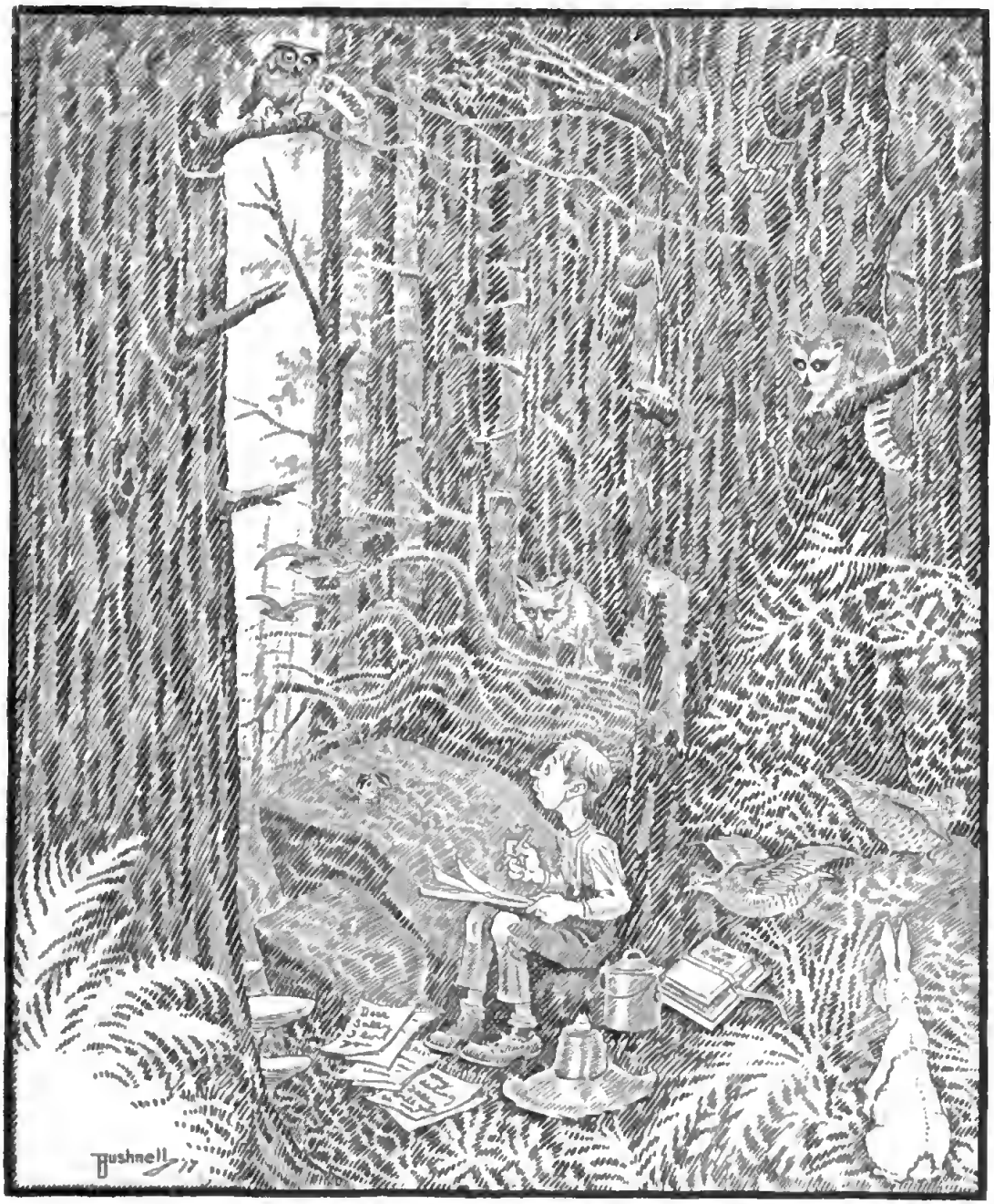
The Road to Yesterday

by E. A. Bushnell



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine

Your first love letter—Ah, how true
You thought that first sweetheart!
What references to "violets blue"
And "naught but death shall part!"—
Ah, well, it conjures up a smile,
That long-forgotten page
Back on the Road to Yesterday—
Back in the Stone-bruise Age.

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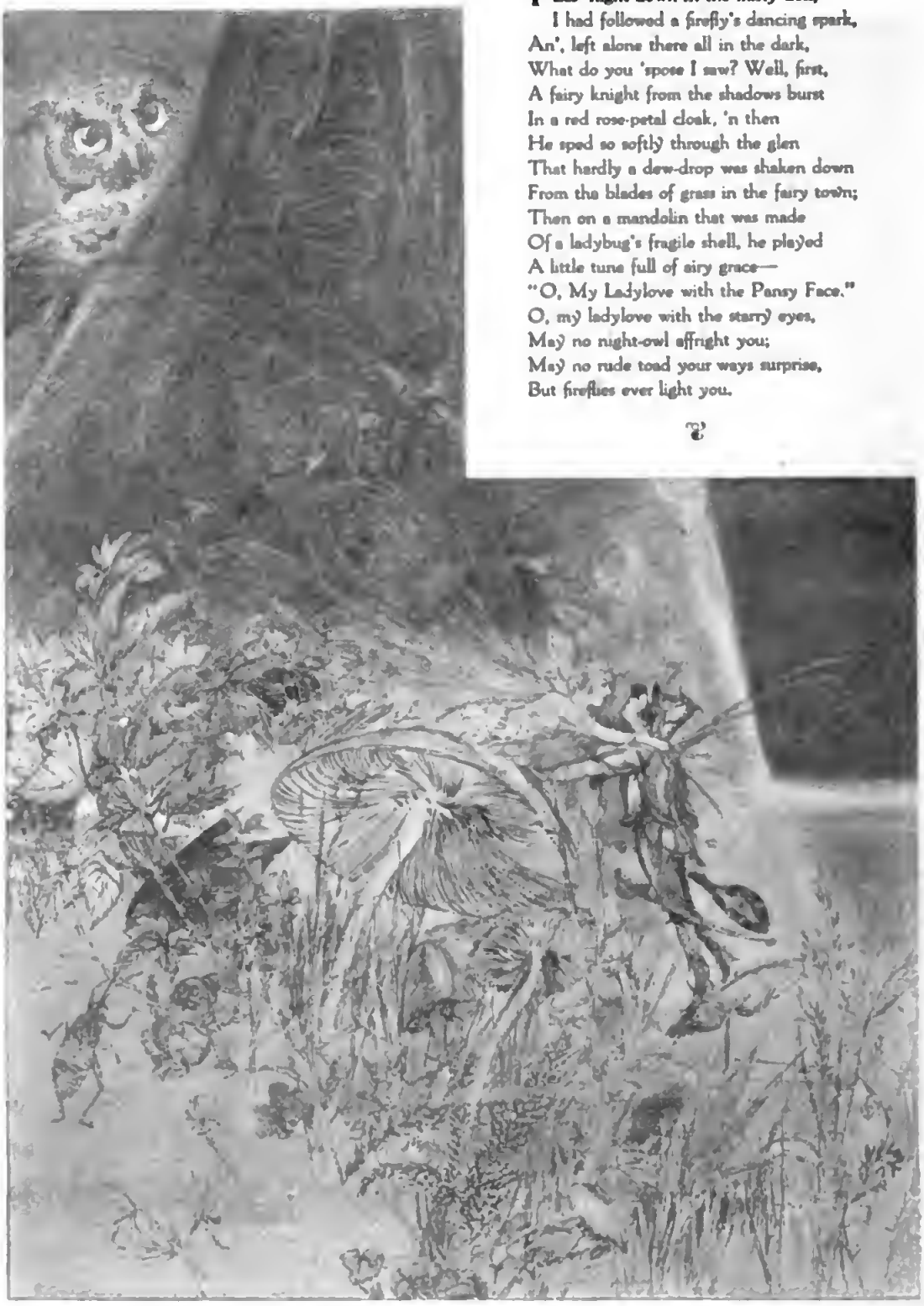
A Fairy Story

I'LL tell you a story if you won't tell—
Las' night down in the misty dell,
I had followed a firefly's dancing spark,
An', left alone there all in the dark,
What do you 'spose I saw? Well, first,
A fairy knight from the shadows burst
In a red rose-petal cloak, 'n then
He sped so softly through the glen
That hardly a dew-drop was shaken down
From the blades of grass in the fairy town;
Then on a mandolin that was made
Of a ladybug's fragile shell, he played
A little tune full of airy grace—
"O, My Ladylove with the Pansy Face."
O, my ladylove with the starry eyes,
May no night-owl affright you;
May no rude toad your ways surprise,
But fireflies ever light you.



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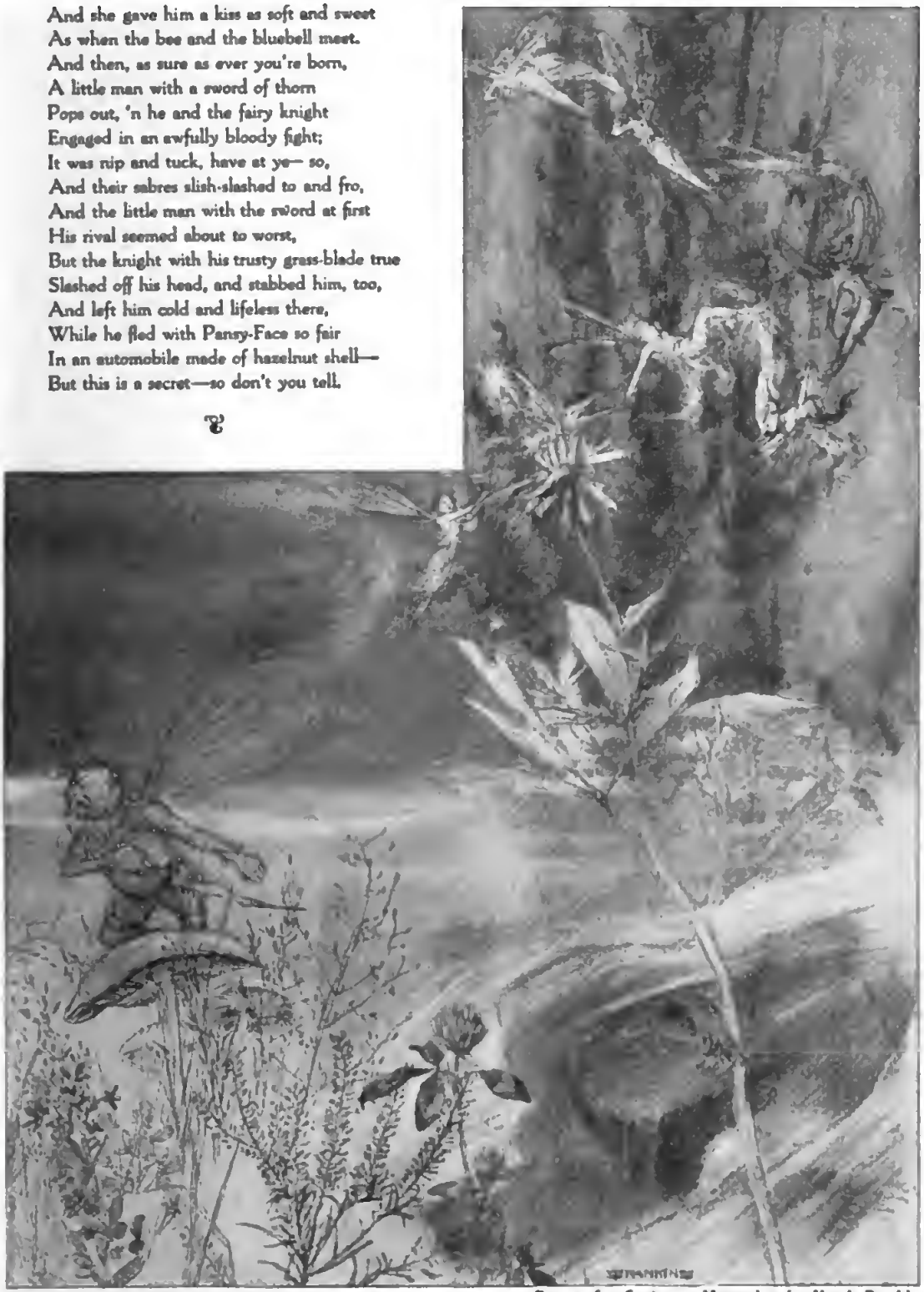
—by Paul T. Gilbert

And then from a toadstool of silvery sheen
Appeared the tiniest fairy queen,
And she gave him a kiss as soft and sweet
As when the bee and the bluebell meet.
And then, as sure as ever you're born,
A little man with a sword of thorn
Pops out, 'n he and the fairy knight
Engaged in an awfully bloody fight;
It was rip and tuck, have at ye— so,
And their sabres slish-slashed to and fro,
And the little man with the sword at first
His rival seemed about to worst,
But the knight with his trusty grass-blade true
Slashed off his head, and stabbed him, too,
And left him cold and lifeless there,
While he fled with Pansy-Face so fair
In an automobile made of hazelnut shell—
But this is a secret—so don't you tell.



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Hugh Rankin

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Unlimited Credit

by Helena

STRANGERS in East Wallop, who paused before the windows of Roots' store, would exclaim with patronizing astonishment:

"Why, aren't they up to date here though! I always thought country stores had plows and groceries and overalls—all jumbled up together and that folks sat around the stove in the center—but—why this is a regular department store!"

Roots', in years gone by, had been the typical "general store" but the growing demands of patrons, no longer out of touch with the world, had been met by the shrewd sons of the founder to compete with that enemy, the mail-order catalog. Next to a tempting line of "new goods direct from the city" the chief ally of the Root Brothers' was unlimited credit. In the farming district around East Wallop money was plentiful only after harvest. Then old bills were paid and one could send off good cash to the big mail-order houses. But during the winter, planting and growing season—Roots' reaped their harvest. Of course folks in East Wallop always paid—eventually.

It was during the credit season that J. W. Root, the suave, hand-

J. W. Root could Make the Most Economical Woman Feel Like the Queen of Sheba

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at Roots'
Smith-Dayton

Whoever would Dream of D. M. Root's Being the Shylock of the Firm?

shaking, bowing, tall, thin brother was in evidence. He could make the most economical, timid little woman feel like the Queen of Sheba.

"Ah, Mrs. Mandigo, you are quite a stranger! We've missed you. I was speaking of your husband only yesterday, saying what a fine, upright man he is—this town ought to have more like him. He's good for anything he or his family wants in this store. I hope you have never had occasion to be displeased with our merchandise or service? Ah, that's good—I'm glad to hear it. What can we show you today? Carpets? Certainly. We pride ourselves on our assortment of carpetings and rugs. But before you leave the store, do look at our new line of dress goods. We try to cater to ladies of your taste and discernment. We want our leading people in East Wallop to feel that we are keeping up to date with the stores in all the leading cities. A few, like yourself, will appreciate this ambition of ours. That's right—look around. And if everything is not satisfactory, please report it to me. Oh, Mrs. Dicks—do show Mrs. Mandigo those new models you just got in."

The first of the month is a long way off—and Mr. Root makes her feel that her credit is so good that she can have the store, if she will deign to take it and so Mrs. Mandigo becomes reckless and—

It is the short, fat D. M. Root the creditor meets on the day of reckoning. One would take him to be the easy-going brother of the two. Tradition has endowed the fat with laughter and good nature. Whoever would dream of his being the Shylock of the firm, demanding his money or the pound of flesh? After several monthly statements have been received, and complacently ignored, it is D. M. who puts on those mean little tags at the bottom: "Please

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Hattie Trapper, Neckwear, Laces, and Handkerchiefs

remit." "We would appreciate a settlement of the above long-standing account," and finally those blunt demands with "pleases" and "appreciates" left off. Somehow the money, at least something on account, is paid and the insatiable D. M. appeased.

"I'll never trade another cent's worth in that store!" declares the indignant patron. "I find I can do much better by sending off. My niece in the city will shop for me, anything I want! Roots' are such cut-throats, anyway."

And then, one fine day, Mrs. Mandigo, or whoever she is, needs a spool of thread in a hurry and decides to slip into Roots' and get it. No use, she argues, of cutting off your nose to spite your face. She'll pay cash, moreover, and be independent.

WHO comes forward, beaming, to greet her but J. W. himself.

"Ah, Mrs. Mandigo, you are quite a stranger," etc.

Mrs. Mandigo tells him how she has been treated by his store. Mr. J. W. Root is grieved. Deeply grieved. It was all a mistake. The bookkeeper—stupid but well-meaning fellow—uses no judgment—is to blame for it all. If the matter had been brought to the attention of D. M. or himself—"

"It was your brother who hounded me up—who wrote the letters and who—" Mrs. Mandigo bursts out.

"Well! Well!" gasps Mr. J. W. in shocked surprise. Then very confidentially he assures Mrs. Mandigo that his brother and his harsh methods are a great trial to him. "D. M. is all right at heart—but he just doesn't use good sense, at times. Don't, don't let this prejudice you against Root Brothers. My dear Mrs. Mandigo, I know him—I ought to, being in business with him all these years and besides he's my brother—but I admit that at times he is very trying. Very trying." Somehow, Mrs. Mandigo is persuaded not to visit the pig-headedness of D. M. Root on his brother, J. W.

Mrs. Mandigo, her plumage smoothed, goes to gaze upon new goods "just in" under the personal guidance of J. W. himself. She makes unpremeditated purchases confident that her credit is again—unlimited!

It's cozy to go into a store like Roots' and be waited upon by saleswomen like Sadie Mulling, Hattie Trapper, or Mrs. Dicks. You know them and they know you.

Mrs. Dicks of the Cloak and Suit Department

Sadie, who queens it back of the hosiery and gloves, knows your size and the quality you want to buy. She also can tell you the details of a lot of things of which you have heard indefinite rumors but of which you have wanted to hear more.

"Of course," admits Sadie, "there's not much in THIS TOWN that I don't hear about—not that I care or am interested. Not me. I mind my own business and that keeps me pretty busy. But folks talk and I have to listen. How

they do rattle on, from Lou Sothergill and her crowd down the line. Speaking of Lou, they say she went into a reg'lar tantrum because Ralston Simms didn't show up at her big party. Most of the girls who come in here seem cracked about that Simms feller. Not that I can see why. Of course he's swell and his folks have got money. But that's not everything, now is it? He's an awful jollier. I was talking to him on the way home the other night—went to school with him, before he was sent off to college. He certainly can make you feel that you are the only person on earth while he's talking to you. I'm not saying that he hasn't a certain taking way with him—fascinating manner, you might call it. I do hope he doesn't turn the head of that little Sawyer girl. She's a sweet little kid. He was talking to her the other day out in front of the store—and you ought to have seen her looking at him! Just like a canary bird looks at a snake. Don't you want to take two pairs of these black silks? They're going up pretty quick. Why don't you take a half dozen pairs—you can charge 'em."

"Of course," admits Sadie, "there's not much in THIS TOWN that I don't hear about."

It was into this friendly, intimate establishment that old Mrs. Eliza Peck led Emma Sawyer, her pretty dependent, for some much needed new garments.

"Look's who's here," whispered Sadie Mulling to J. W. Root, who stood near her counter. "I wish she'd loosen up and get that poor young one some decent clothes—like other girls. Say, why don't you get after her and make her, Mr. Root."

Mr. Root shook his head. "I gave up trying to sell her anything but just what she came after, years ago!"

"Huh," jeered the flattering Sadie, "you could sell ear mufflers to them Feegee Islanders. I got a hunch if you got off just the right line of jolly today, you could land her!"

Mr. Root grinned. He looked at the lovely face of Emma Sawyer and an immense pity swelled in his heart. If it weren't for D. M. he'd like to give that child the best in the place—at cost. Then, encouraged by Sadie and his own aroused sympathies he advanced to greet Mrs. Peck.

"Ah, Mrs. Peck, quite a stranger. It is a pleasure to see you looking so well! And this is little Emma. How she has shot up. A young lady now, sure enough. You have

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Keeping Up to Date with the Stores in the Big Cities

reason to be proud of her, Mrs. Peck," he added in a lower tone. "You must indeed feel repaid for your splendid charity in taking her. Yes, indeed, a splendid charity. Too few generous women like you in the world, Mrs. Peck. Too few. I'm glad you happened in today—most fortunate. We have just received a line of charming things most suitable for your little Emma. I'd like to show them to you—"

"Oh, we just want a plain, practical—" interrupted Eliza Peck.

"Just so, just so," agreed Mr. Root. "I'm sure we can please you. We sold quite an order yesterday to your young neighbor Miss Carrie Bascom."

"Hope you get paid for them," sniffed Mrs. Peck. "Old Bascom—"

"Oh, he is quite indulgent where Carrie is concerned, though I understand he is pretty close," purred Mr. Root. The sly man knew that Carrie's father, C. P. Bascom, and Mrs. Eliza Peck were bitter enemies. They had built "spite fences" and gone through all the various stages of neighborly warfare.

"If that lump of a Carrie had half Emma's looks and brains his money wouldn't be wasted," was Mrs. Peck's sharp come-back.

"True!" agreed J. W. Root. "Quite true. As it was the poor girl didn't dare buy the suit she quite had her heart set on. Was afraid her father wouldn't stand for the price—"

"Let me look at it!" demanded Mrs. Peck.

Sadie had flitted from her counter to the several departments and put her fellow saleswomen wise to the plot to fit out Emma Sawyer for once, as she deserved.

Mrs. Dicks, of the suit and cloak department, was therefore in her most hypnotic mood when Mr. Root and his companions reached the back of the store.

Mrs. Peck scowled at the suit Mrs. Dicks brought out. It didn't look durable. However, it was something Carrie Bascom had coveted in vain.

"Put it on!" commanded Emma's stern guardian.

Mrs. Dicks deftly slipped the silk-lined coat on the dazed Emma. "It might have been made for her!" commented the saleswoman. "It was a little small for Carrie; her figure ain't as good as this young lady's."

"It's a fool of a suit," Mrs. Peck muttered. "But—I'll take it."

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In a trance Emma followed Mrs. Peck and Mr. Root from counter to counter. Miss Mulling and Miss Trapper were just like fairy godmothers who seemed to want her to have things and by some strange power made Mrs. Peck buy them for her. Gloves, silk stockings, frilly neckwear, waists, two enchanting hats—oh, all sorts of marvels. Not just practical, dull things that hitherto were all that clothes had meant in young Emma's life, but the kind of things that Lou Sothergill and her friends wore.

Mrs. Peck was in a strange mood. A reckless, adorable mood. She called Emma "Dear Child" and kept her arm around her and gave her little hugs. Altogether, it was a wonderful occasion and Emma loved J. W. Root and thought he was the most generous, kind-hearted man in the world and she thought Sadie Mulling and Hattie Trapper and Mrs. Dicks angels and as for Mrs. Peck! Well! Emma decided to be a better and more affectionate and helpful girl all the rest of her life. Mrs. Peck did care for her after all and she, Emma, had been an ungrateful, stupid little pig not to have guessed it before.

"It is a great privilege, Mrs. Peck," said Mr. J. W. Root at the conclusion of the shopping debauch, "to have means and the generous nature to do things for a beautiful girl like Emma. Keeps you young, too, Mrs. Peck. Wish I had a daughter to do things for. You are to be congratulated. And so, indeed, is your protegé."

"Oh, I like to do what I can," simpered Mrs. Peck. "Of course I'm not a rich woman, but I try to be as liberal as I can within my means. Emma's a good girl. Young and a little giddy like all of 'em these days, but I try to do my duty by her."

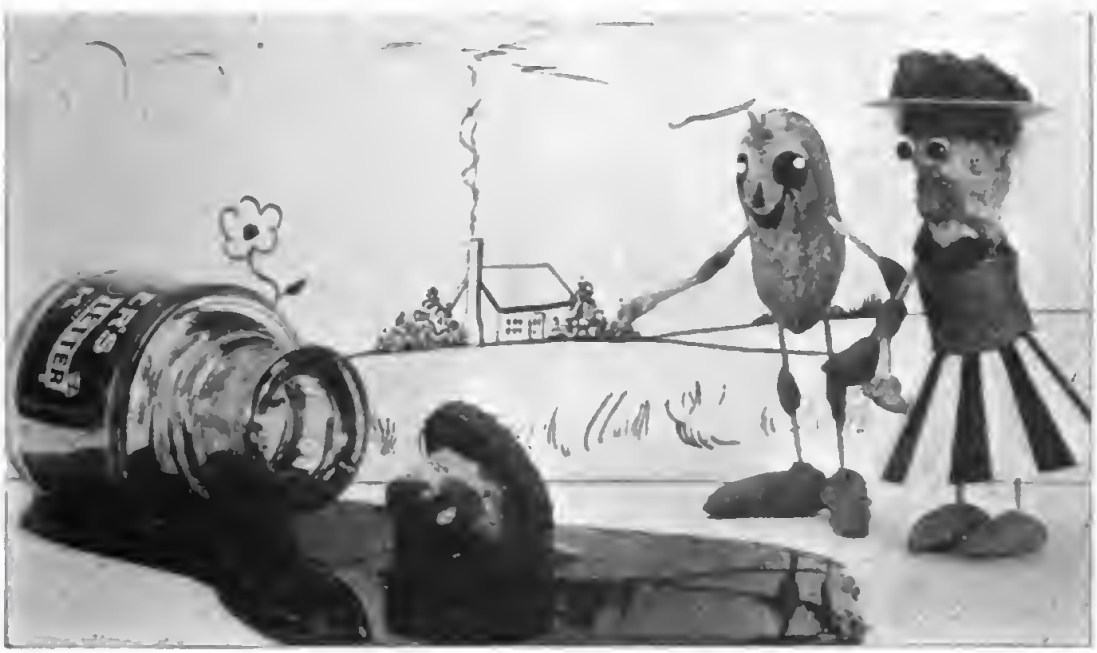
"That's all any of us can do," echoed Mr. Root, piously.

With the sympathetic good will of the store enveloping them, Mrs. Peck and the radiant Emma went out into the sunshine of Main street. All the way home Emma held Mrs. Peck's hand and her starved little heart began to blossom to gratitude and love.

Twenty-four hours later Alf Peters, who did odd chores around the town, entered Roots' and dumped a large package on the first counter inside the door. Alf laid a note on top of the package and departed. This was the note:

Root Bros.

I am returning these goods bought yesterday. They are not quite what I want after all. First time I am up town I will stop in and pick out some things more suitable. Please credit my account with returned articles and oblige. Yrs. Mrs. Eliza Peck.



"Yes. That must be the Black Sea."

A cartoon in peanuts by Cobb X. Shinn.

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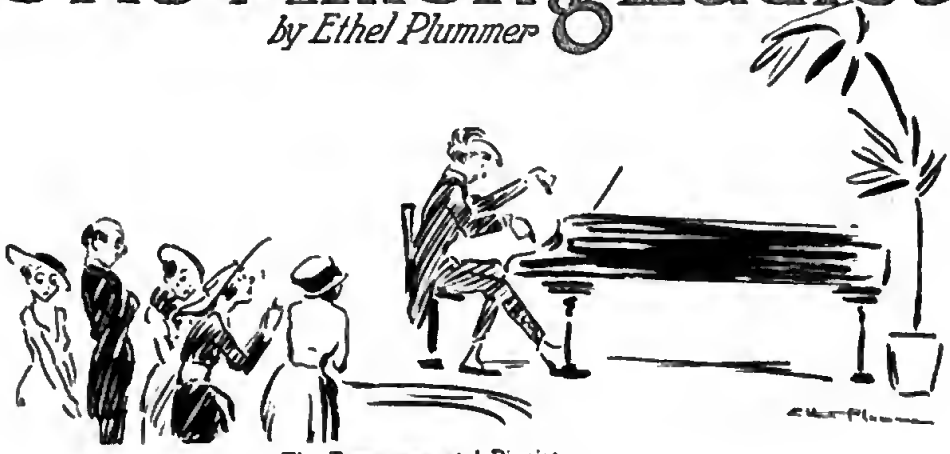
Lions Among Ladies

by Ethel Plummer



The Temperemental Pienist

The Interpretive Dance

Drawn for Cartoons Magazine

The Japenese Poet

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"Whoever heard of an artist living in a studio apartment building?" He Laughs

The Dawn of Art

by A. H. Folwell—Drawings by L. M. Glockens

MY father is not harsh with me. He does not threaten me with death as many fathers would. Rather, he reasons with me.

"Daughter," he remonstrates, "what is this strange infatuation? Is it a spell? What can you see in him?"

And when, time after time, I explain to him, he shakes his head and cannot understand.

"True, true," he'll say, "I grant you that the fellow possesses a certain skill; a very remarkable skill. Like all our village, I have been to his cave, high up in the river cliff, and seen the pictures, the mammoth, the elk and the saber-toothed tiger, which with sharp-pointed flints he has cut upon the face of the rock. I have seen them and wondered at his cunning, but daughter, what more is there to it? Or to him? They are but pictures, and what ratings have pictures, mere carvings in the rock? Can one eat a flint scratching of an elk? Is there support for hungry women in the outlines of a mammoth?"

"But, Father," feebly I remonstrate, "I crave something more than mere meat. Meat lasts but a day, and then it is gone, and more meat takes its place, but Art—Art lasts forever."

"And what is this thing that you call Art, my daughter? Surely not—"

"Yes, Father, his work; the pictures on the rock. The rest of the neighboring youth do naught but destroy. He—he creates."

At this, it pains me to note, my father opens his mouth yet speaks not. And there is awe in his eyes, the same as on that day

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My Father's Mouth Opens Even Wider at This, and He Seems to Swallow, Though I Know Not What

when the holy man, passing through our village, made a voice come out of a tree.

"He—he creates," I repeat. "See, Father," —and I take from a fold in my robe a small flat stone—"I would rather have this little bird which he carved for me,—I would rather have this little bird which I may keep until I die, than all the beasts of the field, alive or dead."

My father's mouth opens even wider at this, and he seems to swallow, though I know not what. Then he speaks, but in a whisper.

"Than even a—a mammoth? A hairy mammoth?"

"Than even ten hairy mammoths," I say firmly, pressing the little stone to my lips.

HE called his cave the Studio—I don't know why. He said Studio was the right name for it, and that I might help him make it look nice.

"I just couldn't keep away," I confessed, "no matter what they may do to me for coming."

He was at work at something he called a Portrait—I don't know why; he said that was the regular name for it. I only know it was heavenly to sit there on the rock and watch him.

"A little commission I have," he explained, chipping away with his flints and singing little snatches of song. "A little commission from a king chap just over the mountain, a sort of rival of your dad's. Gave him a few sittings and promised to have it finished last week, but I'm 'way behind with the thing. Care for it at all?"

He stepped back a pace or two and I gasped; it was so lifelike. A great warrior in the act of hurling his spear at an advancing elk!

"Oh," I cried, "if only Father could see it! If only you could do one of him! I'm sure it would make him see you in a different light. May I not speak to him?"

He shook his head.

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"No," he said, "don't. Don't speak to your father."

I began to plead but he checked me.

"Don't speak to your father," he reiterated, "speak to your mother. Get Mother interested. Tell her that all the really prominent people are having their portraits cut nowadays, and that your dad can't afford to be behind the procession."

"Could you show him alongside of a mammoth he had killed?"

"Surely," he replied, again working away with the utmost deftness; "show him alongside of two mammoths, with a foot on each, and his spear held proudly—so."

I clapped my hands.

"Oh, I'm sure he'd like it," I cried, "but wouldn't it be better if Mother were to come with me here first to the—the—"

"Studio," he supplied. "Of course it would. Bring her, by all means, and we'll have a studio tea. She can chaperon you, you know, for some folks don't think it proper for a young girl to come alone to an artist's studio."

Studio tea? Chaperon? These were strange words. And why should it be improper for a young girl—but I was too full of newborn hope to wonder long.

"What else can I do?" I asked.

"Why," he answered, "now that your mother is coming, you can help me fix up the studio as it ought to be. First place, we must get some gourds, you know."

I nodded.

"Some gourds; these we'll have at intervals around the wall. Some sort of tough vine will keep them in place. Then we'll want two or three larger gourds for corner decoration; and this big upright rock will

A Great Warrior in the Act of Hurling His Spear at an Advancing Elk

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do finely for a screen. We'll drape this deer-hide over it—so. I'll probably drop a hint that that is where the model dresses. That always catches women visitors to a studio; but don't you pay any attention to that. It'll be just talk for your mother's benefit—I know these old girls and how they like to think they're in a perfectly devilish place so long as they're not called on to do anything devilish themselves—and now, let's see, what else?"

I hadn't understood a quarter of what the dear boy was talking about, but as I wanted to help, I suggested that perhaps Mother might like something to eat. She usually does.

"It needn't be much," I added. "I might bring over a fore-quarter of elk or a cold shoulder of mammoth tonight and leave it here in the cave—studio, I mean."

"Fine!" he exclaimed, "but remember, at studio affairs, one must be dainty. No heavy eating, no, no! Just a few elk-ribs will do; and if you can smuggle in a fish or two and some greens, I'll knock together a bouillabaisee. That always makes a big hit in a studio, and nobody dares to criticise it, not knowing whether it tastes as it ought or not."

I AM dazed. I know it is all true, and yet even now I cannot comprehend it. I begin to see it is even as he told me; to be a successful artist one must be skilled at more things than merely carving men and animals on the rock.

"How shall I persuade Mother to come here if she doesn't want to?" I had asked in response to a fearful afterthought.

My artist's reply was prompt and decided.

"Tell her," he said, "that you are not sure this is a proper place for a young girl to visit, and that you'd like to have her look it over and make up your mind for you. That will at once excite her curiosity and give her an excuse for gratifying it. That will be easy."

And it was. When we climbed the cliff path to the studio we were met courteously but haughtily by my artist, who instead of bowing low as before the wife and daughter of a chieftain, was rather superior in his manner.

He did not mention my father at all, but spoke of his work for neighboring kings and how rushed he was with portrait orders, even as far away as a little island in a distant river, inhabited by the Parisii, which it seems is the very center of Art.

"Your father, my dear, should have his portrait cut," said Mother to me; "I dare say this gentleman would be glad to—"

But my artist waved his hand and gave a little laugh of despair.

"Oh, madame," he cried, "it would be quite impossible! I have commissions which will keep me busy for a year. This which you see me at work on now, the portrait of one of your lord's nearest neighbors, I promised to do months ago and I am just barely getting at it. You see, there is such a rush to have portraits cut—that is, among the best people—that an artist's time is bespoken sometimes two years in advance. Later, perhaps, I might accept an order."

What was he saying? Did he not desire my father's patronage? Did he not want me? I looked fearfully at my mother, but she did not seem at all offended. On the contrary, she seemed if anything more eager than ever.

In five more minutes she was actually pleading, and when my artist delicately mentioned that his charges were high, quite as high as among the best society of the Parisii, she offered him without hesitation ten mammoth tusks to do a portrait of Father.

My artist capitulated. He said the price was a little less than he usually received, but he would undertake the commission to oblige us. And after that Mother was beside herself with delight. She ate and drank, walked up and down the studio, looking at everything, and saying, "How quaint!" and "How dear!" although I can't imagine where she ever picked up such expressions. And when she asked what the upright rock with the deer skin was for and my artist told her it was to screen the model when she dressed, she exclaimed, "How truly Bohemian." After which she waved an elk-rib at our host, and cried, "Naughty, naughty man!" with the most ridiculous simper imaginable.

She quite amazed and mystified me on the way home to our cave by such remarks as:

"How truly charming is life in such an atmosphere! What could be more delightful to a person of temperament!"

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I AM very happy. All opposition to my artist has vanished as if by witchery. My mother approves of him. My father has other troubles, and that look of awe and daze I often see in his eyes. . . . . Poor Dad! He has been that way ever since he learned from Mother that one has to pay—in this case ten mammoth tusks—to have one's portrait cut. Dad first thought he was doing it as a favor.

And that isn't all. Mother is set upon giving up her home in the eave, and going to live in the studio high up on the river cliff, where Father goes daily to pose. My artist has agreed to do something which he calls sublet his place, whatever that may mean, and Mother is as happy as a child.

It is all too amazing for poor me. Now that Father is having his portrait cut, all the head men of our tribe wish to have their portraits cut, and there is a pile of mammoth tusks, elk horns and tiger teeth on the studio floor which represents vastly more wealth than ever I have seen together at one time.

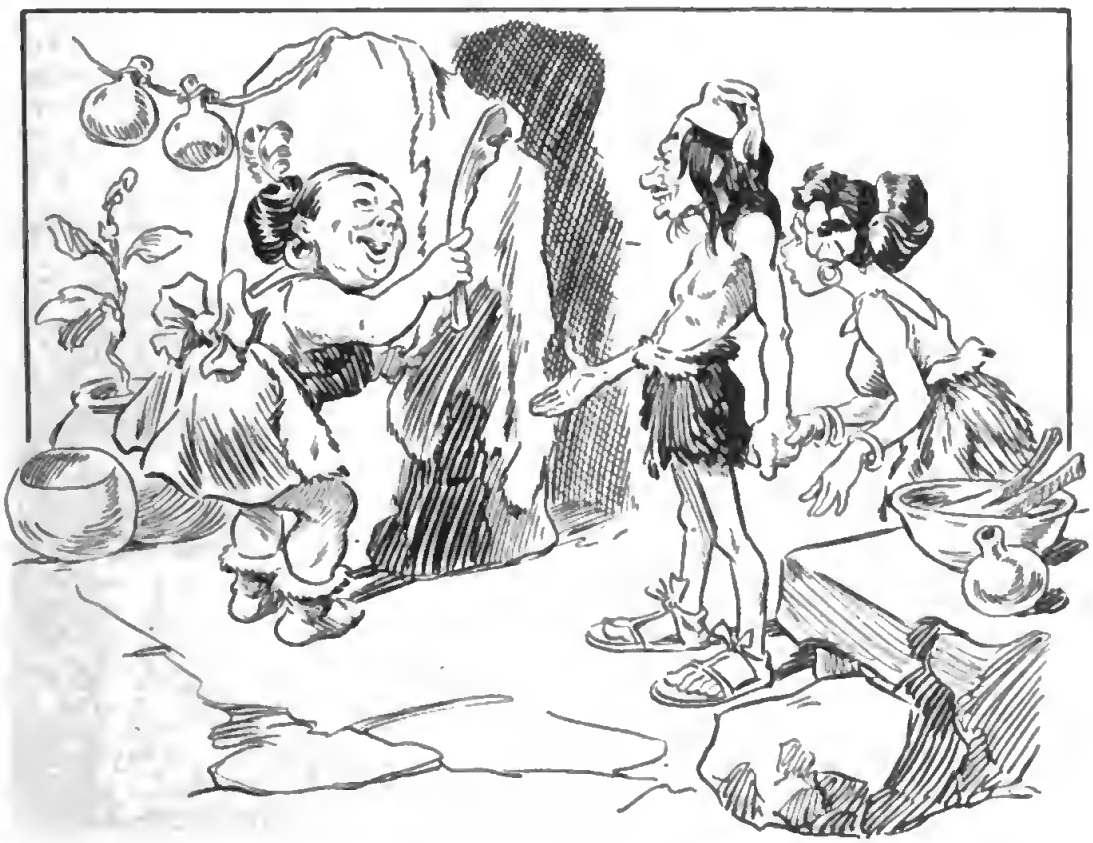
WE are going away, my artist and I. They gave us a great feast in the studio to which all cliff dwellers were invited. The whole village went studio mad; Mother and Father moved into my artist's studio, and very soon, all the head tribesmen, urged on by their wives, took up caves in the river cliff. My artist says it is the first studio apartment, but that there will be plenty more. Every studio is full of deer-skins and gourds, and Mother has had her hair bobbed, saying it's "so Bohemian."

We—my artist and I—have about all the wealth of the village since the portrait fad—that's what he calls it—came along. He was kept busy for months. We could afford to live in the finest quarters in the river cliff, but my artist says no.

"Whoever heard of an artist living in a studio apartment building?" he laughs.

"Then whereaway?" I ask.

"To that little island of the Parisii," he replies, stroking my head and smiling into my eyes.



She Waved an Elk-Rib at Our Host, and Cried, "Naughty, naughty man!"

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THE MODERN APHRODITE

BY RALPH BARTON

THE whole world and Scandinavia were simply stark, staring mad over Djah Delectable, the famous star of the Sunburst Film Corporation. And little wonder—Djah was a *bird!* ninety-eight pounds of peaches and cream; a lovely morsel, who bad never been in the sunshine in her life; one of those marvels of modern times that feed upon dill pickles, peppermint lozenges and Bronx cocktails, do with an hour or two of sleep, dance the rest of the time, inhale nasty Turkish cigarettes, possess not an ounce of muscle on any limb (in spite of the dancing), and that trip about the Carpet of Virtue among the Eggs of Sin with a supreme self-confidence that prevents even so much as the cracking of a shell. In a word, Djah was a Chicken.

Her real name was Grace, I suppose, or Helen, or that standard name for the first baby of young newlyweds, Dorothy. Djah was a composition of her own, made from the "lucky letters," A-D-H-J, that a seer had discovered for her and one dollar. Whether they were really lucky or not, no one can say, but the night of the day she discarded Grace for Djah, Fortune smiled—guffawed at her. She had motored out into the country with a band of young rowdies. On their return to the city they had halted at Gourmet Inn for a dance, a smoke (a *cig*arette Djah called it—all Chickens do—no one knows why), a drink and time to decide, for mother's benefit, what sort of motor breakdown had kept them out so late that night. As they crowded down the narrow hallway of the Inn, which had once been a farmhouse, on their way to the dining rooms, Djah collided head-on with a great, fat, red-nosed affair that still reminded one of a human being in a vague sort of way. As the huge one staggered back along the passage for several feet, making violent efforts to regain his balance the while, he caught a glimpse of Djah's wax eyelashes and parted lips.

"I want you in my movin' pitchers! One thousand dollars a week; three year's contract!" exploded the fat man as he squashed to the floor.

"What do you mean?" asked Djah.

"I want you to woik in my fillums. My name is—" and he pronounced the name of the most famous movie director in the country, the heart, soul and half-owner of the Sunburst Film Corporation. The little party gasped. The boys snatched off their hats and the girls all fainted, except Djah.

"Report at 4:30 up in Fort Lee tomorrow morning, kid," said the great man. "We'll start a six-reeler wid you in the star part."

"But I can't act, yet," said Djah, "why don't you put me through a few stunts during the forenoon and teach me so that we can begin in the afternoon?"

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In a Word, Djah Was a Chicken

"Star part, I said, kid, STAR part—not act," said the director. "I didn't mention nothing about actin', did I? You come on in swell duds and look at the camera. Then the handsome hero comes up behind you and looks at the camera. Then we run a couple of hundred teet of blood and thunder with a lot of professional dare-devils playing the parts. Then another glimpse of you, in a new dress. Everybody'll think you done it, see? Easy as he—" be broke off in time to smother the cussword. He had been a cab driver until the taxi business froze out the cabbies and sent them into the movies and he had not been able to forget the lingo.

Djah proved herself the peach the director thought her. She cameraed even better than she looked in life and it took the world just two weeks from the date of her first release to lose its reason over her. She was dined, and interviewed, and photographed in all of Irene Castle's poses, and given monkeys and diamonds, and gave advice to young girls; she signed her name to hackwriters' scenarios and was hailed from Siam to Topeka as the World's Champion Lallapaloozer.

One morning her fifth assistant letter opener found, in the 6,763d letter he had opened, a set of verses from an eminent poet which compared the charms of Djah with those of tbe Olympian goddesses and found that the modern goddess of the films outdid Hera in virtuous womanhood, Athene in knowledge, Artemis in benevolence, Aphrodite in beauty (five stanzas on this), Hestia in the hearthside sort of purity and Demeter as an upholder of the social order, and ended with a word of pity for the poor Greeks who lived without seeing Djah weep in a close-up and therefore lived in vain.

Some three days later, something went wrong in the offices of the Great Comptroller of Chronology and Djah woke up, not in her sumptuous apartment in the Drive, but in a sumptuous apartment in Hermes Street, Athens, 450 years B. C. This rather unusual transshifting made no impression upon Djah. Nothing did. If you were a famous film star you would be sensitive to nothing, either, except to the eyebrows that will grow back no matter how much you pull them out. She climbed out of her couch and into her chiton and practiced a few paces across the floor and back to get her leg to suddenly appear to the best advantage through the open side of the garment and then stepped out to do some shopping in the Agora.

In front of her house, discussing the sport news of the day, was a group of people which included the following:

A young woman whom the Law had found in the most favorable circumstances for marriage and for whom it had chosen a husband.

The father of an infant that had just been killed for having been born malformed.

A young couple that had just received notice from the Government to have a boy child.

Several young Athenians of both sexes whose lives had been spent in gymnasiums, wrestling, boxing, running, jumping, throw-

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ing the discus and trying each to produce the most perfect body in Athens, and who had all succeeded.

A few old men whose gray hair and battle scars were the only marks of age.

Djah stepped into the street with all the daintiness of the true Chicken. "Some baby!" she murmured contentedly to herself, dabbing her nose with her fluffy powder puff. "I wonder if that nice press agent I met yesterday will give me passes to the Dionysiac Dances." She set out languidly for the Agora, where she had heard there was a sale of toilet articles, but she did not get far on her way. The group of Athenians cast one glance at her delicate ankle, her slim arms, her swanlike neck, the two spots of flaming rouge on a surface of lily whiteness, the convex curve of her back and the concave one of her chest and at the Chicken's wiggle caused by her three-inch strides. A howl of horror went up from the crowd and the Most Beautiful Woman of Modern Times was whisked up and rushed to the nearest hospital, dying, as the Athenians thought, from extended malnutrition and galloping consumption.

ANOTHER CAUSE FOR EXEMPTION

One of the registrars in a Virginia country district tells a story of a negro man, obviously within the prescribed ages and of powerful physique, who turned up on registration day. The registrar had a good deal of difficulty in making the applicant understand the questions.

"Do you claim exemption?" he asked.

"What's dat, suh?"

"Is there any reason why you should not render military service—why you should not fight your country's battles?"

"Oh, yes, suh," replied the applicant, much enlightened. "Ah's gunsby."—Richmond Times Dispatch.

Converted

"Who's that fire-eating individual over there? He seems to be going about with a chip on his shoulder all the time."

"Oh, he used to be a pacifist. But the other day he hit a man on the jaw and got away with it, and since then he's been looking for more worlds to conquer."—Detroit Free Press.

She Climbed out of Her Couch and Practiced a Few Paces Across the Floor

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Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by C. W. Anderson

ANOTHER ATROCITY

In His Haste Lieutenant Jones Underlined "Darling" Only Twice Instead of Three Times As Usual

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"Gee, I'm glad we can sit down for once and not have to be botherin' with them kids."

Out of the Mouths of Babes

by A.H. Folwell—Drawings by W.E. Hill—

Characters:

Bertie, aged six months.
Jackie, aged nine months.
Harold, aged one year.
Nice Old Lady, age immaterial.
Three Nursemaids, assorted ages.

Any pleasant morning. The park.

The respective nurses of Bertie, Jackie, and Harold are seated on one of the park benches, chatting and knitting. The three baby carriages, each with an occupant, are lined up in the shade near by.

ONE OF THE NURSEMAIDS

Gee, I'm glad we can sit down for once and not have to be botherin' with them kids.

ANOTHER NURSEMAID

Don't say a word. It ain't often they're as good, the three of them, as they are now.

THIRD NURSEMAID

Say, listen to 'em, gahin' an' gooin'. You'd almost think they was talkin' together, wouldn't yer! Wonder what they'd say if they could talk?

HAROLD

Well, as I was saying, it simply doesn't pay. There's no use in trying to put over anything new in this world. Nobody appre-

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"You set yourself a certain standard and try to live up to it, and then some chap who never had an original idea in his life comes along and cops the applause."

ciates it; nobody gets it. You have your trouble for your pains, that's all. You set yourself a certain standard, and try to live up to it, and then some chap, who never had an original idea in his life, comes along and cops the applause.

JACKIE

You said something then. Why, only yesterday, somebody brought a girl over to our house—girls are always the worst—and the stuff she got away with, you wouldn't believe it if I told you. Ancient? My rattle, but it was mossy! And the woman was two years old if she was a day. I said to myself, I'm only nine months old, but if I can't put it all over that little puff-ball, I'll never say goo again!

HAROLD

Well, go on. What happened?

JACKIE

Oh, just what you might expect. Pulled a lot of old stuff about listening to the pretty watch; and said tick-tick-tick. Somebody asked her how the cow went and she said, M-o-o-o-o; took her a mighty long while to say it, too. Two years old, and passing out that sort of thing. Why, as I say, I'm only nine months, but I wouldn't think of trying to get by with that stuff.

HAROLD

Well, she got by with it, didn't she?

JACKIE

She sure did. The whole mob got around her and gave her a big hand. You'd have thought they'd never heard the stuff in their lives before. I just sat there in my high chair and gritted both my teeth. And the girl? Why, there was no talking to her the rest of the afternoon. I was glad when they took her home.

BERTIE

But the public likes that old stuff, doesn't it? Of course I haven't been in the game as long as you two fellows, but—

HAROLD

Like it? Of course they like it. Isn't that just what we've been saying? The public doesn't know the difference between old stuff and new stuff, between good stuff and bad. You don't have to be born very long to find that out.

BERTIE

Well, I had a pretty good idea yesterday, and I don't know whether it's old or not. I wish you fellows would tell me, and be frank. I tried it on the folks at home and it seemed to make an awful hit with them.

JACKIE

Shoot!

BERTIE

Why—er—you'll tell me if it's old? Why—er—it was when my mother was giving me my bath. You understand?

HAROLD

Yes, yes. Get to it, kid!

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BERTIE

My mother was giving me my bath, and as I was lolling in her lap I took my finger—like this—and rubbed it up and down against my lips. Like this; see? Rub-bum-bubbum-bubbum-bubbum-b-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r! Tell me now, has that ever been done?

JACKIE

How old are you?

BERTIE

Six months, and they say I'm large for my age.

JACKIE

Gah! I did that bubbum-bubbum stuff when I was still in long clothes.

HAROLD

As for me, I did it when I was only six weeks old.

BERTIE

I'm terribly sorry. I put that over in perfectly good faith. I hope you fellows don't think that I stole your stuff. You don't, do you? I thought it was an absolutely original idea with me.

HAROLD

Oh, that's all right, boy. And as far as making a hit with the home folks goes, you never can tell by that. They laugh at anything.

JACKIE

Sure they do. That's the discouraging part of it to any one who's ambitious to do really good work. A fellow who knows good stuff when he hears it often will lie a whole morning in his gocart just thinking out something really worth while, and then some overgrown hulk about two and a half years old will prance right out to the center of the stage and say Gah-Gah-Gah, and get away with it big.

HAROLD

Well, a good deal depends on how you put it over. It's front that counts with those fellows. Why, on our block last spring there was a baby they called Gussie, who didn't have a thing, not a single thing, and yet he could get the crowd with him every time.

JACKIE

What's the dope?

HAROLD

He had a front and a laugh, and that would get him anywhere. He spoke right out loud, if it was only to say Goo. Everything he ever said he cribbed from somebody else, and made a big hit with it, while like as not the fellow who said it first just drooled or mumbled it in such a way that nobody paid any attention to him. Oh, there's an awful lot in how you put a thing over, my boy.

BERTIE

I don't believe I'll ever get anywhere. I

"Baby mustn't del tross; no baby mustn't."

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can't forget that bubbum-bubbum stunt. I thought that was brand-new.

HAROLD

Oh, cheer up, son. There's such a thing as duplication of ideas. Sometimes two people have the same idea at the same time and they're miles apart. This fellow Gussie, though, was the limit. He had the nerve to tell me once that he was the first one ever to play with his toes.

JACKIE

Oh, that puts him in his place. That toe stunt is banal.

HAROLD

And it's vulgar.

JACKIE

Oh, I don't mind vulgarity if it's original, but banality—Ugh!

BERTIE

I suppose you'd call blowing little bubbles—like this—banal?

JACKIE

Well—it's commonplace. I was the first one to do that, months ago; but in those days—

HAROLD

The first one to do what? Blow bubbles? Why, my dear sir, I blew bubbles before you were born, and gave it up because it was too easy.

JACKIE

Well, what do you know about that!

HAROLD

Yes, sir. It occurred to me one day when I was lying on my back. Joy, how I laughed when I thought of it, it was such a peach of an idea! And it wasn't bad for a fellow only two months old. Of course, now—

BERTIE

How did you do it? Let's see.

HAROLD

Oh, I'm all out of practice. I haven't tried it in I don't know when. I've been too busy with bigger things to think of blowing bubbles.

BERTIE

Oh, surely, I know; but I just wanted to see if you did it anything like I do.

HAROLD

Well, when I got the thing up—it was original with me, you understand—I'd lie down on my back—like this—and sort of blink my eyes and work the corners of my mouth, and pretty soon—

NICE OLD LADY

Oh, what a tunnin' baby! The dear itto sing! He's blowing bubbles. Is he blowing bubbles? Is he, itty baby? Isn't he the cutest sing! I think babies are awfully cute when they do that. How old is he?"

HAROLD'S NURSE

Just a year, ma'am.

NICE OLD LADY

Well, my gracious, how it does take me back! He does that little trick with his mouth exactly as my baby used to do it—Oh, goodness, it's all of thirty-six years ago!

HAROLD (suddenly crying)

Wah—wah—ah-h-h-h!

NICE OLD LADY

There, there! What has happened? My, my, how cross he is all of a sudden! Baby mustn't det tross; no, baby mustn't. Goodness, you'd almost think something I said had made the little dear angry!

HAROLD'S NURSE

Oh, no, ma'am.

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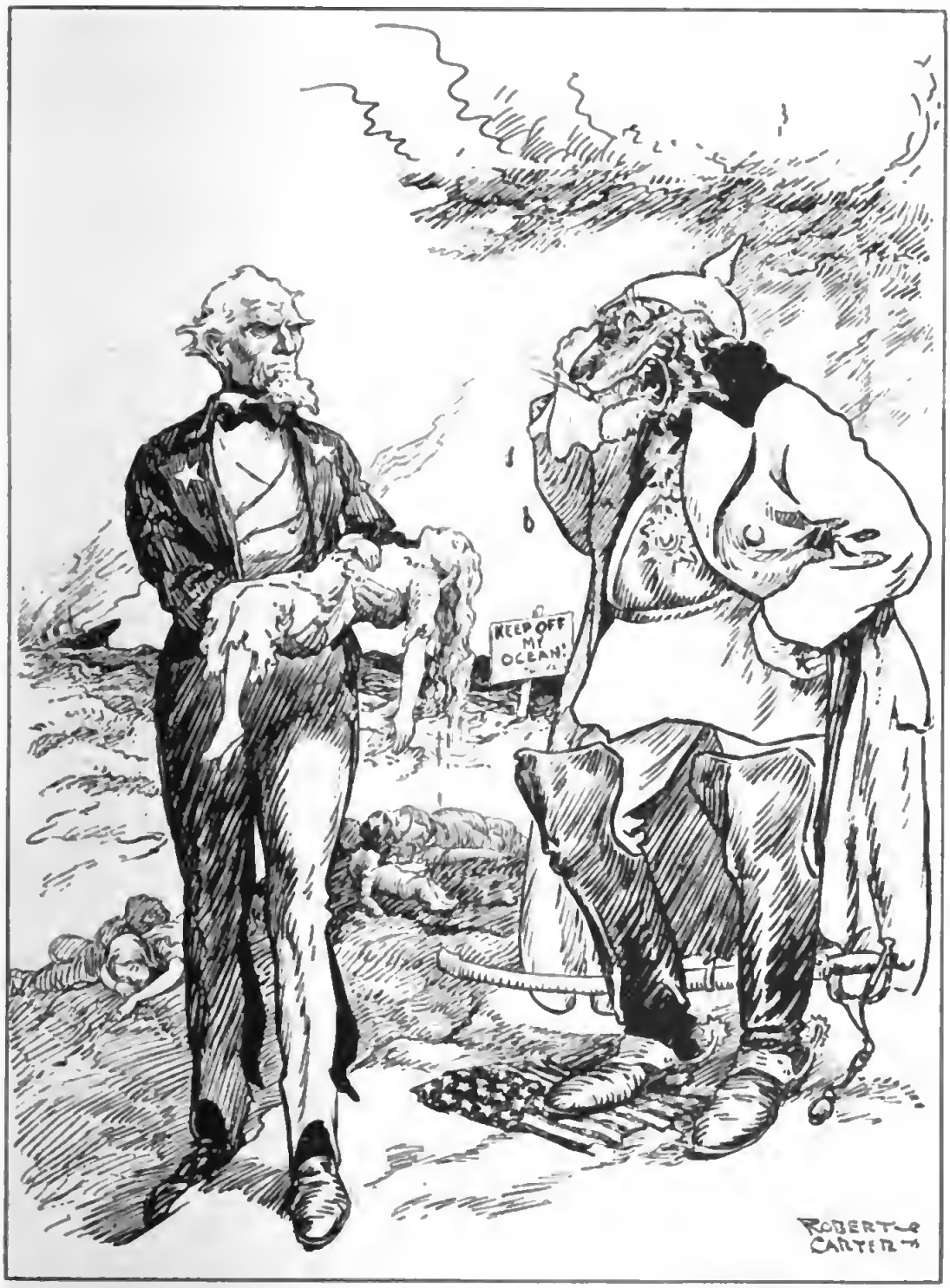
Why We Are Fighting

A Series of Cartoons by Robert Carter



CARTER in Philadelphia Press

For the Freedom of the Seas

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CARTER in Philadelphia Press

For the Republic to Which We Owe Our National Life

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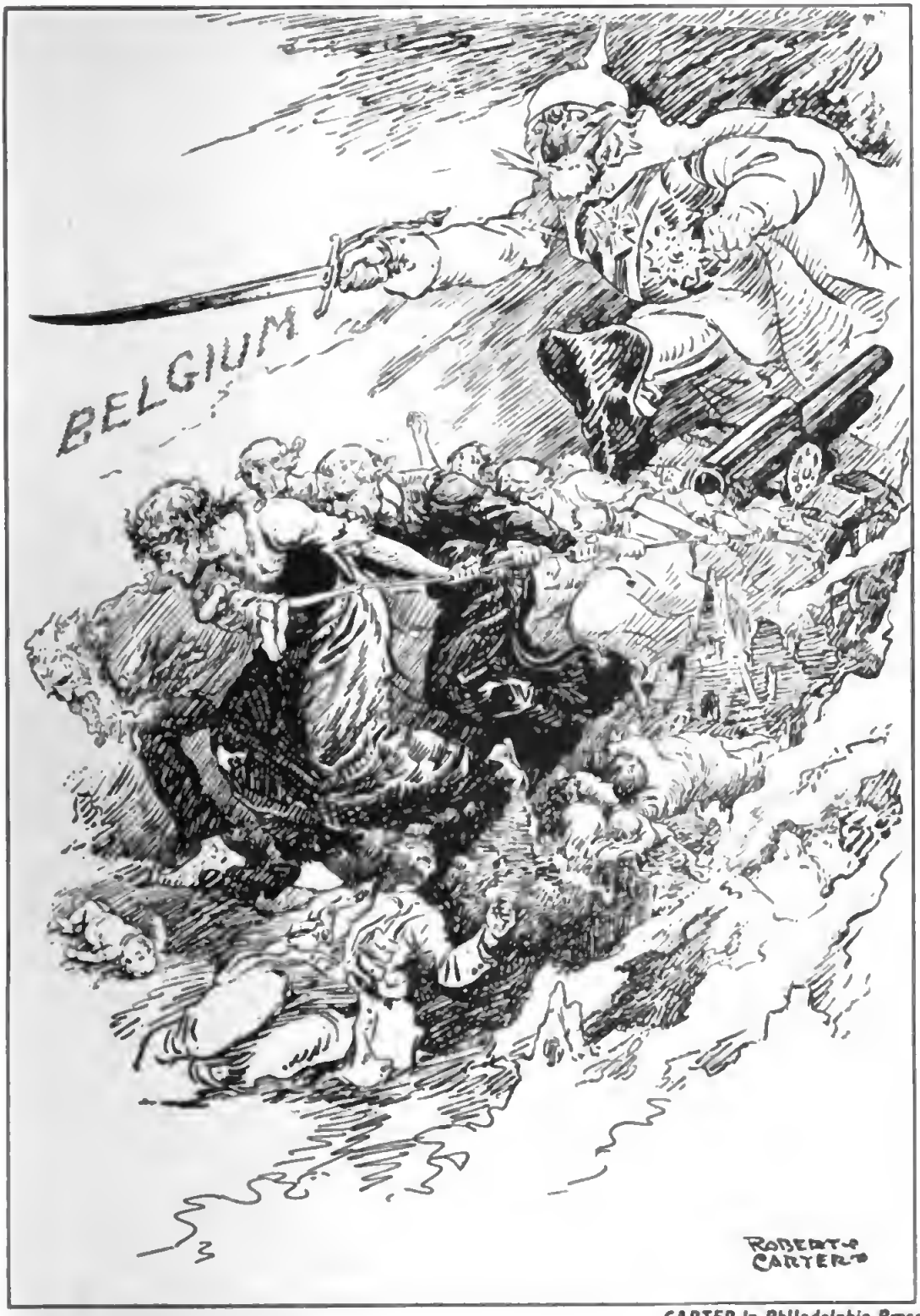

CARTER in Philadelphia Press

That Might shall Not Enslave Right

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CARTER in Philadelphia Press

For Honor among Nations

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CARTER in Philadelphia Press

That Conquest shall Not Enslave Democracy

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Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by C. W. Anderson

COMPLIMENTARY

The Portrait Painter: "I guess I'll call it something else. What does it look most like, Nellie?"

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DEAR lady readers, list to me;
A priceless thing is reputation.
In high or low society,
This maxim brooks no deviation.
Regardless of propriety
No girl should be, whate'er her station.

* * *

Miss Myrtle Muggins was her name
And she was fair to gaze upon;
No fairer face, I make the claim,
The sun e'er shed his rays upon;
Her beauty famous—sweet is fame!
In streets she spent her days upon.

She had of beaux a score or more,
By love's gay microbe bitten,
Who used to haunt her very door,
So deeply were they smitten;
But Myrtle face of marble wore;
She gave them all the mitten.

Then once, upon a summer night,
She passed a lovely stranger,
Who smiled at her with all his might;
And something seemed to change her,
For Myrt returned his smile at sight—
She didn't sense the danger.

The lovely stranger stopped and spoke;
It was a mild flirtation
They walked and talked with josh and joke
Perhaps an hour's duration;
Then Myrtle to herself awoke—
He asked her appellation.

She hesitated; then she cooed;
"My name is Myrtle, mister.
What's yours?" She was in mushy mood;
He answered: "Percy Blister."
And then, although 'twas doubtless rude,
He took a chance and kissed her.

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Oh, love, it is a magic thing,
So sudden is its coming!
A million bells began to ring,
A million harps were strumming;
A billion birds began to sing,
And all the world was chumming.

No need to trace from week to week
Their spooning with each other;
For Percy came to call and speak
With Myrtle's pa and mother;
And e'en to tweek upon the cheek
Her darling baby brother.

Suffice and quite enough to say
In such a brief narration,
There came at last the wedding day,
So long in contemplation,
And wedding gifts in grand array
From this and that relation.

All then went well till just before
They knelt before the pastor;
Then at the question, old as yore,
Myrt faltered when he asked her.
A shudder shook her bosom's core
A dreadful thought harrassed her.

"Oh, what's the trouble; tell us, do!"
The bridegroom cried, excited
"Your cheek is pale; your lips are blue
And we so near united!"
"I was not introduced to you,"
Fair Myrtle sobbed, affrighted.

"Oh, Percy, think what folks would say!
How awful if they knew it!
You smiled at me that summer day;
I spoke—Oh, deep I rue it!
We've got to meet the proper way;
We MUST! There's nothing to it!"

The pastor stared, as Percy cried:
"You darling, I could eat you!
I've never met my promised bride;
Present me, I entreat you!"
The thing was done, and Myrtle sighed
Andmurmured, "Pleasedtomeetyou."

Ring out, ye bells! Give joy a vent!
Congratulations, laughter,
A supper that a caterer sent,
And flowers, floor to rafter,
Rice, rig, old shoes—away they went,
And laughed forever after.

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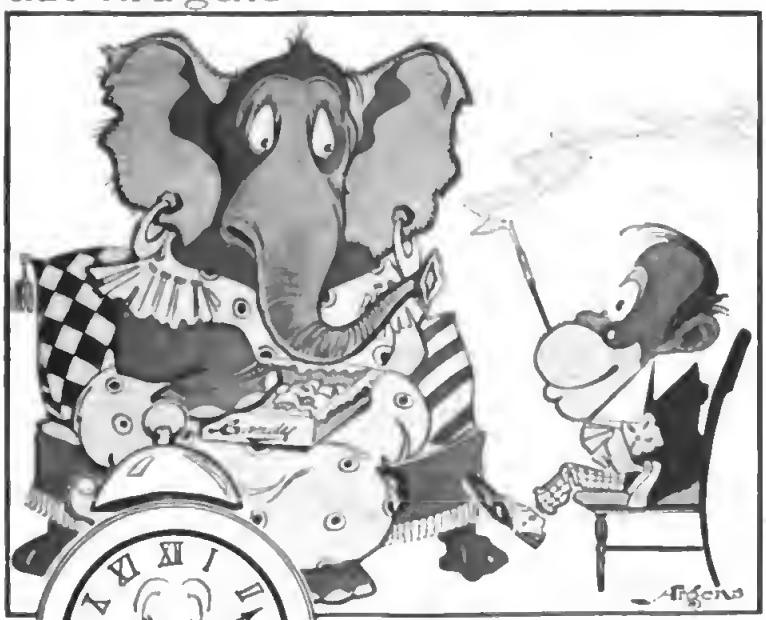
Our Dumb Animals

by John C. Argens



Miss Ella Phant: "Archie, I don't believe you really love me.'
Mr. Monk: "Now, now, what makes you think that, my dear?"
Miss Ella Phant: "Well, because you never ask me to sit on your lap."

Willie, the Mouse: "C'mon, young feller, throw up your hands!"

"They say that the big fish eat these little sardines by the thousands. But what gets me is how the blazes do they get the cans open?"

"Oh, pop, look at the little green snake!"

"Well, don't touch it. It might be just as poisonous as a ripe one."

Drawn for Cartoons Magazine

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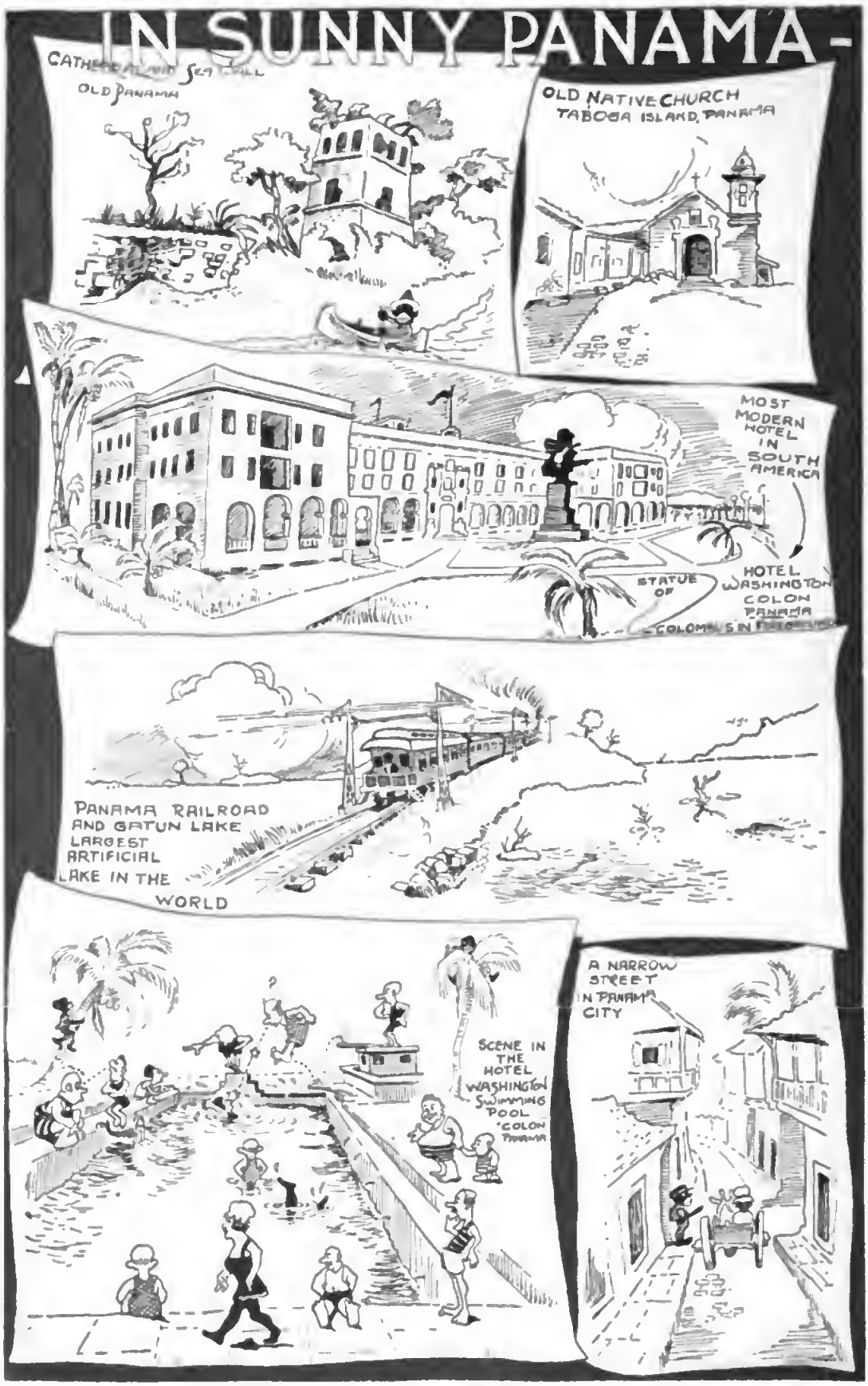

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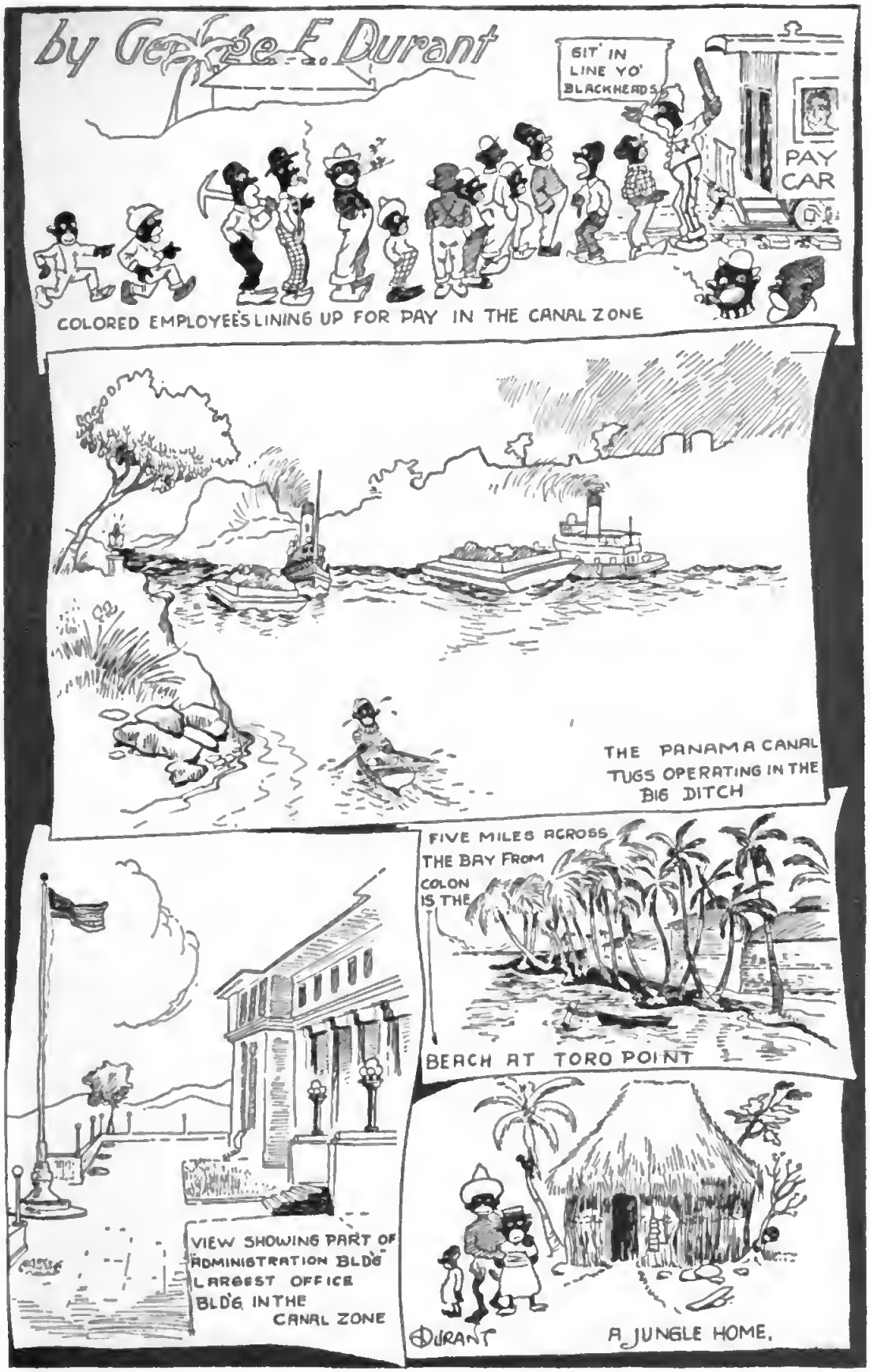

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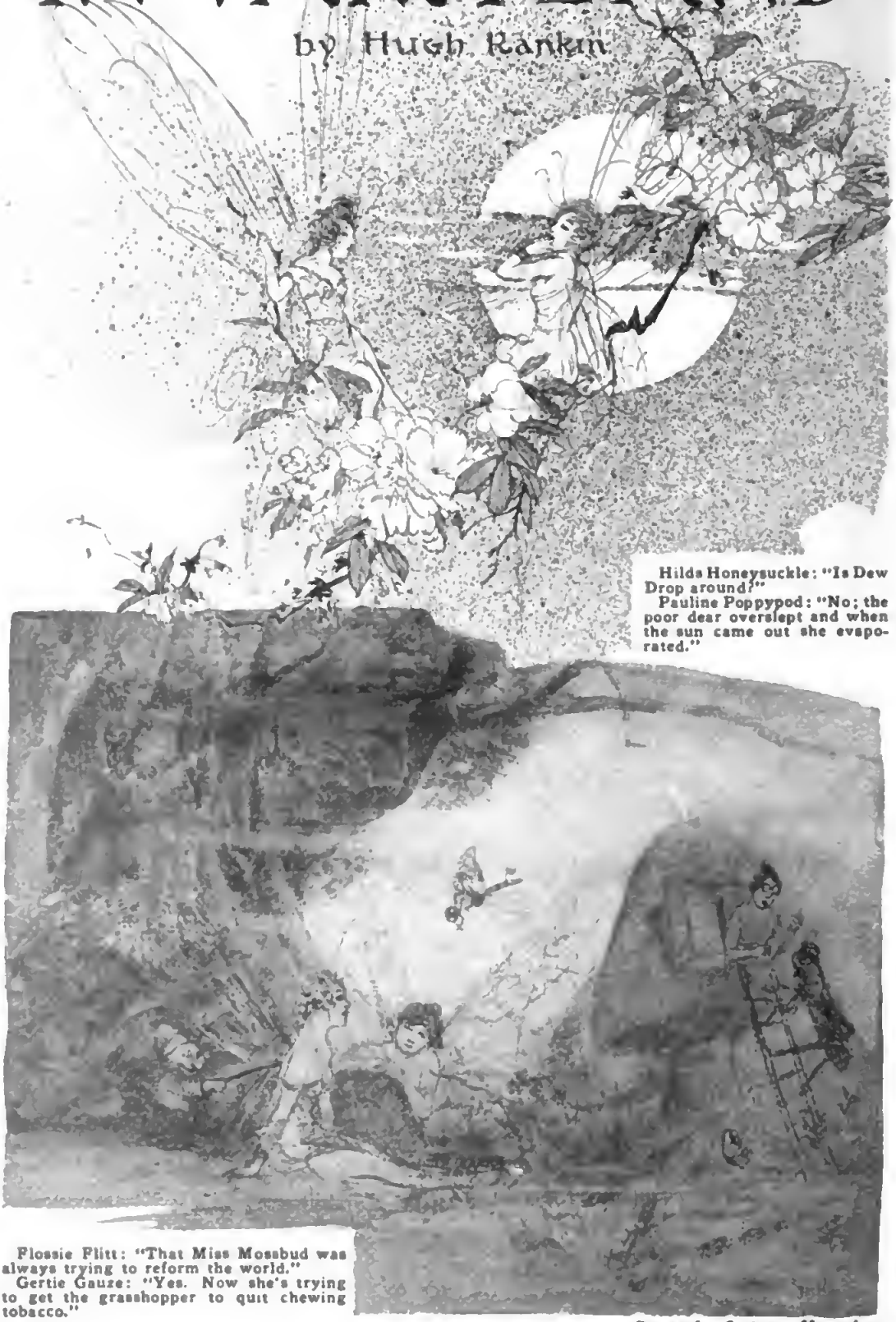
IN FAIRYLAND

by Hugh Rankin



Hilda Honeysuckle: "Is Dew Drop around?"
Pauline Poppypod: "No; the poor dear overslept and when the sun came out she evaporated."

Flossie Flitt: "That Miss Mossbud was always trying to reform the world."
Gertie Gauze: "Yes. Now she's trying to get the grasshopper to quit chewing tobacco."

Drawn for Cartoons Magazine

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Copyright, Alphaeus P. Cole.

Mother and Child

Shown by Alphaeus P. Cole at the summer exhibition at the Murray Hill Gallery.

PAINTINGS *of the* MONTH

THE New York galleries, which have been rather sleepy places for the last few months, have begun to show new signs of life. The exhibitions at the summer colonies—Stockbridge, Bar Harbor, Newport, Mystic, and Old Lyme, have closed, and the art center again shifts to the metropolis.

The first annual summer exhibition at the New Milch gallery contained some twenty-five well selected paintings, conspicuous among them being Childe Hassam's "Aphrodite," which was featured at the Panama-Pacific exposition. Aphrodite is projected sitting upon a rock and admiring her beauties as reflected in a small hand mirror. Rocks and vegetation vie for supremacy as art features. "Unrest," by Sydney E. Dickinson, was in the Academy exhibition of 1917 and captured the third Hallgarten prize. The nude model has been made effective by the skillful massing of admirably handled tapestry. The lips are somewhat over accented in red, but the figure is tremendously effective. In the reproduction the overaccentuation is softened and mellowed so as to be almost eliminated. The old tomes and other studio accessories are realistically introduced. The open window, through which a glimpse of a rough sea appears, strikes an especially appealing note.

At the Murray Hill gallery a painting entitled "Mother and Child" by Alphaeus P. Cole, the son of Timothy Cole, the dean of wood engravers, has been attracting much attention. The mother is seen lovingly gazing at her baby around whom she has placed protecting arms. Her unconfined hair is very decorative in its handling, and serves admirably as a background for the face, which it throws into strong relief. The neck and breast, as well as the right arm, are exposed. The pillow upon which the child lies shows snowy white against the horizon blue of the sky as seen through the open window.

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The Swans
Shown by E. M. Dorman at the Berlin Photographic Company's Gallery.

"The Swans," by E. M. Dorman, is another painting that has been much talked about. It was on view at the Berlin Photographic Company's gallery. Executed in pastel, it is almost concolorous except for the dash of orange in the swans' bills and in the regal lilies which float so tranquilly on the surface of the water.

Arthur Crisp's "The Morning Toilette," shown at the ninety-second annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design, is now one of Mr. Crisp's studio attractions. It deals with a sunlit interior, and a fetching girl, radiant in her polychromatic kimono, who sits quietly at her toilette in front of a large mirror. In the latter are reflected the girl's face, her neck and shoulders, and the coiffed hair which is arranged most becomingly. Nasturtiums, cornflowers, roses, and poppies enter well into the decorative scheme.

W. G. BOWDOIN.

The Morning Toilette
Shown by Arthur Crisp at the artist's studio.

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Unrest

Shown by Sidney E. Dickinson at the summer exhibition of the New Milch Gallery.

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Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by John C. Argens

She: "Mr. Hoover says that it's much healthier to eat fruit with the skins on instead of peeling it."

He: "Huh! I'd like to put him on a diet of pineapples for about a week and then hear what he'd have to say."

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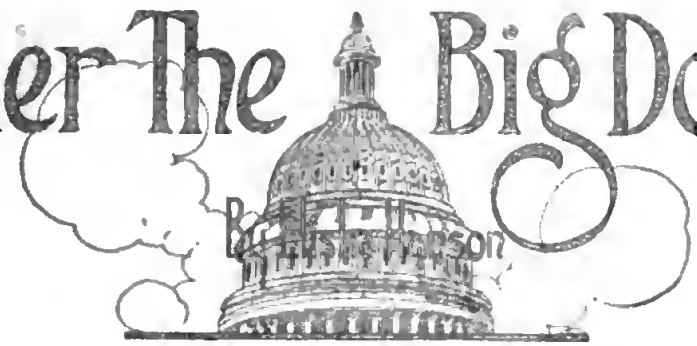
Under The Big Dome



POLITICAL gunning, abandoned temporarily by anti-administration marksmen, particularly in congress, long enongh to supply President Wilson with unparalleled sinews of war and executive power for exercising them, promises again to become one of the leading Washington pastimes.

Having done virtually everything the president has asked in preparing the country for war, and thus rendering impotent any charge that they have been derelict in their duties, the anti-administration leaders now feel free to lie back and take pot shots at mistakes in the conduct of the war whenever they see fit. Hence they are oiling up their guns and preparing to bring administration errors to earth as fast as they are sprung from the traps. And unless all war precedents fail there will be plenty at which to shoot. Mistakes in such a time are inevitable.

The president undoubtedly will be made the chief target for the dual reason that he is the head and shoulders of the democratic party and also because he has demanded and obtained such broad executive powers in the present crisis. Had he been a little less dictatorial in his demands and accepted a congressional war expenditures committee and a triple-headed food control board, he would have been able to shift responsibility had he desired to do so. But in getting the great one-man power that he wanted he also has assumed chances of shouldering a terrific burden of one-man blame. He will be the outstanding mark at whom critics of everything which goes wrong in the war will shoot.

The situation is not particularly displeasing to leaders, particularly certain republicans, opposed to the president. They insist that it is not humanly possible for one man to carry the burden he has willingly assumed without making colossal blunders.

IT appears inevitable that the first howl will come over the food administration. No one realizes this more keenly than Herbert C. Hoover. Mr. Hoover has said openly that he expects to die soon on the barbed wire above the first food line trenches, and as yet no one has risen to dispute his forecast.

Criticism over financing the war will be slower in arriving, but it, too, will come as surely as will tomorrow's sun. A nation cannot spend $17,000,000,000 during its first year in war, as the United States seems certain to do, without a terrific "yawp" from the people who pay. And there will be whisperings of graft, as, indeed, there are already, and because the man in the White House refused to accept what Representative Kahn, of California, has called a "snooping committee" to clutter up the work of keeping war expenditures straight, he probably will be blamed for that too.

THE White House suffrage riots are not half as bad as some papers have made them appear. Until the picketers began to carry banners addressed to "Kaiser Wilson" little feeling was displayed against them by the crowds that snatched away their banners. Many persons got into the fracases, apparently, because they were public fights.

An incident that happened at one of the riots caused by a "Kaiser Wilson" banner may illustrate the situation. Suffragists noticed a strange woman fighting nobly against the rioters who attacked the pickets. After calm had been restored some of their sympathisers inquired her identity and her reason for fighting.

"Well," she said, "I'm pro-German, and I don't see why they should tear up a banner merely because it compares the president to the kaiser."

Her views on suffrage still are unknown.

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KIRBY in New York World

The Martyr

MISS JEANETTE RANKIN, of Montana, the only member of congress who does up her hair, certainly is having a tough time. She is fighting the Amalgamated Copper Company, the biggest and most "soulless" corporation in her state; she has to bear the blame for all suffrage outrages and antics committed in the country; she has been neatly gerrymandered out of her congressional district, and she is seriously considering running for senator.

The senatorship probably is causing her greater concern than anything. By the rearrangement of district lines, she is thrown into the same congressional district with Representative Evans, a republican, who is determined to run for congress again. It appears likely that he would defeat her in a race for the house, so there is little left for her to do but make the senatorial race. Whether she can win with the Amalgamated opposing her is a question.

Of course it would be a fine, chivalrous thing for Evans to get out of the race, but politics is politics, and he is going to stay right in. He has even gone so far as to tell Miss Rankin that.

It took a lot of bravery for Evans to do that, but he is a brave man. In fact the townspeople of Butte once raised a purse to buy him a medal for bravery. He did not get it, however, but that was not his fault.

Evans was a young lawyer at the time, and, of course, like all good lawyers who want to be on the job in case a prospective client should call, he slept in his office. One night an armed prowler got into the office and he and Evans engaged in a revolver duel with the result that housebreaking in Butte, which up to that time had been flourishing, took a decided slump.

The following day a purse of $60 was raised to buy Evans a suitable silver cross, or whatever it was they gave out for bravery in Butte in those days. Before it was purchased, however, a prominent butcher engaged in a street duel with a crook in such a heroic manner that the committee on bravery decided he and not Evans was entitled to the decoration.

But he was not altogether the loser. The reputation thus gained imparted distinction to his struggling law practice, and eventually enabled him to eat.

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The Circus on Capitol Hill

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REPRESENTATIVE ADAMSON, of Georgia, father of the eight-hour day law for railroad men and one of Washington's newest bridegrooms, is back from home with a new negro story.

The congressman was breezing along the streets of Warm Springs, Ga., when he was attracted by barsb words between two colored bretbren engaged in raking up leaves at the side of a large hotel.

"Sam," said the smaller of the negroes, "it does seem dat you picks on me all de time. Oder day you bust me right in de mouf wid youh fist, today you kick me on de shins, and tomorrow, you says, you is goin' to do me worse yet. Don' you like me no moah, Sam, is dat wot's de mattah?"

"Niggar," said the colored party of the second part, laying down his rake, "does you all see dat thousan' room botel?"

"I does," responded the first brother.

"Well," continued the second brother, "I hates you so bad dat I wishes you was dead an' laid out in every room of dat hotel."

SENATOR JIM HAM LEWIS, of Illinois, the fashion plate of congress, wbo, according to general belief, is known by his pictures to every man, woman and child in the United States, is sad. A waiter in the house restaurant at the capital failed the other day to recognize him.

The senator, garbed in his pink whiskers, which, by the way, are becoming touched with gray, light trousers, a purple sash, a blue serge coat, a flowing tie and a panama hat with a modest band of green, walked into the section of the dining room, reserved for members of Congress, to meet Representative Fitzgerald, of New York. Fitzgerald not appearing, the senator looked about for a seat.

One of the waiters, who are always ready to throw out ordinary citizens, quickly approached.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said, "but unless you are a member of congress, you cannot remain in here."

"A thousand pardons, sir," the senator began, as is his custom even upon telling one the time of day. Then Fitzgerald suddenly approached."

"Come on over here, Senator Lewis," he said; and the waiter fled in great haste.

SOME member of Speaker Clark's family usually is a pet of the house. First it was Bennett, a son, who was virtually "raised on the floor" and later became the house parliamentarian. Then it was a daughter, Genevieve, and now it is Champ Clark Tbompson, tbe speaker's first grandcbild and son of Genevieve, who now is Mrs. James Thompson, of New Orleans.

When young Cbamp was born, some montbs ago, the house presented him with probably as fine a set of table implements as any child ever had—it cost about $400—and, just a few days ago, the baby having grown into a lusty youngster, his mother brought him to Washington to give his grandad and members a chance to make a fuss over it. It was some fuss. If the child wasn't in the arms of his proud grandfather, he usually was being held by a house member. The papers printed many pieces about the youngster, and official Washington generally sat up and took notice of him.

Here is a little inside story that a friend of the Clark family told about the speaker and the child. Mrs. Thompson, it appears, is raising the baby by the latest approved method of not rushing to his aid every time he whimpers. That worked fine until the baby reached Washington. Then every time he cried, the speaker was on his toes to tend to him.

"Now, father," Mrs. Thompson protested, "don't pick up the baby every time he cries; it isn't good for him."

The speaker gave his daughter one of those serious looks for which he is famous.

"Genevieve," he said, "when you were a kid, you were picked up every time you cried, and you've grown to be quite a husky girl. I'm going to pick up that child."

And he did.

FORMER Speaker "Uncle Joe" Cannon and Representative Foster, of Illinois, both veteran members of the house and sterling defenders of old-fashioned fiddling for which their Wabash river country is famous, disagree on politics and lots of other things, but they have similar tastes in music. Both vow that "Hell on the Wabash" is one of the best tunes ever played, and both regret exceedingly that it never has been reduced to written music.

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VODVILLE STUFF

BY WALTER WELLMAN

Drawn for Cartoons Magazine

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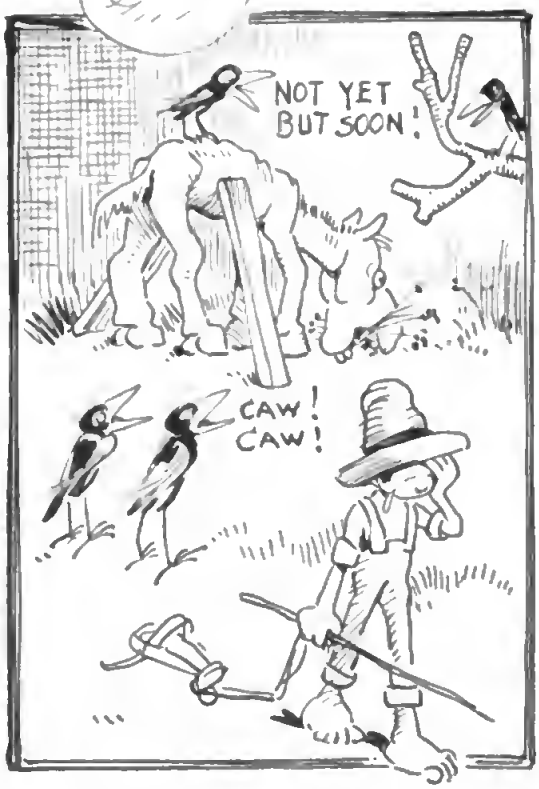

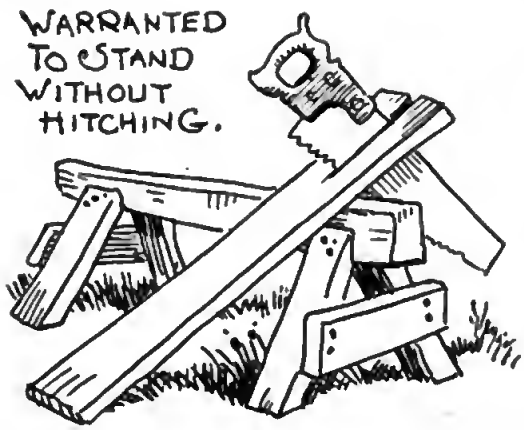

I HAVE attended the millionaires' horse show ever so often but I could never see a good reason for plunging into ecstasies over those blue ribboners as some folks do. There is nothing so wonderful in a horse which has plenty of time and money behind him to push him into the king row. Take the old three-minute skate at a connty fair whose owner has no other asset in the wide world—that's the bunch of heaves that gets my applause, for he is truly a self-made "hoss," and when he wins a heat he doesn't go dippy over the yelps from the grand stand. He just takes another swig of dope and proceeds with the business on hand. An intimate acquaintance with a conscientious horse swapper has brought me in close touch with many renowned spavins and ringbones. I worship the horse from bow to stern but I love him for himself, not for the quality of his ancestral blood. The blood that courses through his veins cuts no figure with me. It may be blue, black, yellow or crème de menthe—it's all the same to me, for my admiration is purely external and his side elevation my preference. He may resemble a washboard adorned with cow hide; so long as he's a horse and has horse sense he commands my respect and engages my deepest sympathy.

BILL MARSHALL'S steed had unusual talent for drawing. He drew me around in a fish wagon for two years and no doubt this act inspired me to adopt drawing as a life pursnit. Bill's "hoss" was a long way past the voting age. I once rode him down to Hackensack and left him twenty-four hours on approval, but he fell short of the requirements and was blue-penciled. He was a splendid equine with a ridge as sharp as a boat's keel turned tnrtle. He was excellently suited for bare-

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hack equestrianism. I have often told the story of how nearly I became his executioner, and as I have never told it twice alike there is no danger of repeating myself. Well, Bill allowed that the "hoss wan't no good nohow" and detailed me to convert him into crow bait. So I barebacked him to an isolated part of the hemisphere and presented him to that vulgar fowl of prey. But when I reached the place whence I had journeyed I found my charger in his stall, full of new hope and herbage and beaming with contentment. That one day's recreation wrought such a change in the beast that a disreputable connoisseur of horseflesh offered Bill thirty-five dollars for his interest in said steed and no questions asked. "You've bought something," said Bill, and so the incident closed. But I have ever since believed that vacations were profitable institutions.

I DARE say that horses have their likes and dislikes and are often as stubborn and headstrong as some of our womenfolk. You tell them to do one thing and they want to do exactly the opposite. I have observed, too, a perceptible sense of pride in some horses over the possession of an insignificant wind puff or a ringbone upon the wrist, or an inferior quarter-crack on the hoof, and the bitter envy of another horse who possessed none of these charms. In respect of envy horses are almost human excepting that their tastes do not attain the human point of extravagance. They never indulge in the extremes of fashion. They are somewhat on the Quaker order so far as their habits of dress are concerned. Their shoes are always of one pattern, but substantial and comfortable, notwithstanding. That is where the horse sense evinces itself most emphatically, and their meager harness will brook comparison (for surface covering)

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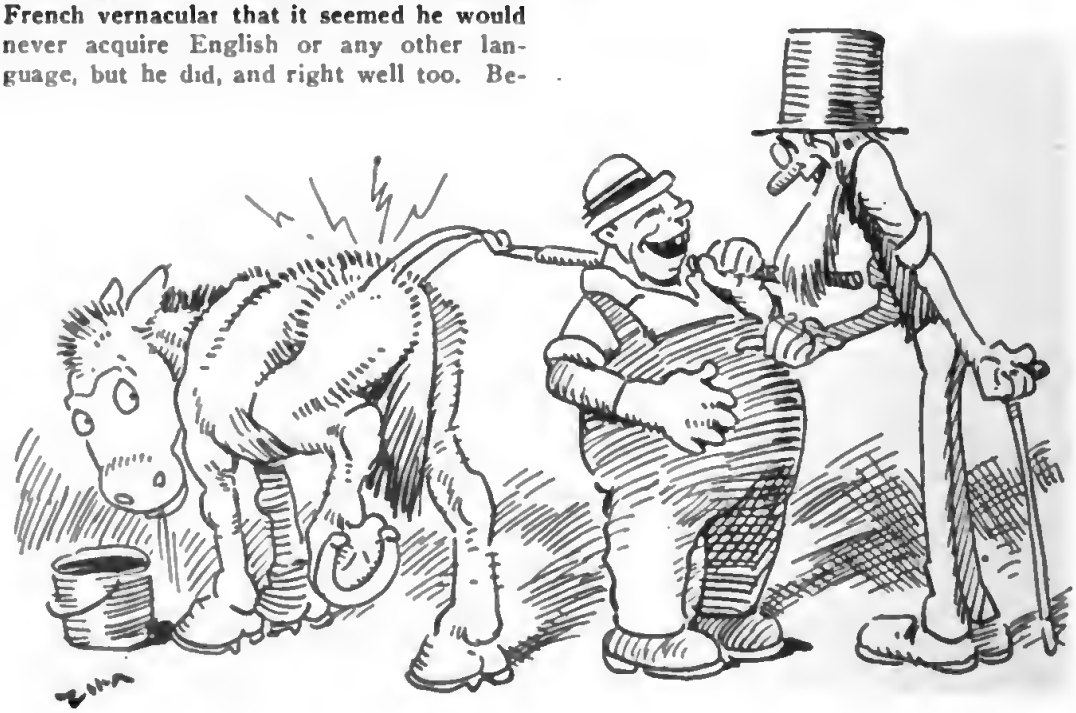
with the evening gowns of high society. For recreation I used to walk along the New York City horse market and watch the horse sharks put it over the unsophisticated after administering peppersass to their stock in trade. If a man could unload a wife with as little ado as those decrepits are palmed off, the Reno courts would have to go out of the divorce business.

HORSES should be wonderful linguists for they can adapt themselves to any tongue and on very short notice too. Yet, while the horse may become thoroughly familiar with a foreign language, he is only able to express himself in it with his feet. I once had a friend who bought an old skate from a wily Frenchman. Well, sir! That horse was so well versed in the modern French vernacular that it seemed he would never acquire English or any other language, but he did, and right well too. Being an accomplished kicker, in less than two weeks he was entering kicks in English as gracefully and fluently as in the language he had just discarded; but when my friend finally sold him to a Jew peddler it put a stop to the horse's educational advancement, for to save his miserable life, he couldn't get the Yiddish motion to his gesticulations.

SOME horses would have made better mules if only the chance had been afforded them. They were born with the natural instincts of the long-eared race, excepting the ears. They could kick, balk, and bite just as hard and readily as the most adept of mules, and make complete jackasses of themselves at every opportunity. But nature is pranky and ofttimes pulls off



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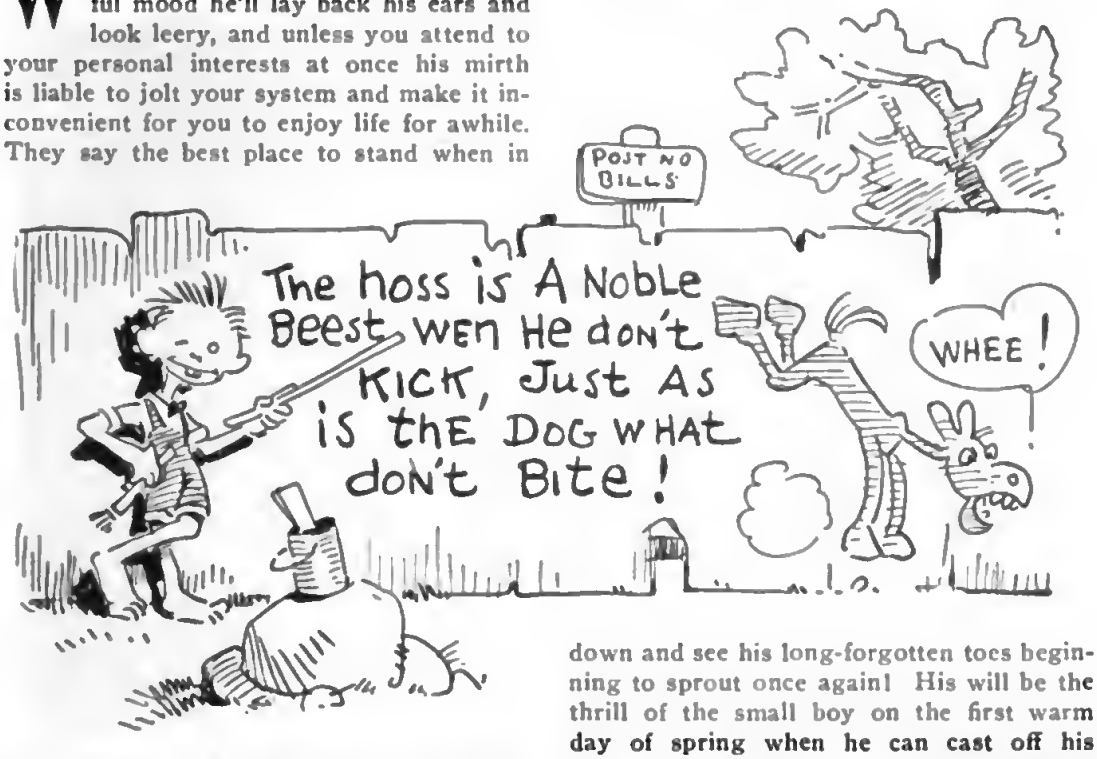
stunts contrary to good judgment. I say when a "hoss" is endowed with all the natural qualifications of the mule he should have been furnished with ears befitting those qualifications.

WHEN a horse is in a particularly playful mood he'll lay back his ears and look leery, and unless you attend to your personal interests at once his mirth is liable to jolt your system and make it inconvenient for you to enjoy life for awhile. They say the best place to stand when in the presence of a playful horse is directly back of his propellers. They who say this may act in accordance with such ideas. I shall not try the experiment. Give me the adjoining lot. I have known good and robust men who were at one time of that opinion, but who have not been themselves since they disputed the laws of gravity which seem to center in the hind hoofs of a horse.



WHEN the automobile and the tin Lizzie shall at last have relegated the "hoss" to the limbo of things obsolete, will the noble animal degenerate and hark back to his ancestral types, or will he simply disappear like the dodo? It has taken a lot of time and patience to develop Dobbin from the primitive models such as the hydracotherium, the pachynolophus, and the eohippus, to make him "whoa," back, and "git-ap," and take his meals out of a nosebag. In the process of civilization he has gradually lost his toes, and has had to accommodate his feet to the horseshoe. Does he still dream, perhaps, of the delights of having toes—of sinking them down into the green sqush of the tertiary era, and feeling the cool goo trickle up between them! If so, how glad he will be some day to look down and see his long-forgotten toes beginning to sprout once again! His will be the thrill of the small boy on the first warm day of spring when he can cast off his shoes and go barefoot. When the "hoss" discovers for the first time that he can again wiggle his toes, he will doubtless radiate a smile of solid comfort.

IN conclusion, I will say this respecting the horse—and I have had much to do with every variety and kind—that for docility, for faithfulness and for cheapness of maintenance give me the horse who never sheds his coat or is bothered with ingrowing toenails, who remains wherever you place him and is ever on the job when he's wanted. That horse is the sawhorse.

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A Few Celebrities at the Broadway Ball, Narragansett Pier, R. I., Silhouetted by Miss Sherman. In the Top Row, Evan Burrowe Fontaine in Egyptian Costume; Jane Tatum as Valeska Suratt, and Edgar Franken in Cap and Bells. Below, Miss Lucia Chase and "Caruso," a Broadway Millionaire, and One of the "Newsies."

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THE CARTOONISTS' CONFESSIONAL

John F. Knott, of the Dallas News, Seems to Have a Hobby That Is Well Worth Cultivating

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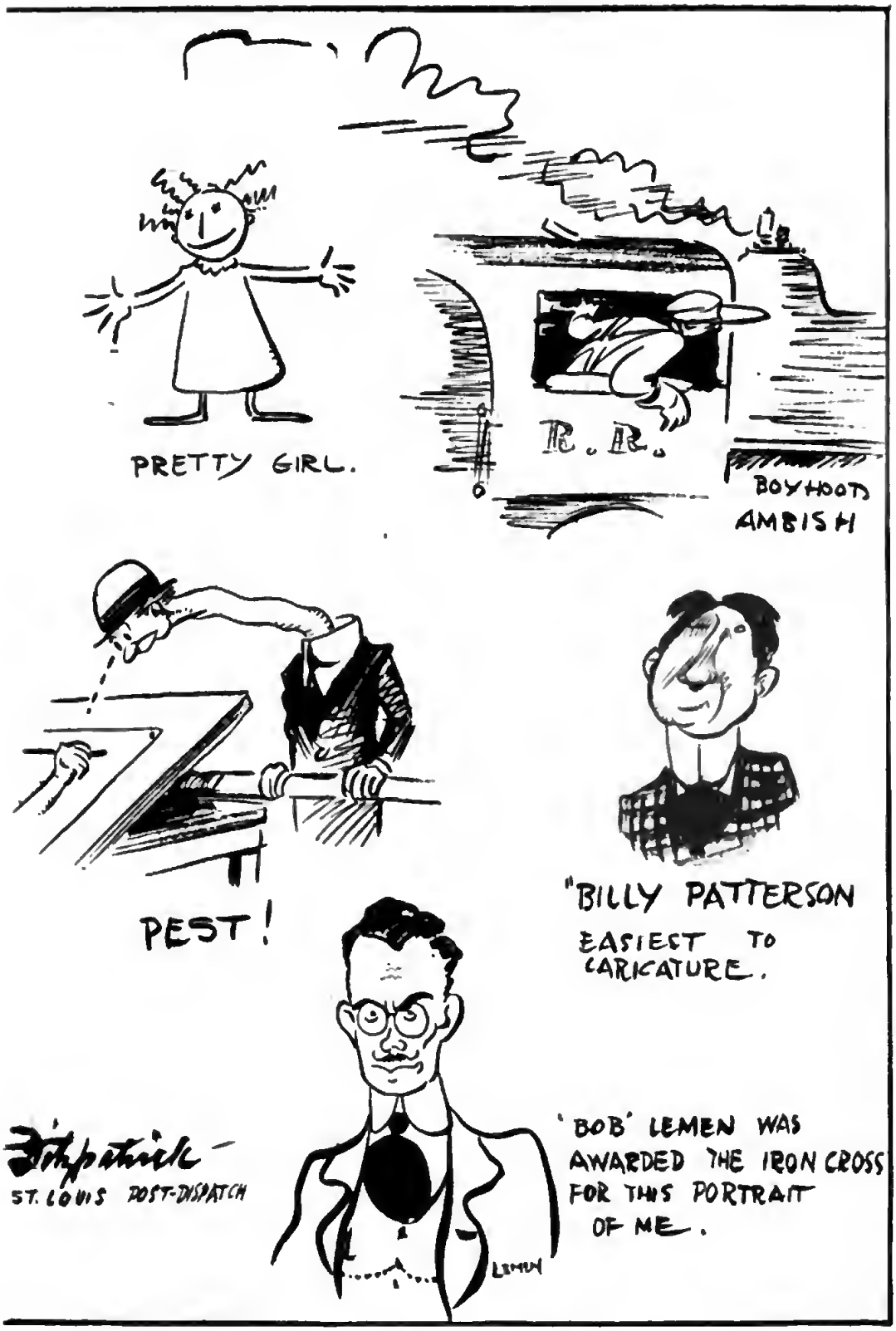

THE CARTOONISTS' CONFESSIONAL

There may Be Better Portraits of Fitzpatrick Than the One Lemen has Made, but "Fitz" Is Not Particular

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THE CARTOONISTS' CONFESSIONAL

"Jim" Navoni At One Time Wanted to Be the "Champeen" Heavyweight of the World. Note Particularly the "Fighting Face" in the Portrait

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A CLEVER SALESMAN

Newsie: "'Ere y'are, Miss. De latest lovely battles an' de last things in victories!"—The Passing Show

Levity, the

Reprisals

Little Gertrude had been very naughty, and had been severely slapped, first by nurse and then by mother, with a promise of another dose from father when he came home.

She sat on the floor, her eyes filled with angry tears. Suddenly she rose with a determined look upon her little face and seized her hat.

"Where are you going?" asked her mother.

"Out to tell all the family secrets to the neighbors," said the child firmly.

—Clippings.

Explained

Mame: "I was at a spiritualist meeting the other night and, what do you think, a ghost kissed me."

Percy: "One of those familiar spirits, I suppose."—The Passing Show.

Visitor to Country Churchyard (seeing elderly gentleman listening hard, presumably to the choir singing in the church): "It's very beautiful, isn't it?"

Elderly Gentleman (naturalist, listening to the grasshoppers): "And the wonderful thing is that they do it by rubbing their legs together."—Punch

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Soul of Wit

Ungrammatical

"I once wrote on a blackboard," says a Philadelphia teacher. "these words: 'The toast was drank in silence,' and then asked my class, 'Can any one tell me what the mistake in this sentence is?'

"The pupils pondered. Then a little girl held up her hand, and at a nod from me went to the board and wrote the following correction:

"'The toast was ate in silence.'"—The American Boy.

A Mean Advantage

"I hear that Laura's engagement to the young minister is off."

"Why, yes, she told me he was horribly jealous and so unfair!"

"In what way was he unfair?"

"Every time she would make an engagement to go motoring with some other man he would pray for rain."—London Opinion.

ENIGMATIC

Young Lady: "Please, can you tell me the exact time?"

Old Salt (obligingly): "Certainly, Missie. Just 'alf ebb."—The Passing Show

TRIALS OF A CAMOUFLAGE OFFICER

Flapper: "Oh, I've heard such wonderful things about camouflage—making men look like guns, and guns like cows, and all that sort of thing. Couldn't you do some of your tricks here?"—Punch

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THE FALL OF ROME
A Play

Scene, Rome.

Ferst sitizen. I wish I saw a place to have my shoes shined at.

2nd sitizen. Hay, look at that! Darn if heer dont come anuther serkus perrade. That's the 10th this morning.

3rd sitizen. Aint it fearse? This sity will fall soon.

Ferst sitizen. Do you see eny place to get shoes shined at?

2nd sitizen. Lissen to all the ladies chewing chewing gum out loud.

3rd sitizen. I can heer them without lissening. This sity will fall soon, all rite.

Ferst sitizen. If I dont get my shoes shined soon I dont care if it falls or not.

2nd sitizen. Is that a cigarett that baby is smoaking?

3rd sitizen. No, are you blind? That's a segar. If this sity dont fall before next week Ill be serprized.

Ferst sitizen. Hay, boy, I wunt to get my shoes shined.

Boy. Well, am I stopping you?

2nd sitizen. Sutch a tuff boy.

Ferst sitizen. Do you know ware I can get them shined at?

Boy. Yes, no ware. Nobody works eny more. Everybodys to bizzy going to serkuses and things. Thats ware Im going now.

3rd sitizen. I woodent be serprized if it fell to nite.

(Wich it did.)

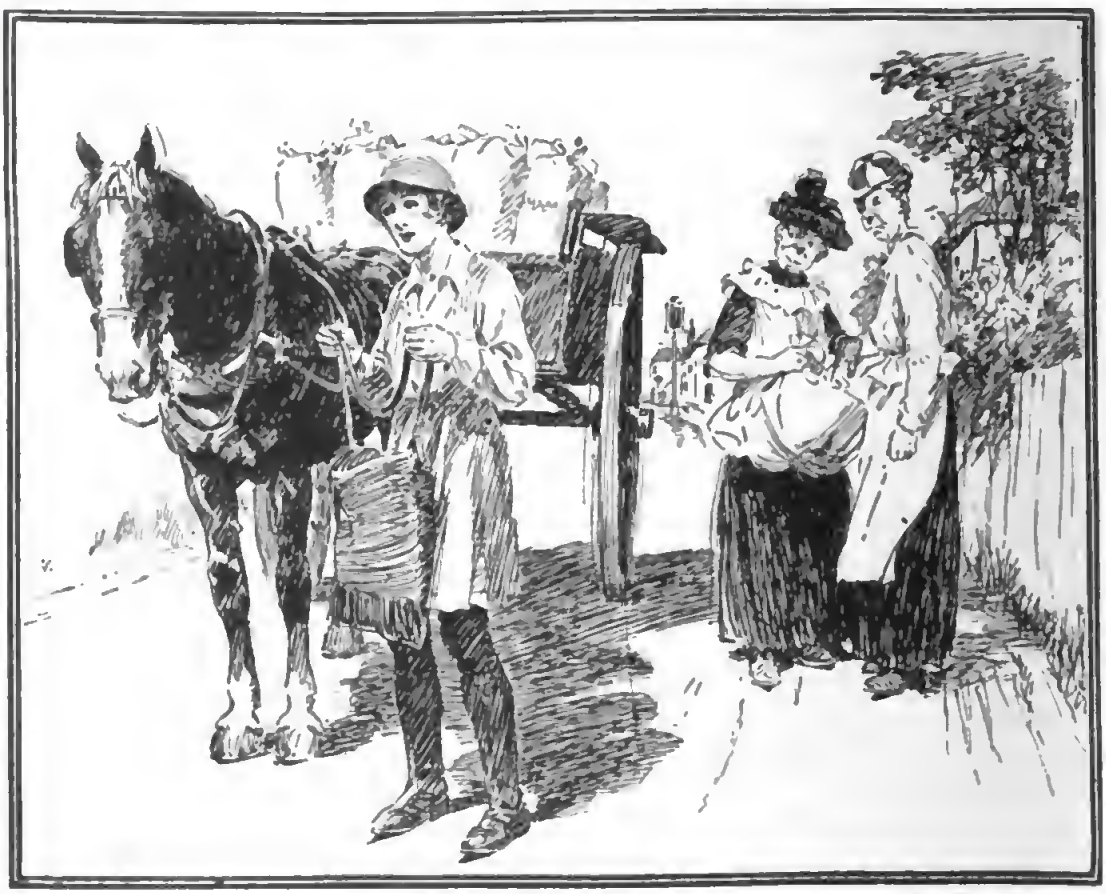
The end.

—Lee Pape in Chicago Daily News.

What Then?

He (of the militia): "'Taps' is played every night on the bugle. It means 'lights out.' They play it over the bodies of dead soldiers."

Miss Innocence: "What do you do if you haven't a dead soldier?"—Boston Transcript.



UNNECESSARY *From The Bystander*

Onlooker: "Well, I 'as to work, but I can say I don't get meself up like a fright!"

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FABIANO in Le Rire, © Paris

"Well! So you would like to enlist in the Highlanders?"
"Yes. I'd like to show something to the Boches, too."

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The Spirit

TEMPLE in Cleveland Plain Dealer

Sister can Put on Her Own Skates

BRIGGS in New York Tribune

The Days of Real Sport

DONAHEY in Cleveland Plain Dealer

Off to the Front

DONAHEY in Cleveland Plain Dealer

"Aw, how do I know where the liniment is?"

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# of October

Copyright, John T. McCutcheon

McCUTCHEON in Chicago Tribune

The Principal Exhibit at the County Fairs

BRINKERHOFF in New York Evening Mail

One Yard to Gain

DONAHEY in Cleveland Plain Dealer

"Oh, Mabel look! There's that rich Mister Van Sant we met at the seashore!

DONAHEY in Cleveland Plain Dealer

And, Lo, the Farmer's Name Leads All the Rest

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Raemaekers on the War

LOUIS RAEMAEKERS, the famous Dutch cartoonist who has come to America because it is "the center of gravity of the war," has had some interesting things to say of late about the kaiser and about Germany. Mr. Harvey's interview with the great artist, beginning on page 500 of this issue, deals principally with Mr. Raemackers' impressions of America. To Frederick Boyd Stevenson of the Brooklyn Eagle he talked at length concerning the war. Raemaekers believes that Germany is nearer exhaustion than we suppose, and says that Teutonic bravado will bring the boast of victory up to five minutes before the final break. When the United States can put a million men on the west front, he believes, the Hindenburg line will be no longer impregnable.

Of German atrocities in Belgium he speaks from a first-hand knowledge. "When I first went to London," he said "the English thought my pictures were too brutal. It was the very point I was trying to make. It has been my one aim since the breaking out of the war to accentuate the brutish character of the Germans. The brute is in them and I have tried to bring it out, but try as hard as I can I cannot depict it strong enough. I cannot make my pictures as brutish as the actual truth.

"I saw some photographs that were taken in Belgium," he continued. "Photographs, understand—not drawings. They were taken in a room where there were eighteen or twenty Belgian girls—dead. The photographs were taken just as the girls were found. I can tell you in the privacy of this room the distressing, the heart-breaking circumstances. Worse than death had come to them first; then mutilation, horrible, unbelievable mutilation. The camera showed it all—every detail, but you cannot tell it all in the paper; I cannot draw a picture like that. That was truth. I cannot make my cartoons so strong as truth.

"A friend of mine—a Dutch doctor—came over the Belgian border into Holland. He had attended a Belgian girl who had died from fiendish treatment by 18 German officers and soldiers. I could not draw that. And yet those cases are numbered by the thousands. So, you see, I have an object in making my pictures strong as I dare. I want to bring it home to the people of the civilized countries what this uncivilized nation is doing."

Speaking of the kaiser's conscience, Mr. Raemaekers declared that apparently it did not trouble him in the least. "The kaiser in perpetrating these bloody acts," he proceeded, "firmly believes he is carrying out the will of God. This God is for him and his people alone. The school to which the kaiser and his followers belong teaches that the Germans are the chosen people of God whom they believe is a German God speaking the German language. To murder men and women, to destroy young girls, to ruthlessly slay babies, to burn cities and lay waste cathedrals is for the glorification of God because it will glorify the German people who are His people. It is fanaticism—pure fanaticism.

"The kaiser has been accounted a very brilliant, a very versatile man. He is a very superficial man. He is stupid. Flatterers have told him he was a great artist, a great musician, that he could write a wonderful play, that he could write fine poetry, that he was a mighty military genius, until he began to believe that he knew all professions, all trades and excelled in them. The result has been confidence in himself, confidence in his leaders and confidence in the German people."

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BOARDMAN ROBINSON

The Only Portrait of the Artist Which in His Opinion Does Him Justice

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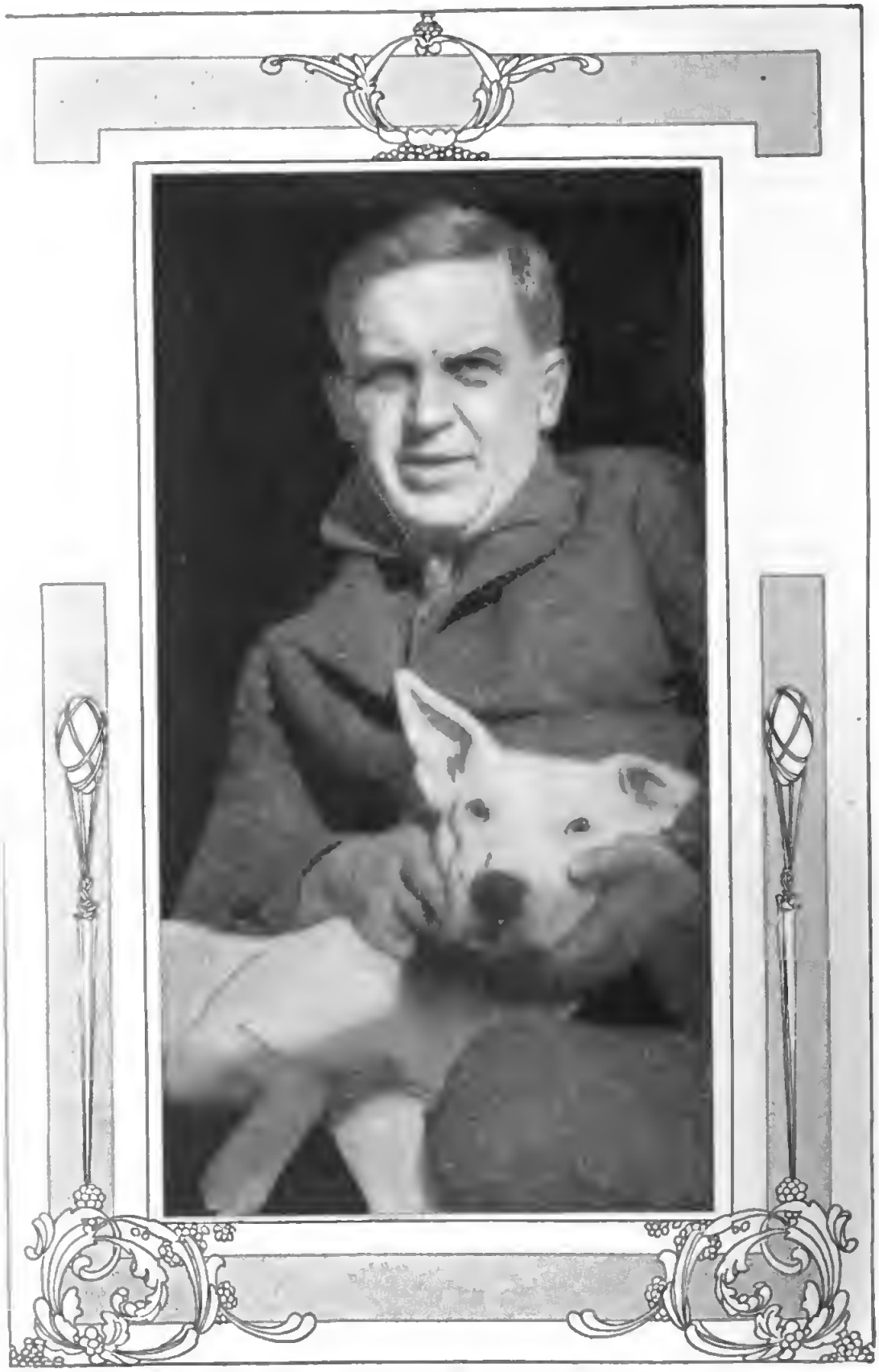

Robert Carter and His Prize Winner, Lady Break

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CARTOONISTS IN OVERALLS

"The pictures on this page," writes Homer Stinson, cartoonist of the Dayton News, "will prove to you that 'artists' dream about something more than art. It will prove that they dream of cabbages, corn, beans, and spuds, and then make an effort to have their dreams come true."

Stinson and his partner, Odell Dean, have been dreaming of vegetables ever since they set out to help wallop the kaiser by cultivating their war gardens. Dean is seen surveying as a monarch his potato patch, while Stinson appears up to his neck in rustling corn.

Dean is on Uncle Sam's registration list, but was not examined on the first call.

THE MAN WITH THE HOE

Homer Stinson (top), Cartoonist of the News League of Ohio, and Odell Dean, of the Dayton News Art Staff, Doing Their Bit in Their War Gardens

IRELAND DELAYS WAR WORK

The serious business of whipping the German kaiser, according to a recent Washington dispatch, was held up for fifteen minutes the other day when for that length of time the wheels of the war department ceased to grind. Billy Ireland, cartoonist of the Columbus Dispatch, was the cause of the interruption. A sketch by the cartoonist showing Secretary Baker in the act of pitching a coal speculator into a fiery furnace, and bearing the caption, "Regards to the Head Baker," caused the secretary to knock off work and summon the grim-visaged members of his official staff around him to enjoy the sketch. Subordinates were called in, and for a quarter of an hour or more the kaiser and his submarines were completely forgotten in the enjoyment of the thing.

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A SKYSCRAPER WEDDING

The top floor of the highest building in the South was selected by W. Paul Pim as the stage for his wedding ceremony recently. Mr. Pim, who is the staff artist of the Birmingham (Ala.) News, was married to Miss Lenna Hales of the News' advertising staff. The ceremony took place on the twenty-fourth floor of the Jefferson County Bank building, the headquarters of the Newspaper Club. The groom is well known throughout the South for his cartoon work. He has been on the staff of the News for two years, having come to Birmingham from Pennsylvania and Ohio. Immediately after the ceremony the young couple embarked on a honeymoon tour through the East.

Miss Patterson Working on Her Poster

WORKS ABOVE THE BUSY CROWDS

Eager to do her bit for her country, Miss Lucille Patterson, a 23-year-old artist and illustrator of New York, has been devoting her artistic talent to war work. Recently she donned overalls, and from a swinging scaffolding painted a colossal "Service" poster on a 20-foot billboard attached to the side of a six-story building at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second street. This corner is said to be the busiest in the United States, and for three days the swarming crowds below paused to gaze up at the fair artist. The poster depicts a modern Joan of Arc holding aloft a banner and leading an army of American women to the support of their country. It was designed for the National League of Women's Service, a war organization of volunteers.

Photos by Paul Thompson

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Our Boyhood Ambitions

By H.T. Webster

Drawn for Cartoons Magazine

BUT HE BECAME AN ARTIST

Herb Roth Wanted to Be a Sailor and Have His Leg Bitten Off by a Shark, Then Spend the Rest of His Days at Bathing Beaches Telling Beautiful Young Girls How It Happened

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Ole May

OLE MAY'S DEATH

OLE MAY, for many years cartoonist of the Cleveland Leader, and later for the Newark Star-Eagle and the Detroit Journal, died August 10 as the result of injuries received a week previously in an automobile accident at Long Branch, N. J. Mrs. May, who was with her husband in the machine, is still in a serious condition from the wreck. Funeral services were held at the residence of Mrs. May's sister in Cleveland, and the burial was at Lake View cemetery. The services were in charge of Meridian Masonic Lodge No. 610. Six Masons, three representing the newspaper profession and three the musicians' union, acted as pallbearers. Music was furnished by an orchestra of sixty pieces.

Mr. May left the Cleveland Leader several months ago, intending to abandon cartoon work and make his home in California. Stopping in Detroit enroute because of Mrs. May's illness, he met the publisher of the Detroit Journal, who made him an attractive offer to remain as cartoonist for that newspaper. Mr. May went East this summer, and planned to combine work with pleasure. He was to furnish three cartoons a week and spend the rest of his time in recreation at Asbury Park. There he played in the band conducted by Arthur Pryor, with whom he had been associated for several years.

The decedent was a musician as well as an artist. During his residence at Washington, D. C., he had been a member of the famous Marine band. He was at that time on the staff of the Washington Post.

Mr. May was born at Pleasanton, Ia., June 24, 1873, and did his earliest cartoon work for the Los Angeles and Houston papers. He came to the Cleveland Leader from the Pittsburgh Gazette-Times. He had a host of friends and acquaintances not only in the musical and journalistic professions, but in business life as well, and all who knew him came to regard him as a comrade. Readers of Cartoons Magazine were familiar with his work through the frequent reproductions of his cartoons in these pages. They will recall, perhaps, his last cartoon drawn for the Cleveland Leader, showing Moses Cleveland gazing rather sorrowfully at a vacant drawing-board on which was tacked a card reading, "Good-by, Uncle Mose—Ole May."

ENTERTAINS ROOKIES

"Rube" Goldberg, of the New York Evening Mail, whose cartoons drawn at one of New York's recent recruiting rallies netted $300 for the Red Cross, was a head-liner the other day at an entertainment given to the army rookies at Fort Slocum. In addition to his drawing of war and army life comics, several reels of his animated cartoons were shown.

A Growing Family

Sid. Smith of the Chicago Tribune returned from his vacation the other day to find that the "Gumps'" cat had presented that comic-strip family with seven kittens. But that wasn't all. The well-known mouse who inhabits the Gump kitchen was also the proud mother of an equal number of baby mice. "Thank goodness," says Sid., "vacation comes but once a year."

Leslie Willis, formerly of the art staff of the Columbus Citizen, died recently in Toledo as the result of a nervous breakdown.

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HOW TO BECOME A CARTOONIST

A Few Practical Hints to the Beginner by DeBeck

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HONORS FOR BAER

Since he became a congressman honors have come thick and fast for J. M. Baer. His cartoons are appearing daily in Hearst's New York Journal and Chicago American, and his portrait appeared recently on the cover of Viereck's. One of his cartoons moves the Chicago Tribune to the following comment: "Behold a fire in a theater. The terrestrial globe burns fiercely in the middle of the stage while out through the proscenium arch pour flames labeled 'Civil Strife,' 'War,' 'Future Wars.' Oh, dreffu! dreffu!. And yet there is hope, for the asbestos labeled 'Peace without annexations or indemnities' is beginning to descend. War is to be abolished by restoring the status quo ante which caused the war. . . . By its inspired absurdity it (the cartoon) undoes the work of many an anti-American editorial. And we congratulate Baer." Congressman Baer denies, however, in a recent interview, that he was elected on an anti-war platform.

DROP PEN FOR SWORD

"Mutt and Jeff" have ceased their antics temporarily while their creator, "Bud" Fisher, is taking the course of instruction at the Plattsburg Reserve Officers' Training Camp. The regime at this camp is so strenuous that it will probably be some time before "Bud" has a chance to regale newspaper readers with his comics. Another New York cartoonist who has been called to the colors is Robert L. Ripley, whose cartoons on sport subjects have had a wide vogue.

William Donahey, author of "The Teenie Weenies," has returned from northern Wisconsin and Minnesota where he fished in lakes that had not seen hook and line since the days of the noble red man.

Frank Spangler, formerly cartoonist of the Montgomery Advertiser, is now on the Atlanta Georgian, and has recently been turning in sketches and caricatures of the Georgia legislature.

THE TROUBLES OF A SILHOUETTIST
Miss Beatrix Sherman tries to Cut a "Moving Picture"

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Cartoons *and* Cartooning

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Oh, Skin-nay!

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CARTOONS MAGAZINE

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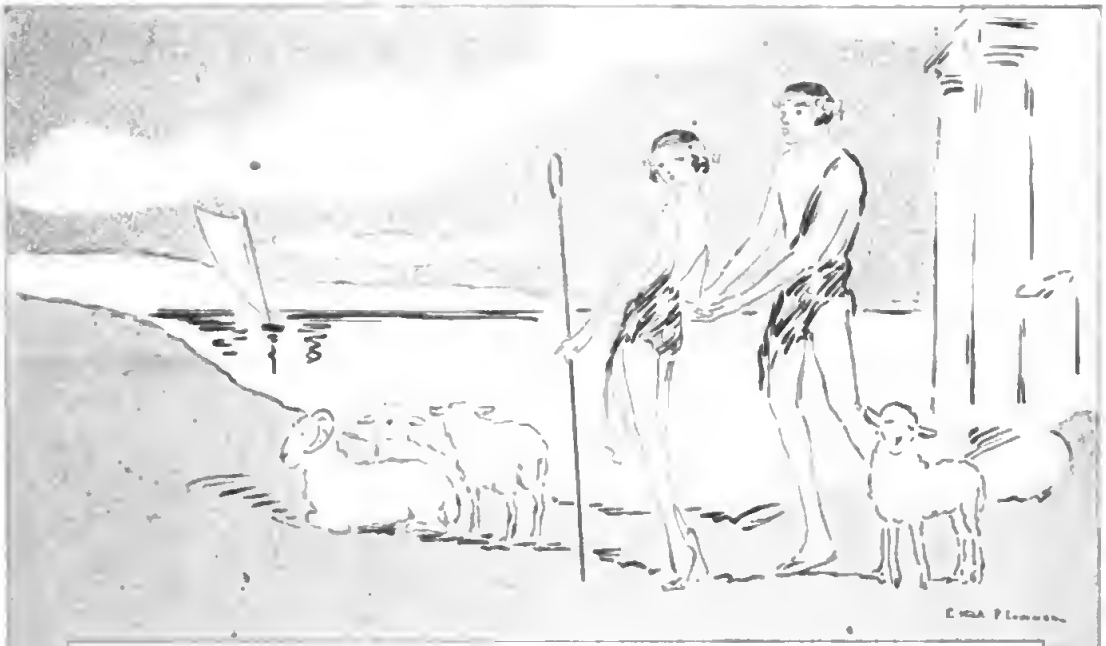

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CARTOONS MAGAZINE

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ABEL FAIVRE in Le Rire, © Paris

What Harm in a Kiss?

See "Les Midinettes," Page 680.

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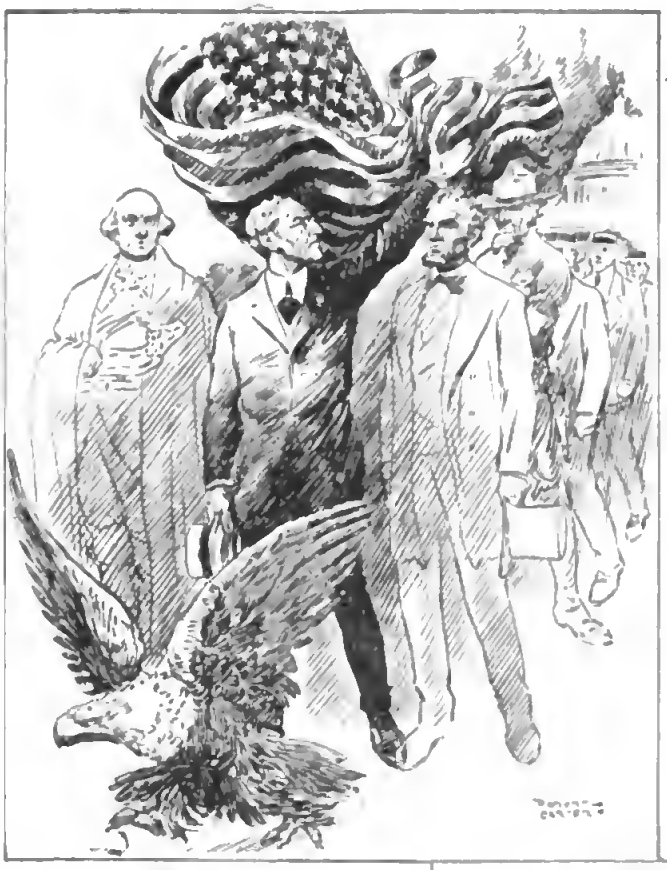


CARTER in Philadelphia Press

Onward!

WITH the minimum amount of friction and confusion an army of 350,000 honor men was sent during the month of September from their homes to their various cantonments in the South. It was the first nation-wide mobilization of its kind. Thus forty-five per cent of our new army that is to help make the world safe for democracy started on the first stage of its great mission. By November 1 there will have been 700,000 undergoing the intensive training that is to fit them for their duties "over there." Only a year ago we were "thanking God" because Wilson had kept us out of war. For more than six months we have been at war, and for the first time the meaning of war is being brought home to us.

Every city, every town and village in the country has supplied its quota. In thousands of homes a son has been given to his country. It will take until next spring to whip these young men into shape—to mold them into fighting units. But if we can throw an army of a million men on the firing line early in 1918 autocracy will have been given its death blow.

If Germany can interpret the handwriting on the wall, she ought to read in the swift, businesslike preparations of the United States her speedy doom. This is a country that never has done things by halves. European nations do not understand us. America is a nation with a large horizon and we are accustomed to doing the impossible. Thus, the soldier cities that are to ac-

CARTER in Philadelphia Press

"One moment son. I want to thank your mother."

the World Democracy

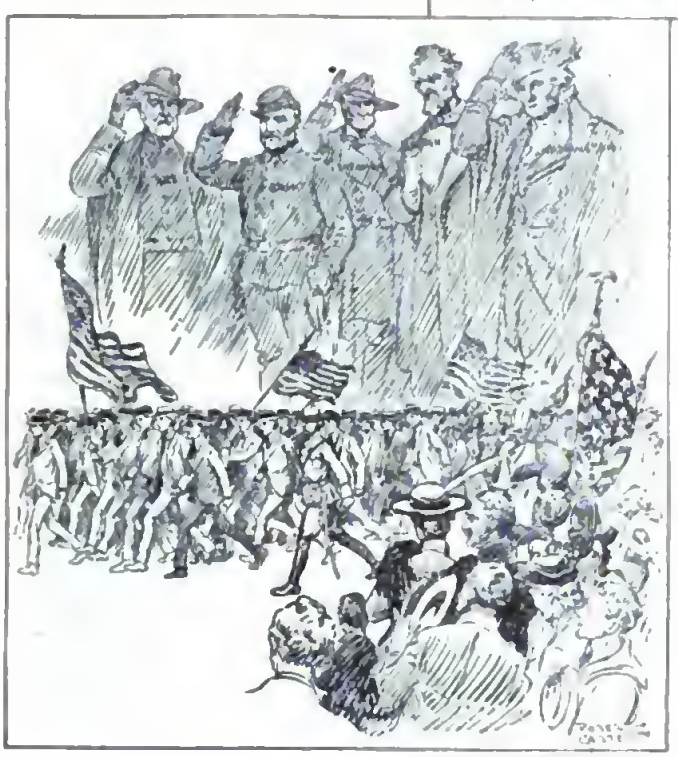
commodate our troops have appeared as by the rubbing of an Aladdin's lamp. We have transferred a seasoned army to France, and within a short time the young civilians now learning their "hay foot" and "straw foot" will have perfected themselves in the arts of trench warfare.

Speaking of the "Rainbow division," probably man for man, battalion for battalion the most efficient body of troops physically, mentally, and morally, the world has ever seen, the New York Evening Mail remarks:

"As the rainbow was designated in Scripture as the symbol of faith that the deluge would not overwhelm the world again, so the 'Rainbow division' is to every American a happy promise of the recession of the destructive flood which has been let loose upon the world—a pledge that it will never be let loose again."

CARTER in Philadelphia Press

Where Do We Go From Here?



CARTER in Philadelphia Press

They will Fight as Their Fathers Fought!

"The greatest movement of troops ever undertaken in this country," is the way the Washington Star refers to the recent mobilization, and adds:

"These men will begin at once the intensive training that is to transform them in a few months into soldiers, harden their muscles, perfect them in drill, render them quickly obedient to command, instruct them in the technique of soldiering and as far as may be at this distance perfect them in the arts of offense and defense developed by the present war. It may be some time before they

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NORMAN LINDSAY in Sydney Bulletin

SAMMY

"Wal, boys, I guess there's room in here for me somewheres."

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CHARLES DANA GIBSON in The Red Cross Magazine

Columbia's Greater Task

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McCUTCHEON in Chicago Tribune

Copyright, John T. McCutcheon.

Showing Germany the Real Meaning of the Word "Kolossal"

all get their equipment. They may not have all their uniforms immediately. But they will be advancing toward the stage of readiness for transport.

"Were it not for the immense difficulties attending the construction of sixteen soldier cities, capable of accommodating nearly 700,000 men, it would be possible to put into camp today all of the first draft. That so much has been accomplished in a short time since work was started on these great camps is indeed a marvel. It has not been merely a matter of building wooden structures. The most scrupulous care has been taken to provide pure water, to perfect sewerage systems and otherwise to care in the last detail for the health of the troops. There must be no more troubles such as those the country experienced in 1898, when through inadequacy of precaution disease swept through the soldier camps and claimed many victims before it could be stayed. These cantonments will be as well equipped for the comfort and security of the men as any permanent city. It is much better to move with comparative slowness in this concentration of a great army than to hasten the mobilization without complete housing equipment. Upon the health of the men we send to France will depend their efficiency in the war. It is better that they should go in occasional contingents in perfect condition than to send larger numbers of them over without adequate training and with their health undermined in insanitary camps."

The Philadelphia Inquirer seems to reflect the spirit of America in the following:

"They are off to the war, and they are going with cheers and smiling faces and flying flags and the playing of many bands, and they carry with them the kisses of sisters and sweethearts and the benedictions of gray-haired mothers!

"From every hamlet, town and city of the United States the boys in khaki, the flower of American manhood, are streaming toward the training camps, willing and eager and ready for the months of hard work which are to transform them into seasoned troops capable of taking up the great struggle for freedom which has hitherto been

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WILMOT LUNT in The Bystander, London

Uncle Sam: "You'd stand no nonsense from America, eh? Wal, I guess you'll find there's no nonsense about this hyar rope!"

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carried on by France and England and our allies.

"The reality of war is coming closer to us with each hour, and the departure of the young men of the new army and of the National Guard for their various cantonments marks one of the important stages of this great epoch in our history. No American who is worthy of the name can witness this departure without feelings of emotion. It is certainly the biggest thing that has happened in this country during the lifetime of the present generation.

"It has been said often, and it is true, that we are not a warlike people. But it is equally true that we are lovers of justice and liberty, and we are willing to fight for that independence which was so hard won by our forefathers. It is serious business and there is scarcely a home in the land that will not feel it in one way or another, but those who are off to the war are willing to make the sacrifice for the good of their country and for humanity.

"Methods of warfare have been transformed, but—in spite of all that may be said—men still count, and the spirit of the young men who are making their way to the cantonments and training camps is the spirit which is going to win this war, it is the spirit which is going to give us another and a greater United States. It is a rejuvenation of the national spirit, it is the spirit of 1776 reborn and ready to give life and fortune for the sake of an ideal. It is this thought which inspires the boys of 1917, and it is this thought which supports the mothers, sisters and sweethearts and thrills them with an honest pride that dries their tears at the moment of departure.

"There is a pathos about it all, but it is going to glorify this country as it has never been glorified before."

Of course our hopes are running high now. We can hardly wait for our new army to get over to France and prove their mettle. But, as the Columbus Dispatch warns us, we must not expect too much. This is not a war, the

SYKES in Philadelphia Evening Ledger

Snowed Under

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NORMAN LINDSAY in Sydney Bulletin

The Man Who Slew His God

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EVANS in Baltimore American

THE WRONG IDEA ABOUT WAR

Hoover (to Food Profiteer): "You're supposed to put something in—not to take something out."

SYKES in Philadelphia Evening Ledger

When La Follette Speaks

BERRYMAN in Washington Star

The District of Columbia's Quota

President Wilson marched at the head of the District of Columbia's honor men.

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SYKES in Philadelphia Evening Ledger

Duty and Youth Keep Step Today

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KIRBY in New York World

At the Head of the Line

Dispatch reminds us, in which personal darings counts for a great deal. The sensational is entirely lacking in the present manner of fighting. This newspaper proceeds:

"If it were out in the open, if it were the kind of fighting that used to be done by armies, we might reasonably hope to learn some fine morning that our boys had covered themselves with glory by outfighting and outgeneraling the enemy. But it isn't the old-fashioned style of fighting they will be engaged in, and the bravery of our boys and their resourcefulness isn't likely to amount to as much as we would like to have those qualities amount to.

"The casualty list is likely to be the most impressive thing. They will probably take part of the line now occupied by the French. They will prepare for a charge, and make it, and then meet the countercharge of the Germans which always comes along. But a few yards of ground, or a few hundred yards is as much as they can hope to capture or to hold. And even the small gain will cost lives and, maybe, many of them. So in all probability our first real war news will be a casualty list showing those who have fallen and those who have not reported to their companies after the engagement, with precious little to their credit in the way of victory, as victories used to go.

"Our boys will unquestionably meet as great resistance as it will be possible for the Germans to bring against them. They will be especially marked by the enemy. Already the Germans are offering iron crosses and monetary rewards for German soldiers who kill or capture Americans. They will try to do it. Like the champion batter in a baseball team, who has to strike at the hardest balls the opposing pitcher can deliver, our boys will be singled out by the enemy for the best he has. But we need not fear, even while not expecting too much.

"Our troops will give a good account of themselves. . . . . They will bring glory to

KIRBY in New York World

Doing His Bit

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SYKES in Philadelphia Evening Ledger

If German Spies Report Only the Truth We should Worry

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DARLING in New York Tribune

The Nation's Defenders

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the colors under which they fight, and to us."

In the words of General Wood, however, we must finish the war on the other side, or it will be finished on this side. That is to say, as the Newark News puts it, "America must win."

"We, and the rest of the nations at war," declares the News, "are down to the cold facts of existence. There is just one question before the world, and it concerns what is going to happen to Russia, to Belgium, to Poland, the Balkan states and all the rest of Germany's enemies, including us. Victory or downfall stares every one of us in the face, and this country has got to force the decision. Our own future and the future of the world perhaps depends upon us.

"We have got to whip Germany, Hohenzollerns and all. Having gone in, that settled it. Germany will hate us more than any other people, naturally, because we snatched the possibility of victory from her.

"To save our own skins hereafter, we must win; the thing must be gone through to the end; and responsibility for victory rests on every mother's son of us.

"To win means the mobilizing of every resource at our command, and time is the essence of the contract. America's energy must move in a steady, uninterrupted flow, and no conscious or unconscious interference with it can be tolerated."

WESTERMAN in Ohio State Journal

"Good-by. Good Luck"

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Pinning the

CASSEL in New York Evening World

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Leaving No Trace

THE gaiety of nations was still further enhanced recently by the revelations of the state department at Washington concerning the use to which Swedish diplomats were put by Germany. Thus, Herr von Eckhardt, the German minister to Mexico, recommends for a crown decoration of the second class Herr Folke Cronholm, who so obligingly and at all hours of the night trudged like a good little messenger boy to the cable office with von Eckhardt's dispatches in the Swedish code. It was desirable, of course, not to excite the enemy's suspicion, "to treat with secrecy the matter" until the end of the war, but the decoration ought to be bestowed, as Cronholm was "the only diplomat through whom information from a hostile camp could be obtained."

Then there was poor Luxburg, who is now a member of the Dumba club. His cables to Berlin are quite as amusing, though rather more sinister than von Eckhardt's. He, too, had a Swedish friend who obliged by the free use of his code. And in this code was cabled the "spurlos versenkt" message and the reference to Argentina's "notorious ass" of a foreign minister that have made Luxburg the world's laughing stock, that compromised the Swedish government, and that nearly brought Argentina into war with Germany. Was there ever a more complete comedy of errors!

America, of course, has "violated diplomatic courtesy" and "forged" the evidence, but the exposed diplomats and the foreign offices they represent, can do nothing but boo-hoo. Sweden, wearing the order of the double cross, takes the matter more calmly than Argentina, considers a regrettable incident closed, and refuses to withdraw Baron Lowen, the Swedish minister at Buenos Aires.

Sweden, whatever aid and comfort she may have given to the enemy, is as yet by no means an active ally of Germany, while Argentina, thanks principally to a pro-German president, has decided also to remain neutral.

The Swedish government having resolved not to recall Baron Lowen from Buenos Aires, gives as an excuse its conviction that the minister made himself the intermediary of the German representative in good faith, and was ignorant of the character of the message he transmitted in the code. This apology, according to the Brooklyn Eagle, is a rather lame one. Says this newspaper:

"We may, perhaps, acquit Baron Lowen of direct connivance with Count Luxburg in regard to the 'spurlos versenkt' message or that in which the acting minister for foreign affairs in the Argentine cabinet was stigmatized as a 'notorious ass and Anglophile,' but he stands self-pilloried as a credulous and convenient tool, easily manip-

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Double Cross on Sweden

ulated by an unscrupulous person, such as the German agent proved himself to be. In any case he is unfit for a post in which one of his prime duties is to guard the neutrality of the country he represents.

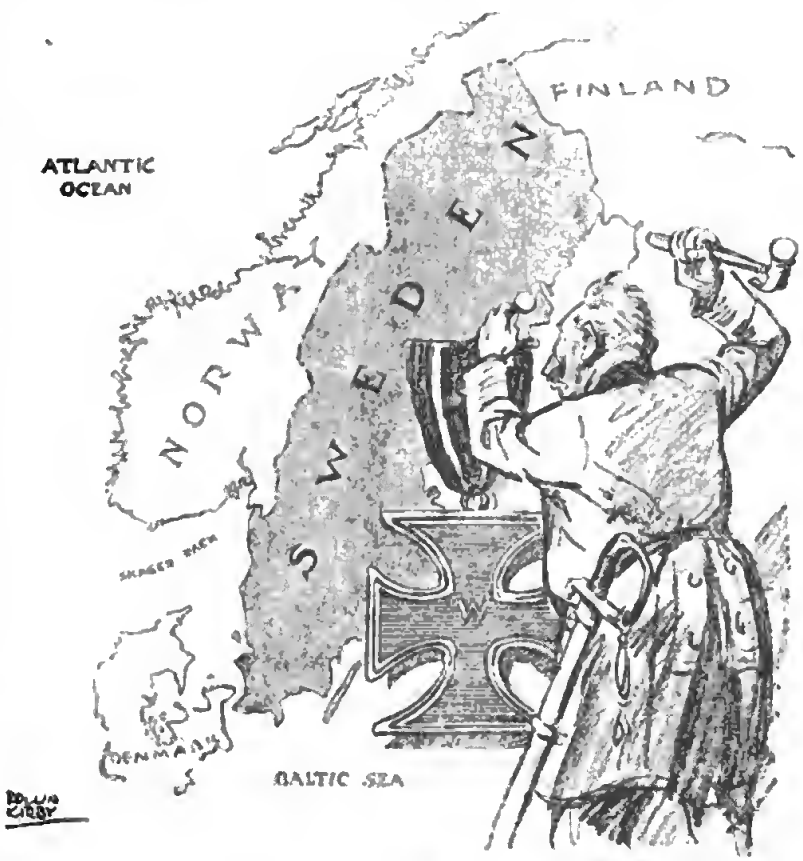
"The Swedish government has long been under suspicion as pro-German. That suspicion is strengthened by its treatment of Baron Lowen's case."

"Sweden's answer to the charge that she has permitted her diplomatic service to be used as a medium for the transmission of code dispatches to Germany," observes the Philadelphia Press, "is evasive and far from satisfactory. Declaring herself without sufficient information regarding the sensational 'spurlos versenkt' telegrams, she points out that it is nothing so very unusual for a neutral to open its diplomatic channels of communication for the benefit of a belligerent power.

"The Swedish government is either too sympathetic with Germany to touch on this tender point, or else considers itself too close to the German frontier to make resentment safe. Argentina, on the other hand, has taken the eminently proper course of handing the German minister his passports."

As the Philadelphia Public Ledger views it:

"Even in Sweden the weakness of the government's position is recognized. Thus the socialist leader, Hjalmar Branting, is quoted as saying that it 'has acted in an utterly indefensible manner.' He concedes that it undertook the forwarding of dispatches in good faith; but that, he adds, does not excuse it for taking no pains to see that its confidence was not abused. Its laxness in this respect looks too much like willful blindness. 'I believe it will be impossible,' says Mr. Branting, 'to convince the American public that Sweden in all this affair only served as a postbox for Germany.' It may be equally impossible to convince the other Scandinavian countries, which have joined with Sweden in a league for joint action, and which therefore may reasonably feel compromised by her conduct. The Morgenbladet of Christiania says frankly that Sweden has played the part of 'a lackey.' She has furthered submarine warfare, though this has been injurious to the Scandinavian countries themselves. This is all the worse for Norway and Denmark in that Sweden has dominated the league and has looked after her own inter-

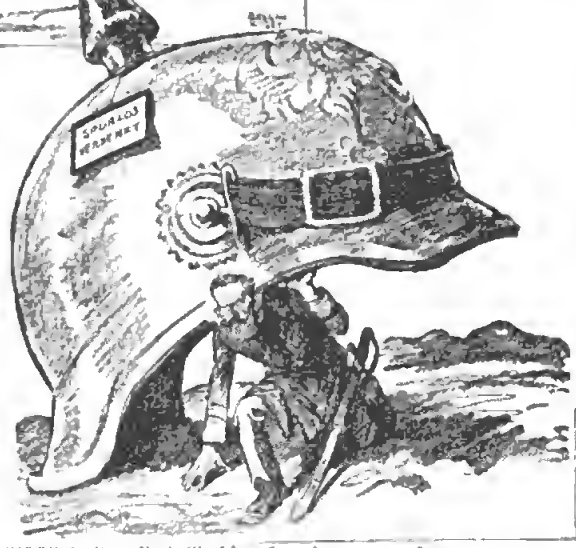


KIRBY in New York World

Decorated

KIRBY in New York World
Always Explaining

ests with too little regard for theirs. So the Morgenbladet complains, and so it will be easy to make the Norwegians, at least, with their traditional jealousy of Sweden, believe. If such is the general opinion outside of Sweden, and to some extent within Sweden, the allies may be disposed to let the matter stand as it is for the present. They do not wish to run the risk of restoring Scandinavian harmony by an undue pressure upon the Swedish government, still less to drive Sweden into an open alliance with Germany."



KIRBY in New York World
Crawling Out

Commenting on the complaint of the Stockholm Dagblad that "the American government has adopted toward Sweden a method that is not in accordance with diplomatic courtesy," the Philadelphia Inquirer says:

"If there is one thing that should be shattered by this war it is this same 'diplomatic courtesy' business, which is but another name for secret and dark-lantern diplomacy. What would this Swedish journal have? Its ministry has been caught in the act of forwarding news to an enemy nation. Does it seriously contend that such criminality should be kept a state secret, and that it is none of the business of the people?

"That, it is true, has been the old-style European method of doing things. Behind locked doors, kings, emperors and ministries have formulated plans and decided policies that involve war. The people have been used as pawns in the game of life and death.

"It cannot be done any longer. This country of ours has seen to that. Emperors may rail and military despots, intent upon their own selfish ambitions, may sneer at what they are pleased to call 'shirt - sleeve diplomacy,' but it is honest diplomacy because it hides nothing. It goes upon the principle that what concerns the government of a country concerns the people of that country.

KIRBY in New York World
Autocracy's Messenger Boy

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SYKES in Philadelphia Evening Ledger

"Lemme in!".

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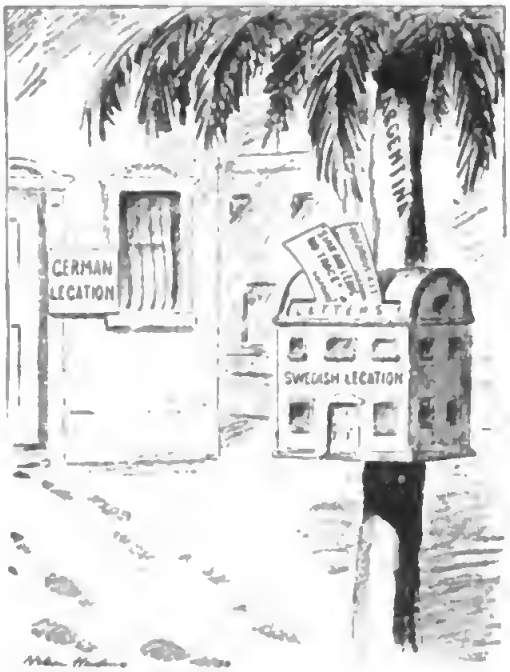

HARDING in Brooklyn Eagle

The Handy Letter-Box

GREENE in New York Evening Telegram

Another Peace Plea

EVANS in Baltimore American

"I bane got a yob."

CASSEL in New York Evening World

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A Crack Shot

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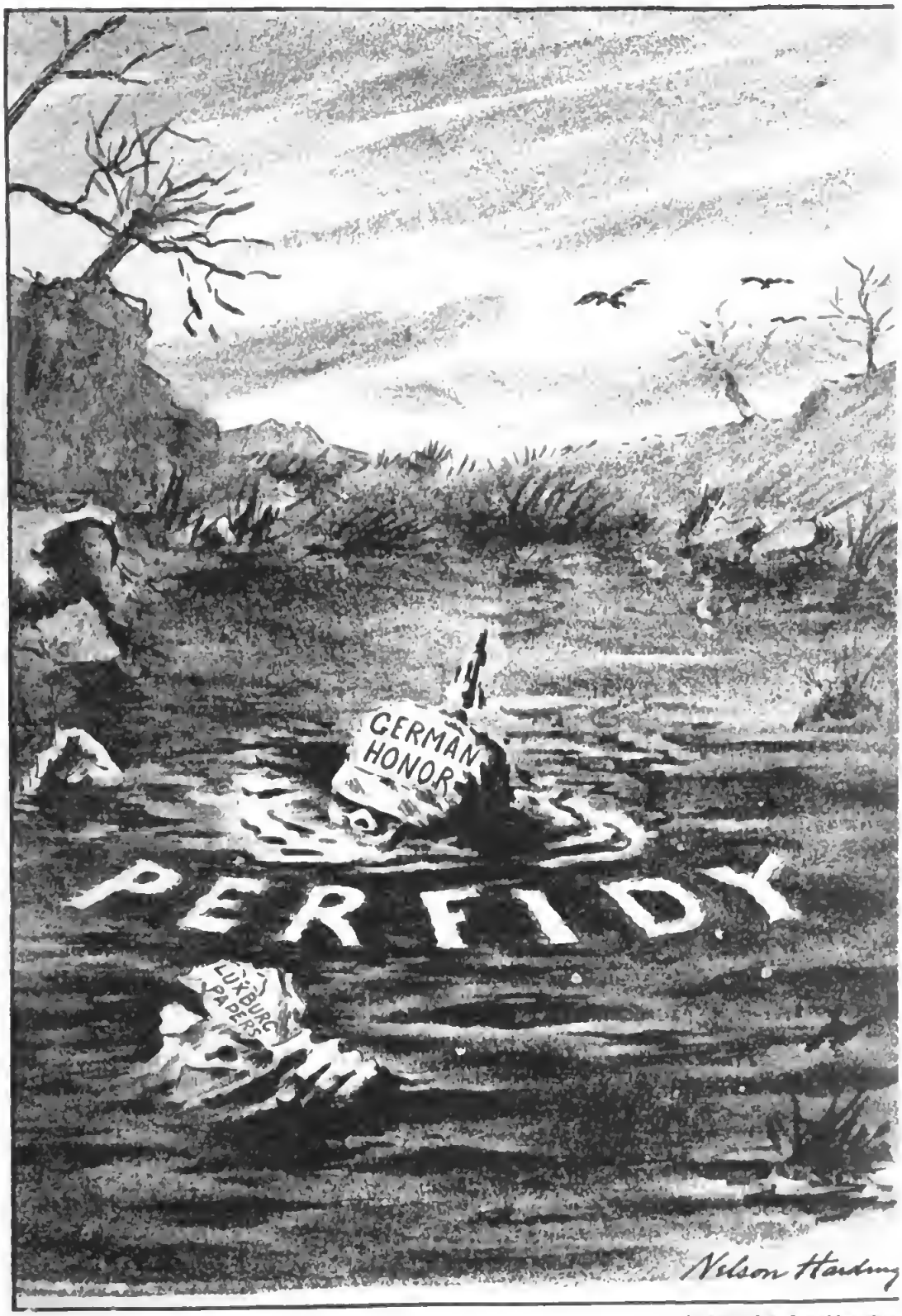

HARDING in Brooklyn Eagl

Sinking Without Leaving a Trace

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Didn't Know It Was Loaded!

'Diplomatic courtesy' would have shielded Zimmermann from publicity when he plotted against the United States and tried to unite Mexico and Japan into a conspiracy of invasion. And 'diplomatic courtesy' would have left the unneutrality of Sweden unrevealed, either to the people of the United States or to the people of Sweden.

"When the great white light of publicity shines upon governments, destroying secrecy, there will be an end to war."

Poor Luxburg, apparently, has been torpedoed and "spurlos versenkt" by at least one German newspaper. Thus, the Koelnische Zeitung advises that he be dealt with—metaphorically—in the same way as the Argentine ships. It says:

"Aside from the international aspect of this incident, there is no occasion to revive memories of our numerous diplomatic heroics in the course of this war by permitting this episode to engage public opinion. Count Luxburg should be permitted to disappear without leaving any trace behind."

To this comment the Indianapolis News adds:

"Luxburg, and the Argentine ships, are alike to disappear without leaving any traces. Yet this same paper argues that the dispatches were not so bad, and insists that those who judge them should remember that they were written in code—in other words, were not meant 'for publication.' It also speaks of the 'unconventional characterization of the minister of the country to which he was accredited.' We should say that it was decidedly 'unconventional' for a minister to write down as a 'notorious ass' the foreign minister of the nation to which he was accredited. Another German newspaper speaks of Luxburg as a man 'endowed with much temperament.' Why not call it Kultur?

"But, in spite of the best they can do to soften the blow, there is general agreement that Luxburg is done for. He made the awful mistake of allowing himself to be caught. The fact that he advised the secret murder of the citizens

CASSEL in New York Evening World Copyright, Press Publishing Co.

Under False Colors

DARLING in New York Tribune

"And the boys around the monkey's cage had better keep out of the way."

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of a country whose hospitality he as a diplomat was enjoying—this has no weight with the German papers that are criticising him, or with the German government.

"It is to be said for Luxburg that he did not, after all, advise anything that had not already been done—or attempted—by German submarine commanders. He no doubt thought that he was simply advising the application of a recognized policy to a particular case. But Lansing 'stole' his dispatches, and as a result the poor man of 'much temperament' is to 'disappear without leaving any trace behind.'"

As for Argentina, the German foreign office has, through a subordinate official, verbally stated to the Argentine minister at Berlin that it entirely disapproves of some expressions used by Luxburg in the dispatch transmitted through the telegraphic facilities of Germany's enemies.

Despite the action of the Argentine senate of voting almost unanimously to sever relations with the German government, this explanation, or apology, or whatever it is, seems to be satisfactory to President Irigoyen of the South American republic, who thus far has kept his country out of war. Possibly he cannot be blamed. The United States, a much more powerful nation than Argentina, stood for a lot of insults from Germany before it acted. Says the San Francisco Chronicle:

"Presumably the minor official means that he ought not to have called the Argentine foreign minister an ass, and should not have suggested sinking Argentine ships so thoroughly as 'to leave no trace.'

"It is not intimated that the German government feels sure that the Argentine minister is not an ass, or that Luxburg's suggestion to deal in the manner proposed was improper per se. Apparently it was regarded as unwise to take the chance of such ticklish stuff being discovered; an opinion which is justified.

SYKES in Philadelphia Evening Ledger

"Who bane say 'chestnuts'?"

CESARE in New York Evening Post

Root Them Out!

The snakes are labeled "Pro-German Intrigue" and "Pro-German Official."

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SYKES in Philadelphia Evening Ledger

"Better stick to murder, Willie; you're too blamed clumsy to cheat!"

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"That the German foreign office intended to go no farther than that is abundantly proved by the fact that the home government did not recall Luxburg the moment the message was received, but waited till the publication of the dispatch let all the world know what kind of an emissary it had sent to be near the German colonies in Southern Brazil."

Regarding President Irigoyen, the Cleveland Plain Dealer points out that when he was elected the world paused to note that the southern republic had called a "crank" to its office of highest responsibility. The Plain Dealer proceeds:

"Now it begins to be clear that President Irigoyen is pro-German; but it is not clear why he is pro-German. Doubtless he is a pacifist. Most enlightened people of today are pacifists at heart. The sincerest pacifists are the strongest upholders of humanity's war against Germany, for only by the destruction of kaiserism can peace be assured to the nations.

"But Irigoyen is not that kind of pacifist. At least this is the inevitable conclusion from his pro-German stand and his stalwart opposition to the popular demand for a severance of relations with Germany. Seemingly the Luxburg episode has left Irigoyen unmoved. The sinking of Argentine ships has left him unmoved."

DONAHEY in Cleveland Plain Dealer

The Unseen Hand

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WELLNER in Lustige Blaetter, Berlin

HOW GERMANY REGARDS CHINA'S

The Entente have Been So Long Looking at China in Anticipation That They have Themselves Acquired Oriental Eyes

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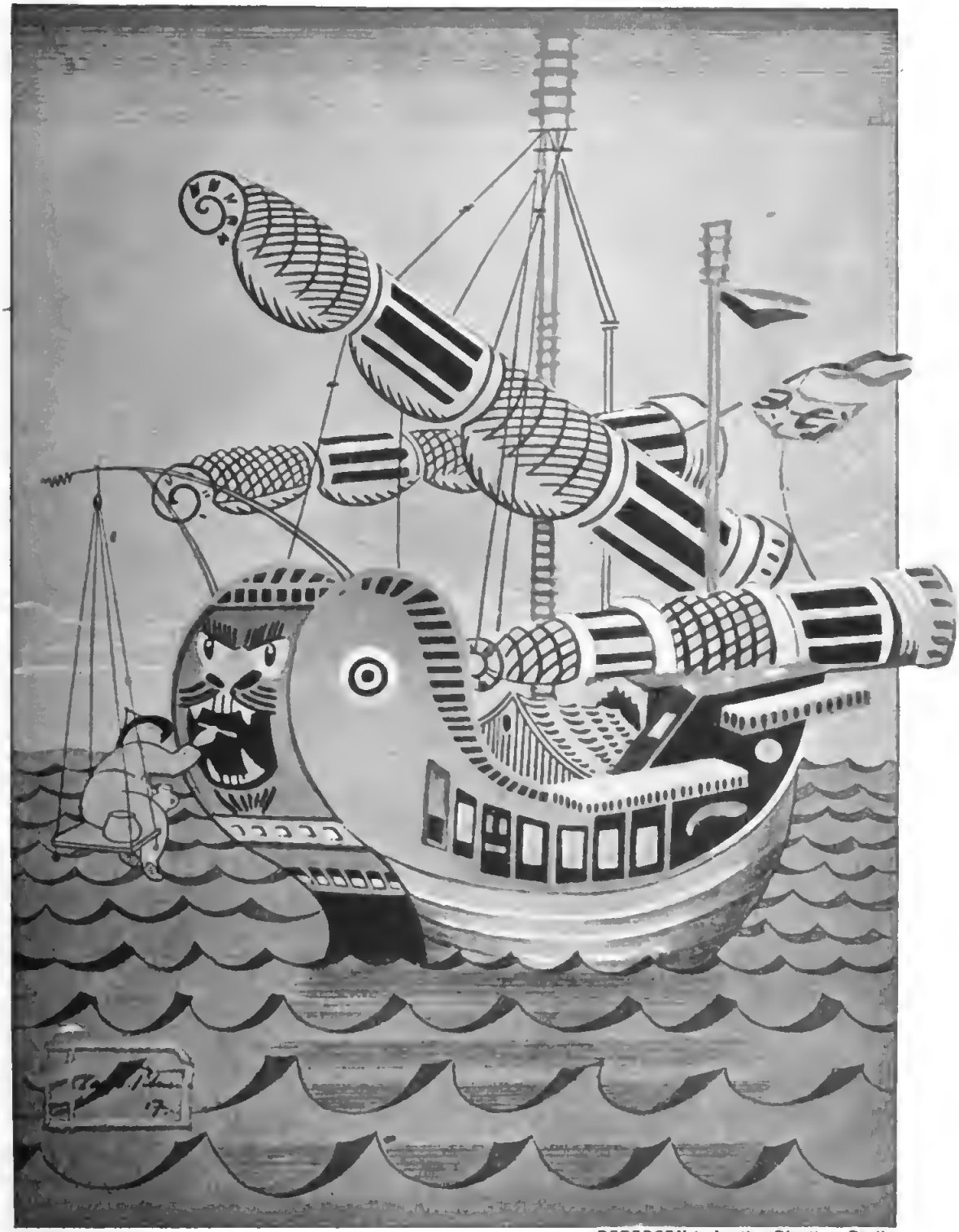

PETERSEN in Lustige Blaetter, Berlin

ENTRY INTO THE WORLD WAR

Tremble Germania! The U-Boat Peril is Ended. China Gives Her Invincible Fleet the Strokes of Frightfulness!

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A Russian Republic of Chaos

KERENSKY. In all the events which led up to the democratic convention in Moscow, Kerensky was the man of destiny. It was impossible to think Russia without thinking Kerensky. What would Kerensky do? Which faction would control Kerensky?

The ease with which the Korniloff rebellion, or adventure, as it was called diplomatically, was snuffed out demonstrated that the provisional government had power. What will become of that power? Which road will it take? Which elements will it draw to itself to make itself permanent? The allies, naturally most anxious to see Russia get on a business footing, are agitated by these queries.

It can be pointed out that the movement of Russia is in the direction of order; that every step is toward firmer ground, and that the Russian people seem to have a clear idea of what they wish. The Russians will have a republic but it will be along their own lines, and probably not at all like the national edifice our statesmen would draw the plans for. They seem determined that the Russian government shall express the Russian character.

There is another point on which we apparently will have to change our ideas. We have believed that because Russia has not telegraphs, newspapers and public schools it is sunk in ignorance and apathy. On the contrary, if we accept the word of a sympathetic eyewitness, Charles Edward Russell, in Collier's Weekly, "we must not run away with the notion that in Russia a few keen intellects revolted and dragged with them by the neck a vast, blinking ignorance.

"There is no ignorance in Russia about the revolution or what it means, any more than there is opposition to it. Nothing more wonderful was ever recorded among the children of men, but there is the fact, nevertheless. As a rule, the remote peasant in Russia is as hot for democracy and the revolution as is any scholastic theorist that speaks nine languages."

This assertion is fairly well confirmed by the progress of affairs in the new republic. Certainly there seems to be no ele-

SYKES in Philadelphia Evening Ledger

"Vot's der use?"

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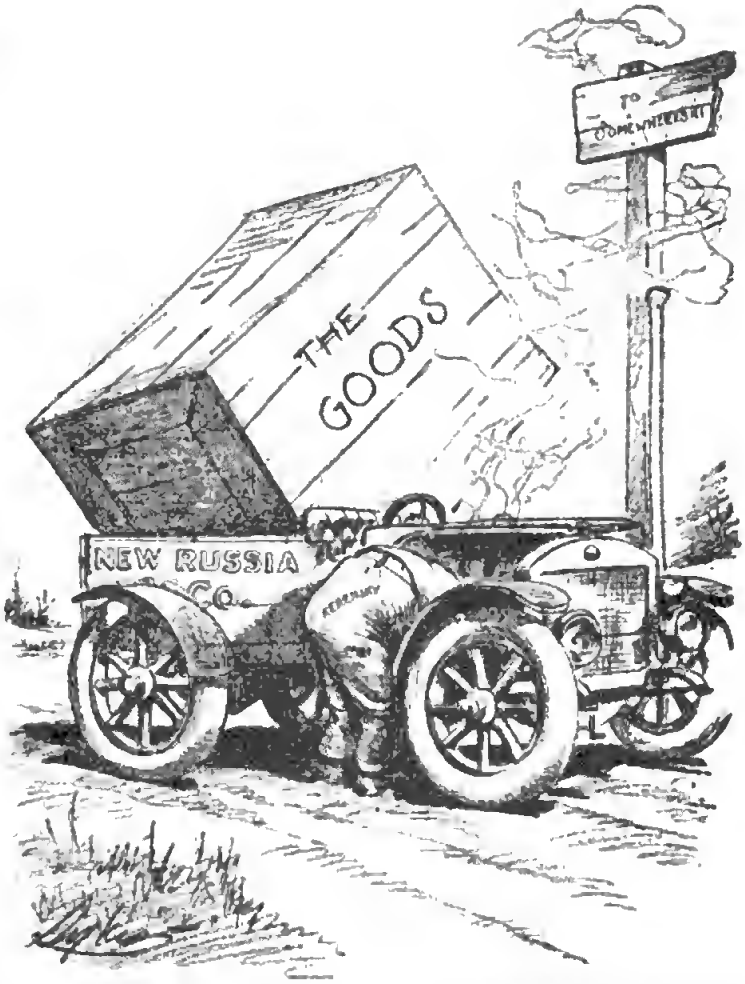
Born



SYKES in Philadelphia Evening Ledger

Give Him Time

ment in the population that is not alive to the situation and active in the ferment.

As an aggressive war factor Russia is conceded to be out of the lineup, at least for the winter. Kerensky and the other leaders, however, encourage the allies by firm declarations for the war. The kaiser's spies throughout Russia have done all they could to keep the country disunited and probably have worked as much evil as it is in the power of men to do in sowing suspicion and weakening policy. Active German offensives against Russia are not likely even if the kaiser had the men to spare. Generals November and December and January and February, soon will be in command in the north. The Bear will have the winter in which to organize.

One phase of the remaking of Russia, which has affected the attitude of the entire English-speaking press, has been the concern old established commercial enterprises like the United States and Great Britain, have felt about the condition of business and industry in Russia after the new regime shall have been firmly established. An uneasiness has pervaded the thought of most of our big business men that a pack of socialist extremists and visionaries would never succeed in organizing Russia's industries on a regular productive basis, according to twentieth-century ideas. The answer to that is; they won't. They don't wish to. They don't intend to. Says the Chicago Tribune:

"As a recipe for grim, sardonic laughter there is nothing to match re-reading the articles written a few months ago in praise of the Russian revolution. It was glorious. It was the most joyful event in history. It had purged Russia of tyranny and German intrigue. Free at last, the Russians would triumph and live happily ever after.

"In a few months more the crumbs of comfort with which optimists now console themselves may be as comical as these articles.

"What, then, is to be looked for in Russia? Eventual freedom, we trust. Eventual order. Eventual success. But when? Not for many a long day, we fear. It took three revolutions to establish a democracy on a sound basis in France. It may take more than three to establish democracy on a sound basis in Russia.

"So far as anybody can see, the most joyful event in history is turning out a

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WEED in Philadelphia Public Ledger

Crowned!

most colossal blunder and disappointment. In this it resembles other revolutions, recent ones, recent enough to make a sane and sober onlooker marvel that the course of things was not fairly well understood in advance. There was Mexico. Russia is as badly off as Mexico, politically. If Russia is better off than Mexico in that Russia still remembers the romantically idealistic spasms of high-flown rhetoric with which the revolution began, compare her case, for instance, with that of Turkey. It is not so very different."

That editorial may be fairly well representative of the mind of the big business man at his gloomiest with regard to Russia. It is significant because it indicates the mental attitude of the most important men in this republic toward the great republic now in the birth throes.

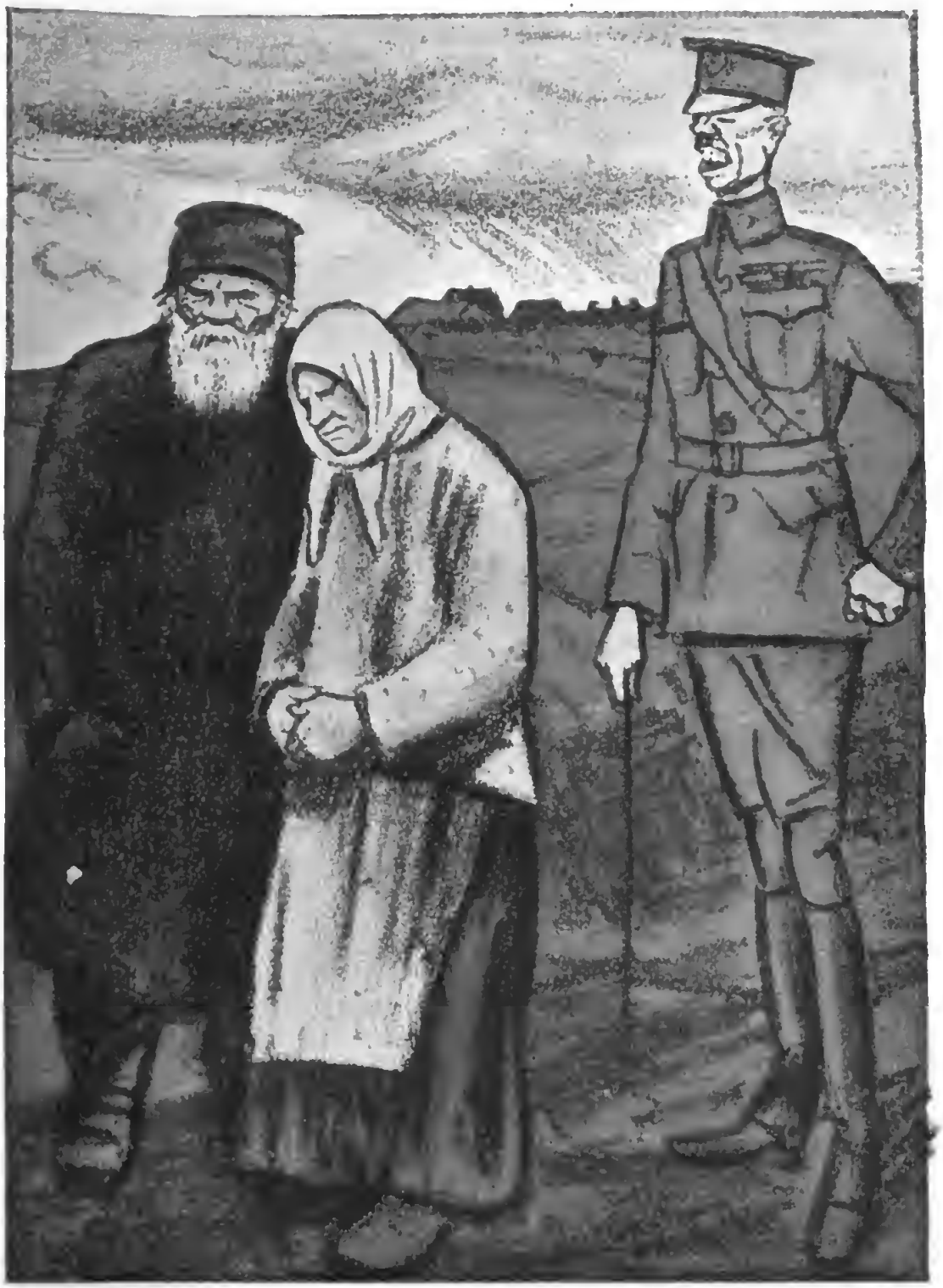
"It seems," says the Montreal Star, "to be largely a question of how completely the intelligent parties in Russia are able to render Kerensky independent of the Bolsheviki.

"It would look at this distance as if Kerensky were the rising hope of Russian democratic liberty and security."

The real problem of government in Russia, the Chicago Journal explains, "is to gain the support of the peasants, without whom, as they form 80 per cent of the nation,

KIRBY in New York World

Crushed



SCHULZ in Simplicissimus, Munich

RUSSIAN FREEDOM

"Why has so much blood been shed, little mother?"
"We have exchanged the knout of the czar for the English whip."

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HARDING in Brooklyn Eagle

Still in the Running

HARDING in Brooklyn Eagle

The Waiting Wolf

DONAHEY in Cleveland Plain Dealer

Russia's New Backer

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From Novy Satirikon, Petrograd

THE RECRUIT'S DEPARTURE

Deserter: "Oh, my dear! My protector! Must you leave me?"
Volunteer (Battalion of Death): "Don't cry, Ivan! Don't break my heart!"

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W. TRIER in Lustige Blaetter, Berlin

THE LITTLE NAPOLEON

Kerensky the Great on His Retreat from the Unsuccessful Offensive

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THOENY in Simplicissimus, Munich

KERENSKY

"There was one good thing about the revolution. The price of fallen Russians has gone up."

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CARTER in Philadelphia Press

The Grizzly

in failure and surrender it is still much too early to say whether the defeat of the cause and the purposes he represented is a deliverance or a disaster for Russia."

Korniloff, personally, evoked golden opinions. The Cleveland Plain Dealer says, for instance:

"The Korniloff rebellion brought no bloodshed. The leader is a known patriot and an unselfish advocate of Russian freedom. His military services have been brilliant. His personal character is above reproach."

A large faction of the press is of the opinion that Korniloff as a deciplinarian had a better chance to lead Russia to victory than has Kerensky. Korniloff's manifesto was encouraging. He said that he "required nothing personally," that he, "the son of a peasant and Cossack," wished only to discipline the army and lead it against Russia's "traditional foe, Germany."

Kerensky is a confirmed socialist. He is surrounded by socialists, the Providence Journal points out, contrasting the

nothing can be done, and the coöperation of the educated classes in industry and the professions, without whom administration is impossible. It looks as if Kerensky had a pretty good chance to solve this problem."

The New York Evening Mail holds that the first step has been well taken.

"By proclaiming a republican form of government as the immediate destiny of Russia," it observes, "the Kerensky government has defined the road which the country is traveling more clearly than it ever had been defined. To the Korniloff movement for centralization it has replied with a clear announcement of its purpose to carry out the logic of events and steer the ship of state toward the haven of republicanism."

Kerensky has been called the deliverer of Russia a little too often to suit some of the newspapers that represent the "state of things" in America. Witness the New York Times:

"If Korniloff's rebellion has ended

CARTER in Philadelphia Press

The Exiles

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SYKES in Philadelphia Evening Ledger

"But I'll come back!"

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WEED in Philadelphia Public Ledger

The Dance of the Hours

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From Nebelspalter, Zurich

IN THE INTERNATIONAL CAFE

Wilson: "I think our friend (Russia) is taking too much from the barmaid."

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WEED in Philadelphia Public Ledger

A Teuton Pledge

"Central powers decide to divide Poland"—Headline

two men in Korniloff's favor. And when the "adventure" was tamely ended the New York Times thus summed up the situation:

"The arrest of General Korniloff did not end the Russian crisis, nor will it end until one of the two contending principals conquers the other. It is the present misfortune of Kerensky that he seeks to occupy a middle ground."

"Disintegration and construction; chaos and society, are facing each other in Russia," continues the Times. "Kerensky has done wonders in carrying these two opponents on his back so long, but now they have looked at each other and have realized that they must get off and fight."

"The middle-of-the-road man," the Times calls Kerensky. His postponing of the elections to November 12 the paper calls "a desperate effort to find a common meeting ground."

Some of the romantic statements about Kerensky, such as that he had but a few months to live and was dedicating the expiring embers of his life to the cause of freedom have been contradicted. For instance, it now appears that he is in sound health; he was married recently since his rise to world fame.

No accusation that he is seeking personal power or is in any sense venial has ever been fastened to him.

DONAHEY in Cleveland Plain Dealer

Stop Him!

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From Glasgow Bulletin

If Only Russia would Hang On To His Tail the Beast Might be Rendered Powerless Much Sooner

—On the Western Front—

NO fighting the great war has seen developed the sustained fury of attack of the British drive toward the Flemish plain. Its plan, to compel evacuation of the U-boat base at Zeebrugge and proceed to a clean sweep of the Belgian coast villages, was superbly inaugurated by the domination of the second line of hills held by the Germans. Superiority in artillery, in numbers and in morale; these are the factors now on the side of the allies, we are assured.

"The British seem to have all the power necessary to push their advantage," says the expert of the Indianapolis News.

"Their forces moved forward under the protection of five distinct curtain fires—hitherto one such fire has been thought enough. For days the big guns blasted the way. How many Germans were killed by their terrific fire is not yet known. But the loss of life must have been terrible."

The drive is the beginning of a rolling-up process, as the Cleveland Plain Dealer expresses it, but we must not think it is to be a matter of a short time. To quote:

"When the sweep comes—and it probably will not come this fall—the Belgian coast villages, the hornets' nests from which the invisible pirates have sallied forth to spread terror on the seas, will be recovered from the Germans. All the rest of Belgium is of smaller practical importance.

"It is slow work. As yet it is really only work of preparation. Each time Haig's men leap forward after the drumfire, they are making the allied positions more favorable. Into these favorable positions, months hence, the soldiers of America will be poured. They will be in at the finish. Probably they will make the finish."

The time factors that are now operating in the war have changed in our favor, however, as the New York Sun explains. Under former conditions at the present rate of progression, it would take a score of attacks, spread over the course of a year, to

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CASSEL in New York Evening World

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"Over the top" in Italy

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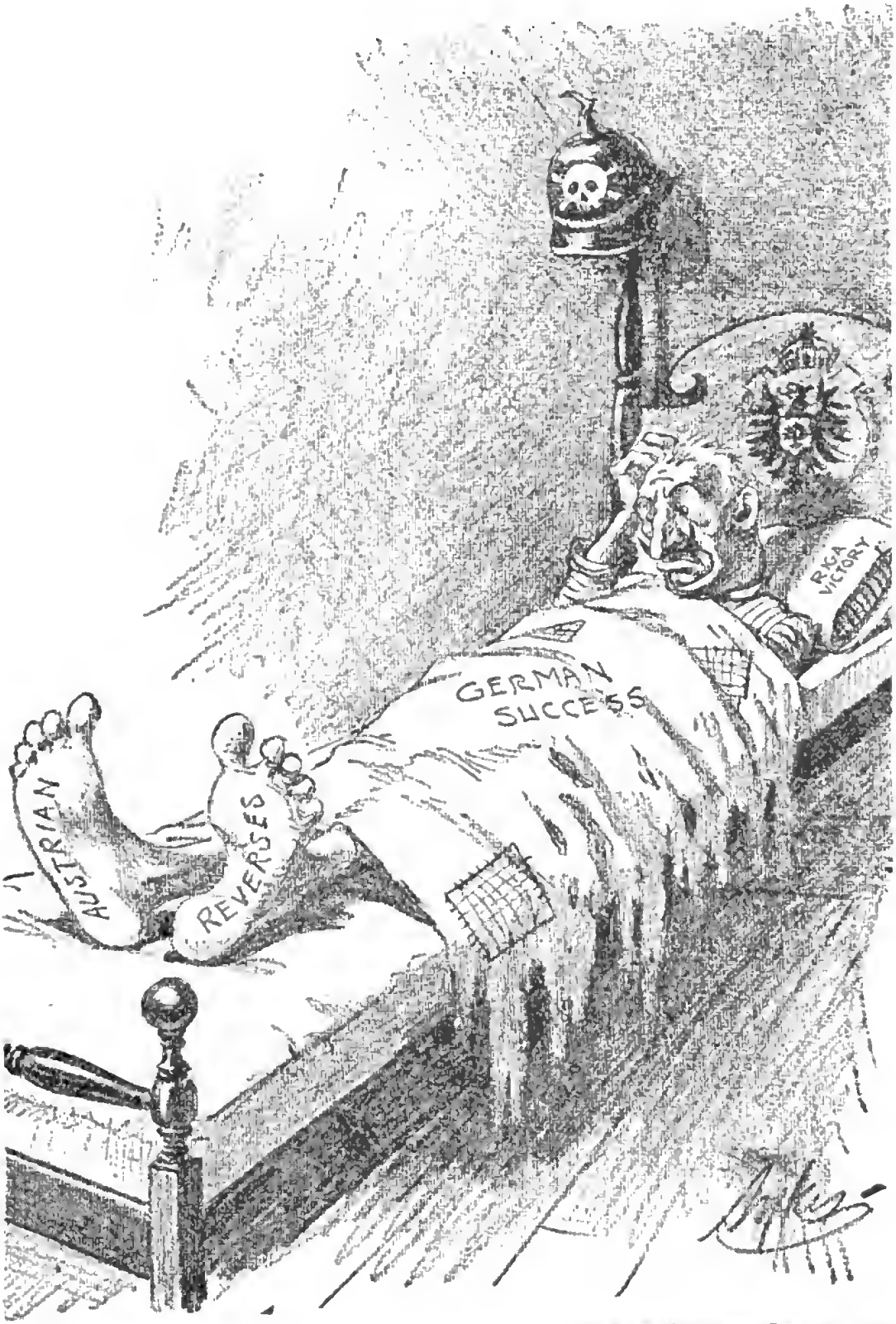

SYKES in Philadelphia Evening Ledger

Br-r-r-r!

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IRELAND in Columbus Dispatch

It has Been a Real Man's Fight

carry the advance to the point where it would become strategically effectual, compelling the Germans to evacuate the U-boat bases at Zeebrugge and Ostend, and escape encirclement at Lille.

This much time and effort it would take, provided only that the German force in the field continued a constant quantity. It was a constant quantity for the first two years of the war. Scarcity of troops, at first imperceptible grew obvious in the present year and becomes ever so increasingly. To use her own favorite phrase, that she wrongly applies to France, Germany is being bled white. The inadequacy of her forces grows at an accelerating rate.

The big new feature of the fighting is the creation of the German "third manner" of modern warfare. The kaiser's troops began by massed rushes of overwhelming infantry forces. Checked, they constructed the most elaborate lines of trenches ever known, engineering works capable of accommodating defenders by the million, bomb-proof, wired, heated; such a line of fortifications as the world had never dreamed of. Driven out of them by unprecedented bombardments the Germans are endeavoring to face the condition as infantry faces a concentrated fire; by scattering instead of massing.

The new defensive German line consists of fortified shellholes made into blockhouses by ferro-concrete and manned by machine-gun squads. Every possible natural obstruction and dip and trench is used in the same manner. Villages and clumps of wood are avoided as too easily spotted by aeroplanes.

The scheme, according to the Brooklyn Eagle, has been effective in slowing up the allied advance. It cut down the number of prisoners taken with each drive and did much to discount the work of the heavy artillery, which could not reach scattered defenses as easily as continuous and clearly defined trenches were reached. This measure of success caused the Germans to rely more and more upon these field defenses, and it was against a landscape dotted with these concrete blockhouses,

EVANS in Baltimore American

The Domino Trick

WEED in Philadelphia Public Ledger

INSATIABLE

News Note—Germany Reported to be Taking Boys of Fifteen Into the Army

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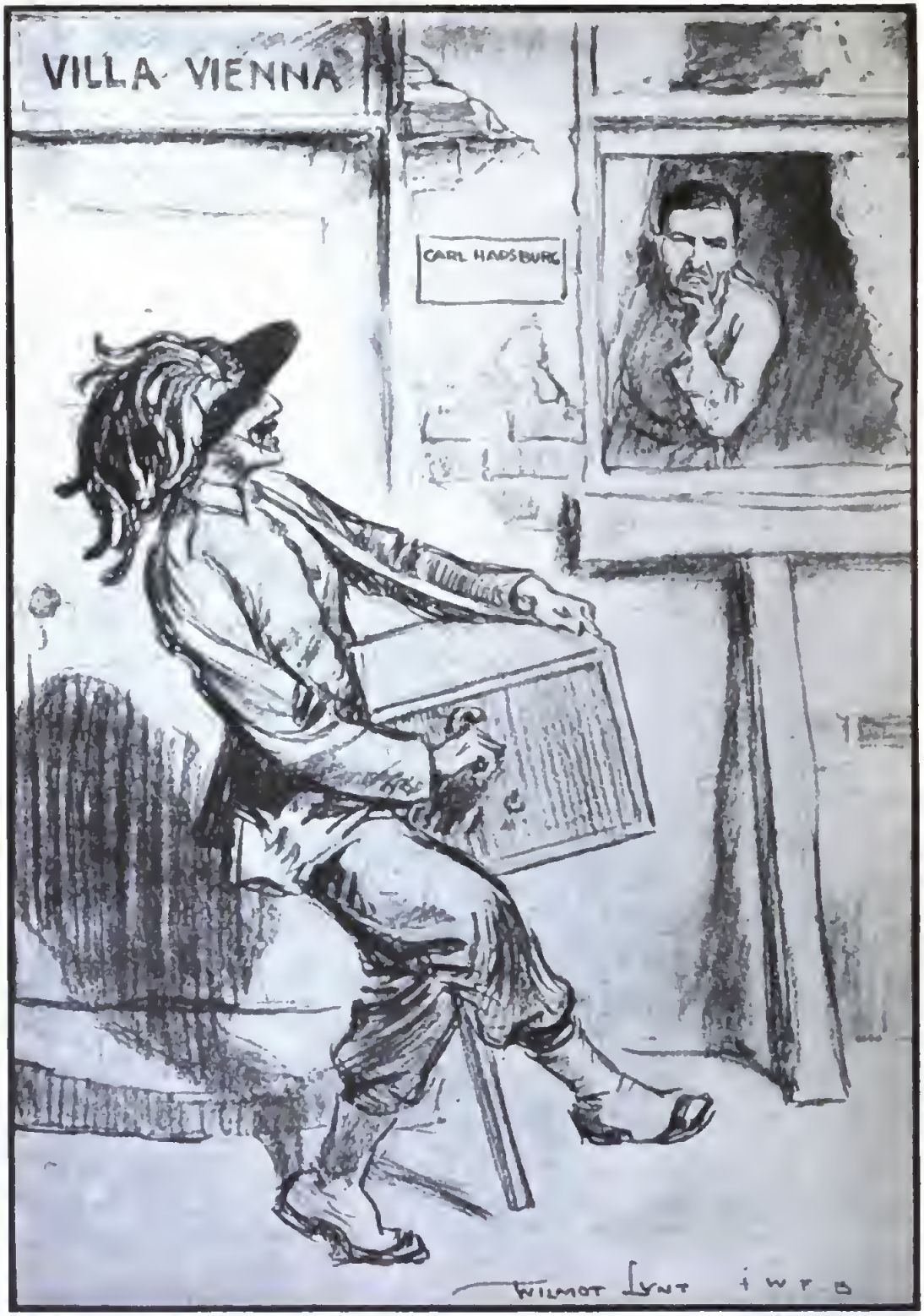

WILMOT LUNT in The Bystander, London

Emperor Carl: "I wish I knew how to drive this infernal fellow away. He gives me absolutely no rest at all."

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filled with machine guns, that the British drive began.

Correspondents are hinting at brand-new methods of attack, used for the first time in this fighting. It seems certain that they proved successful. The British were not charging positions defended by large bodies of men, so there could be no great haul in captives. And since the artillery could not level the defensive positions as in other bombardments, the advance was limited in scope. But it is highly significant that a way was found to overcome a very effective method of defense.

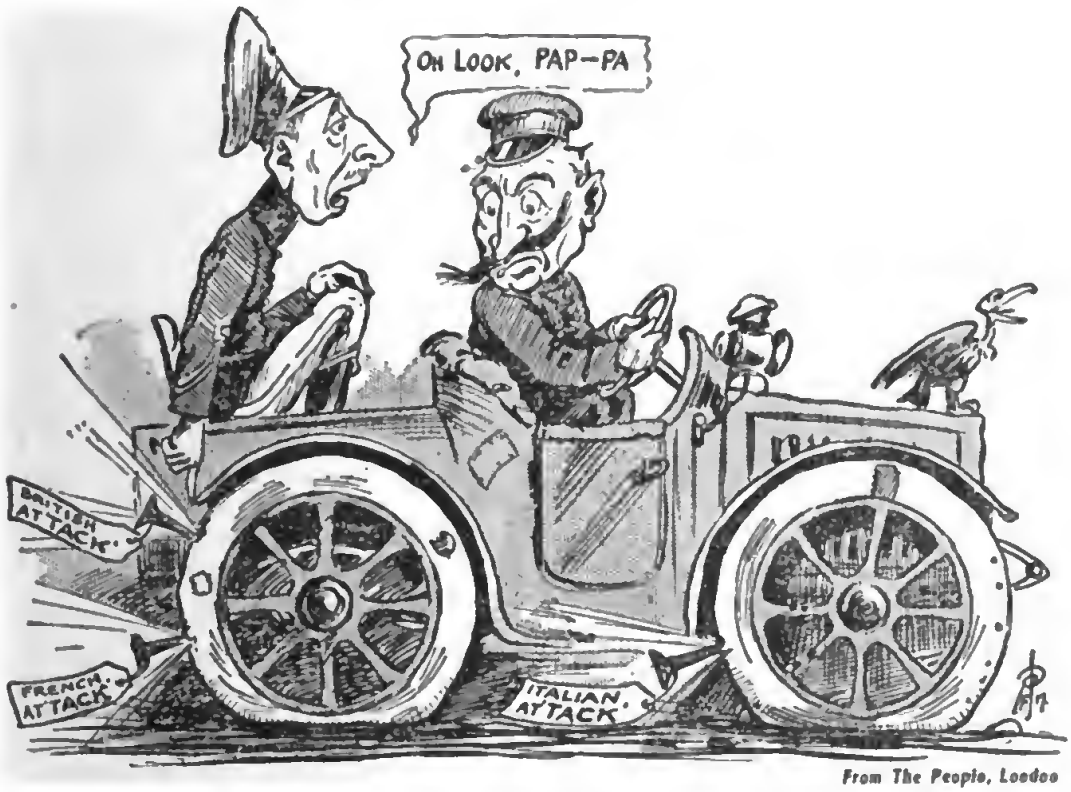
Rapid ground gaining is not at persent so much the object of the allies as is the remorseless pressing on of the process of attrition.

"The hurricane of fire that Haig has hnrled upon the German lines in the new offensive," says the Philadelphia Evening Ledger, "was not expected to yield much ground immediately. Ground-gaining is no longer the chief aim of the allies. The destruction of enemy defenses and combatants with the least possible loss to the allies is the prime necessity."

WESTERMAN in Ohio State Journal

Behind the Invincible German Lines

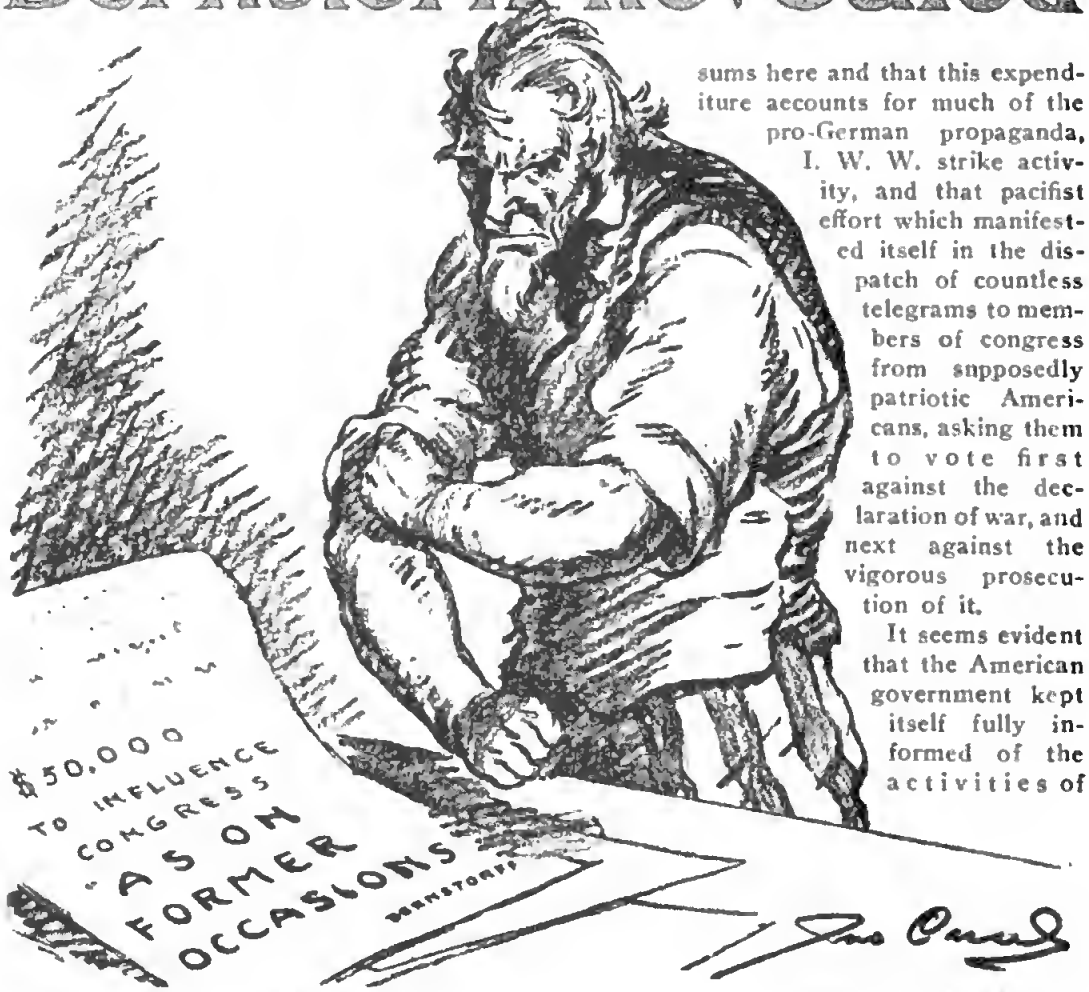
Hunger and Poverty grow weary of the war.



From The People, London

Forced to Re-Tyre

Bernstorff Revealed



CASSEL in New York Evening World

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"Who got it?"

IT is with a sense of humiliation, in a way, that the American people must have read the revelations of the state department of Count von Bernstorff's request for $50,000 "to influence the American congress." Have we, forsooth, a congress so easily influenced, that such a contemptible sum could have made any difference to it? Or rather, is the revelation of one dispatch to the German government to be considered merely as a chapter in a series of negotiations whereby great sums were spent to corrupt public and official opinion in this country?

The press of America seems to have taken it for granted that Bernstorff, through his subordinates, expended huge sums here and that this expenditure accounts for much of the pro-German propaganda, I. W. W. strike activity, and that pacifist effort which manifested itself in the dispatch of countless telegrams to members of congress from supposedly patriotic Americans, asking them to vote first against the declaration of war, and next against the vigorous prosecution of it.

It seems evident that the American government kept itself fully informed of the activities of Germany's agents and particularly of the activities of the German ambassador's office during the trying days when the maintenance of neutrality was a difficult problem. Since that time it has seemed wise to make public much of the information thus obtained in order to be in a position to put down the seditious utterances of the German-American press and the worse than seditious activities of those revolutionaries, the Industrial Workers of the World, all of whom, obviously, have been financed by the Bernstorff fund.

That money was accepted by American congressmen hardly anyone believes, but by the same token, hardly anyone doubts that the money was used "as on former occa-

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as an Arch-Plotter

sions," as Bernstorff expressed it, to influence congressmen, this influence being exerted by so-called pacifists who were used as German tools.

The New York Times points out that this expenditure of money continues and says of Germany:

"How are we to recognize the trail of her money? Before the war she was organizing strikes, blowing up factories, and purchasing the creation of a false public opinion against trading with the allies. The outbreak of war somewhat altered her aims; there have been no purchased strikes lately and no dynamiting of factories. Her aim, which is always the same —the weakening of the government's arm— can now best be attained by creating a false public opinion in favor of laying down our arms and consenting to peace before the objects of the war are attained. All her own moves from Berlin are now directed to that end, and when we find a movement in the United States which duplicates the moves from Berlin, it is safe to assume that Germany is backing it in the same way in which she backed other movements, to quote von Bernstorff, 'on former occasions.'"

Pointing to the fact that Germany has tools in America who will carry on her work without knowing where the money comes from, this newspaper continues:

"It makes no difference that some of the men who are engaged in this movement may be merely foolish or deluded and not in receipt of money from Wilhelmstrasse. There are others who are, and these dupes are merely their tools. One and all they are doing the work for which Germany pays, those who get the pay and those who do not. The ignorant zealot goes where the paid traitor sends him. That the ignorant zealot does not know the paid traitor is paid does not alter in the slightest the deadly effect of his action, the deadly effect calculated on and purposed by the German paymaster."

The nefarious activities of Germany's

KIRBY in New York World

"So they've caught you, too?"

CHAPIN in St. Louis Republic

Just a Sample of German Diplomacy

subsidizing of a bureau for the purpose of stirring up labor troubles; and financing the bomb industry and other related activities. From the report of the committee on public information we take the following:

"'In the form of letters, telegrams, notations, checks, receipts, ledgers, cash books, cipher codes, lists of spies and other memoranda and records were found indications in some instances of the vaguest nature, in others of the most damning conclusiveness.'

"The important thing is that the whole business is connected directly with the German government, through Bernstorff and von Papen."

agents in the United States are reviewed to some length by the Indianapolis News, which observes:

"After reading the extracts from the von Igel papers one can readily understand why Bernstorff, who at first claimed them as embassy papers, was unwilling to insist on his demand for their return. For they involve him, and his tool, von Papen, in a criminal conspiracy against this government. Among the things proposed were Irish revolutionary plots against Great Britain; violation of the laws of the United States; destruction of lives and property in merchant vessels on the high seas; fomenting ill feeling against the United States in Mexico; subornation of American writers and lecturers; financing of propaganda; maintenance of a spy system under the guise of a commercial investigation bureau;

The bunglesome character of the German correspondence which came into the hands of the State department at Washington; the crude diplomacy that would lead accredited representatives of a supposedly friendly nation to enter into such silly maneuvers, and the utter lack of a sense of honor on the part of these representatives are commented upon by almost all the American journals. Many believe that congress, in justice to itself, must institute an inquiry, the St. Louis Post-Dispatch asserting:

"A congressional investigation which would inquire into German intrigues in this country with the comprehensive results of the 'insidious lobby' inquiry or the Pujo finance inquiry would perform a service of

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CESARE in New York Evening Post

In His Imperial Majesty's Service

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CLUBB in Rochester Herald

The Little Uhlan Band

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ROGERS in New York Herald

The Mantle of Von Bernstorff

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In Whose Service?

the very highest value to the country.

"Perhaps now, when so many other things press for attention, is not the time for it. But sooner or later we must have a detailed, complete, fully authenticated story of the activities of German agents and their American coadjutors as a contribution to the history of the war.

"When the opportune time for the inquiry comes, the Bernstorff message tapping the imperial treasury for $50,000 'to influence congress' will furnish a good starting point. This is what he wrote on January 22 last, the day the president made his peace address to congress:

"'I request authority to pay out up to $50,000 in order, as on former occasions, to influence congress through the organization you know of, which can perhaps prevent war.

"'I am beginning in the meantime to act accordingly.

"'In above circumstances a public official German declaration in favor of Ireland is highly desirable, in order to gain the support of the Irish influence here.'

"'As on former occasions,' says Herr Bernstorff. What were the former occasions? Were they the occasions when Gore or McLemore or other resolutions were pending, committing us to the doctrine of German proprietorship of the ocean?

"'To influence congress,' says Herr Bernstorff baldly, unequivocally. Congress, of course, cannot permit itself to rest indefinitely under the suspicion which this reference creates. Who among our lawmakers were susceptible to the 'influence' which a foreign ambassador provided with $50,000 could bring to bear?

"'Through the organization you know of,' says Herr Bernstorff. It is particularly important to know what this noisome organization was and is."

Says the Chicago Tribune:

"It is difficult for a disclosure of German intrigue in the United States to cause a genuine shock of astonishment any more.

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Friendly Relations

EVANS in Baltimore American

Cleaning Out the "Dirty Sheets"

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FITZPATRICK in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Lifting the Lid

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DONAHEY in Cleveland Plain Dealer

A New Light on an Old Subject

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HARDING in Brooklyn Eagle

Camouflage

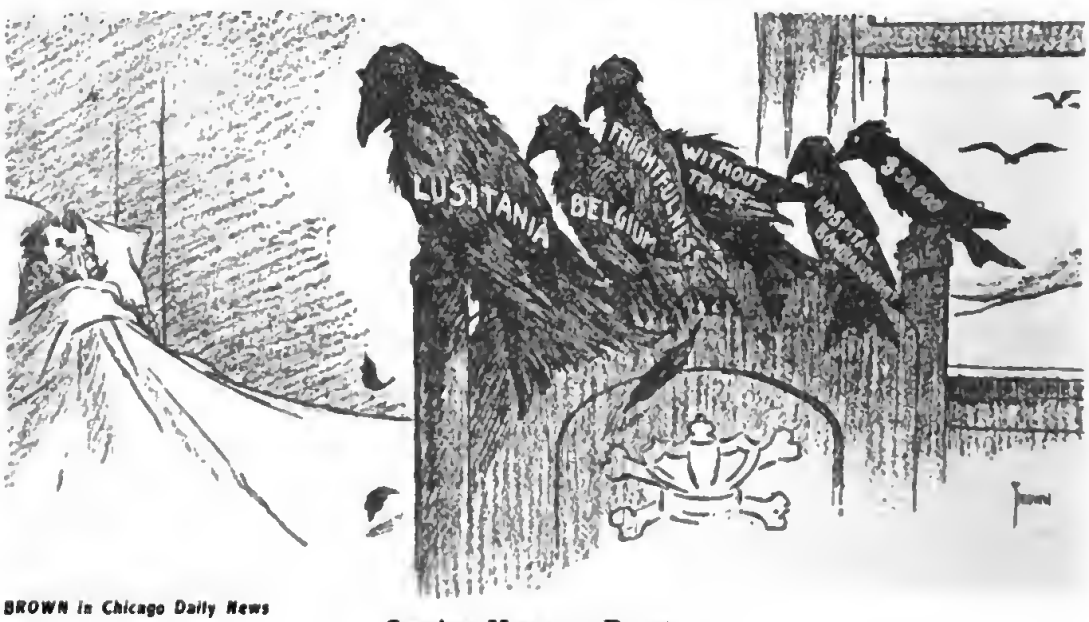
We may be more astonished by our own ingenuousness than anything else. American comprehension seemed incapable of taking in facts and probabilities.

"The machinery of German intrigue covered the country. The servants and tools of the intrigue were everywhere and the danger to the United States was great. Decisions contrary to good American policy were being reached under German direction. Organizations which managed to escape odium and which made much pretense of Americanism were forming what passed for American opinion and the country was being delivered for German purposes."

Bernstorff's hypocrisy and insincerity are emphasized by the Columbus Dispatch, which points out that when he left this country many of our people had the highest regard for his integrity. "He had married an American woman. He had professed great friendship for this country," says the Dispatch, and continues:

"About the time he was leaving this country, he wept copiously. He shook with emotion, and gave evidence of being a heartbroken man—as he may have been. 'My work has failed,' he moaned, and there was no consolation for him. When he said his work had failed, many supposed he had reference to his efforts to maintain peace between the United States and Germany. But the true meaning of his words are now understood.

"Yes, his work had failed. He was not able to brihe congress. The fifty thousand dollars which he asked from his government for corrupt purposes had not done the job. His work indeed had failed."



BROWN in Chicago Daily News

Coming Home to Roost

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THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

O! say, can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming!
Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming;
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.

CHORUS

Oh, say does that star spangled banner yet wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

On the shore dimly seen thro' the mist of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines in the stream

Oh! thus be it ever when freemen shall stand,
Between their lov'd homes and the war's desolation,
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n rescued land
Praise the pow'r that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust!"

Old Glory
By Robert Carter in The Philadelphia Press.

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Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by A. S. Macleod

The Soldiers in Central Park Meadow

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From Le Rire. © Paris

With "Sammee" in Paris

by Elisha Hanson

IT doesn't take one five minutes after approaching the French coast to learn that France is at war. And the fact that France is at war is emphasized every minute of the day during the entire time one is there. At our hotel the clerk carries one sleeve empty. It was emptied on the field of honor. Our elevator boy wears two crosses on his breast—medals many a man would gladly die for. But he also walks on a cork leg. The concierge has a half dozen decorations—decorations that an officer might envy. And so on with the valet, the hat boy and everyone in sight. All France is at war, men, women, and children, old and young alike.

As might be expected, after three years of combat in which victory has not come to them as yet, there have arisen among the allies not a few minor differences. But right now there are no differences between any of the allies and Americans.

I ran into an Australian officer the other day in Maxim's. After telling me he thought we had remained out too long, he took another drink and added:

"But I'm jolly well glad to see you in it now, old chap."

I ran into an English officer at Marigny's. He formerly studied politics at Harvard. He thought he understood Americans, but he could not see why there appeared to be opposition in the states to sending over more troops. When I explained to him that in my estimation the troops would come just as fast as shipping facilities could be provided, he appeared greatly relieved.

But it is when one is dealing with the French and with none of the other allies around that one learns just how much America's support in this war is appreciated.

We drove out to the American camp recently. The censor won't permit me to tell where it is, though on July 23 the German newspapers published its location. On the way we ran short of gasoline. Our sergeant had some difficulty persuading an American depot to give him more though we were

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From The Bystander, London

THE THREE MUSKETEERS
"Tommy," "Le Poilu," and "Sammy" Marching Together to the Victory That Is Certain

in General Pershing's own car. There is a lot of red tape here in our ranks even when it comes to supplying the general himself with something. But a French official standing near by remarked that he had plenty of gas at his place and that the Americans were welcome to it. We went and filled up and although gasoline is close to two dollars a gallon, the owner would not charge a sou for what we took.

It is also against the censorship rules to tell anything about the activities of Americans lower than general officers. But here goes for a violation. William Corcoran Eustis, millionaire society man of Washington, chairman of the 1912 inaugural committee, is here doing his bit as a private in the ranks. Eustis doesn't pretend to be a soldier. But he does know French and he is acting as an interpreter. Howard Chandler Christy, the artist, is also somewhere in France in a private's capacity. Christy, unlike Eustis, came over with the troops, and when assigned a berth in the hold of his transport, didn't howl a bit but went right below with good grace.

Speaking of interpreters reminds me of an incident out at the camp, where the famous Blue Devil Alpine Chasseurs are teaching the American soldiers the technical details of trench warfare. I asked a simple question and in about a half hour got some information from the interpreter. An American officer coming up during my wait remarked aside:

"There are three kinds of interpreters—those who know French; those who know English; and those who know nothing at all."

Many of the interpreters were picked up in the states on the strength of their alleged French-speaking ability. They are fast being got rid of, however, and desirable ones, with a knowledge of military affairs are being obtained instead.

The American soldiers, what few of them are here, are making themselves perfectly at home. It is not unusual when driving

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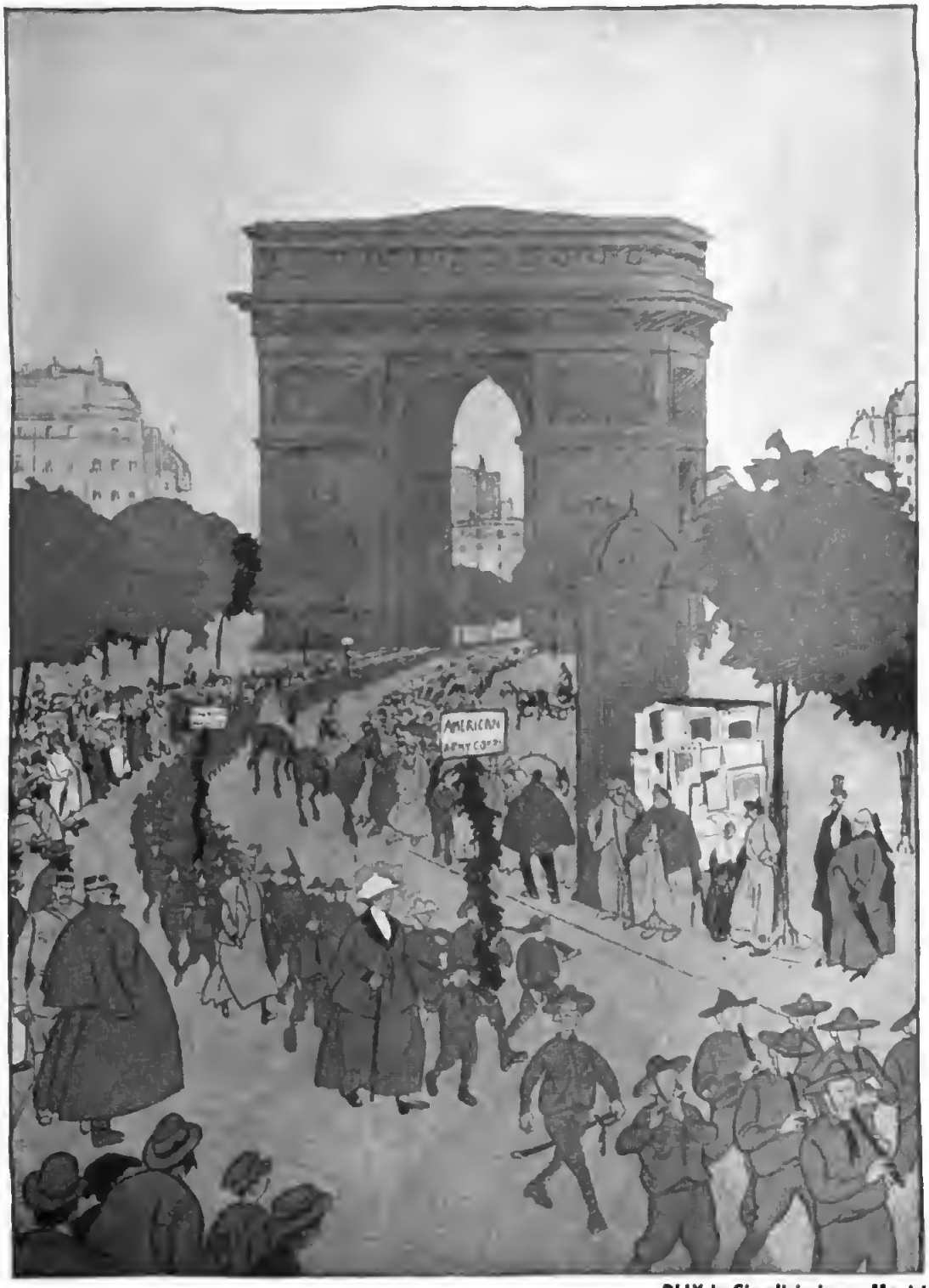

BLIX in Simplicissimus, Munich

ENTRY OF THE AMERICANS INTO PARIS

It Turned Out That the Troops Consisted Only of Boy Scouts Who had been Sent to Inquire the Road to Berlin

Yes, indeed, the boches have a sense of humor.

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From Le Rire, © Paris]

A DISCOVERY

"Have you noticed that the Americane wear the same kind of hats that we do?"

along a road to see one of them wheeling a cart for some French woman and carrying her youngster on his back at the same time. The "Sammees" are having a great time of it. They are billeted in villages all over the countryside.

As everyone knows, there are but few French farm houses but many French villages. A French farmer keeps his livestock on the first floor of his dwelling and lives upstairs. In some communities the importance of a man is determined by the amount of manure he can pile up in front of his home. The American soldiers, by their sanitary ideas, have wrought sorrow in the hearts of many Frenchmen by removing the fertilizer a little further from the front door than it has ever been before.

Another point of disagreement between the Americans and the French is over the hours of serving meals. The French eat a small breakfast, called *petit déjuner*; a hefty lunch called *déjuner;* and a big evening meal called *diner.* Out in the field *petit déjuner* is served at daybreak; *déjuner* at 10 o'clock and *diner* at dark. *Déjuner* causes the most trouble, for the French always take at least two hours for it, and nothing short of an attack by the Germans can cause them to take less. I asked one Sammy how he was getting along with his instruction from the French. "All right," he replied, "except for their damned meal hours. If they would only eat like Americans, things would be great."

In Paris it is next to impossible to get anything to eat between meals. If one happens to be leaving the city before 9 p. m. he has to eat enough at *déjuner*, that is between 12 and 2, one day to last him until *déjuner* the next, for they don't have many dining cars just now.

I came over with K. G. MacVitty, a globe-trotter who occasionally hangs his hat up in the Chicago Press Club. MacVitty decided to go to Italy and his train left at 7. We spent from 5 until 6:30 trying to get a sandwich or something. Then I accompanied him to the *Gare de Lyons,* which is at the other end of Paris from my hotel, and by the time I got back, I was told there was hardly time enough to have my *diner* served to me. There were but two hours left, and the French take at least two and a half hours for that work. Here in the city

From a French Post-Card

The Refugee

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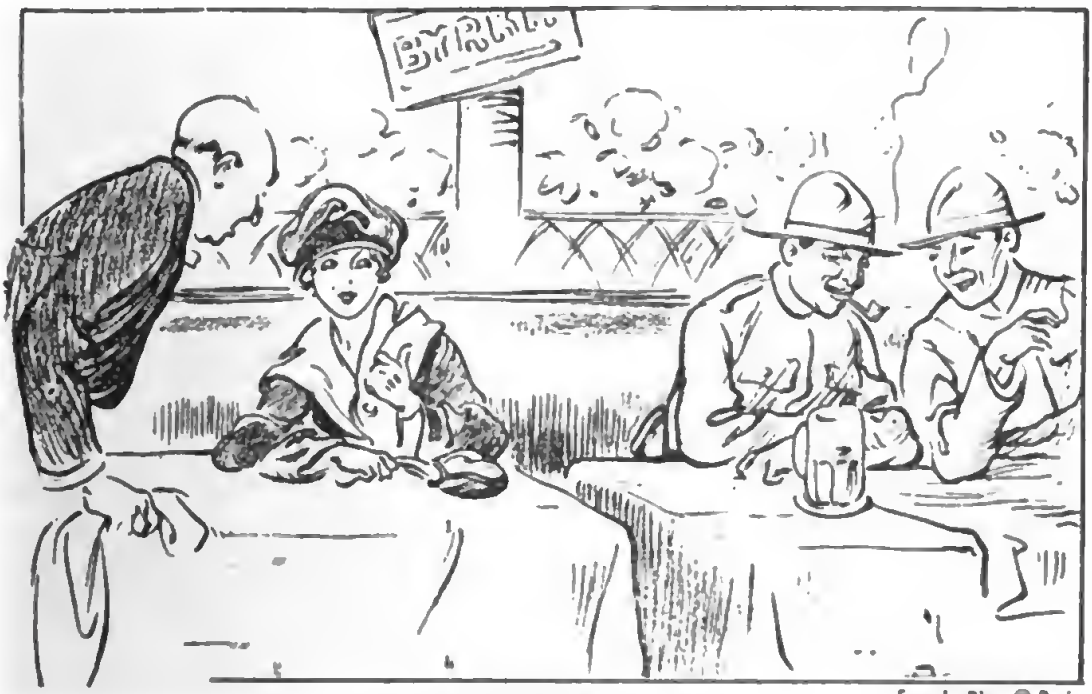
everything closes up for *déjuner,* that is from 12 to 2. If one happens to be in the process of buying something, even so far along in the act as taking his purse from his pocket, and the hour of 12 strikes, he is politely informed that the store closes and asked if he will be so good as to come back again at 2. If he is at all accustomed to the ways of the French he will return. But if he is not, he will waste the next two hours trying to find some place which is not *fermée* until 2 o'clock.

Our old friend Ring Lardner, of Chicago, had an awful time adjusting himself to French conditions when he first got over, and the last time I saw him he was consoling himself in the usual way with an equally impassioned friend whom he had met coming over on "a French boat."

Lardner and Heywood Broun, and others of us, have been trying to find some real American shows in Paris. The papers are full of advertisements of places of amusement for "Sammees" and "Yanks" but up to date I haven't found anything on the French stage, that is in English, later than "The Chocolate Soldier" or "The Spring Maid." It strikes me that this would be a good town for some enterprising producer to hit right now, for not only would he get the support of the Americans but that of the English also, and there are

HUNGERFORD in Pittsburgh Sun

"Who stuck that on me?"



From Le Rire, © Paris

LE DERNIER CRI
"Madame will have . . . . . ?"
"An American."

enough of both on hand to keep a string of theaters filled all the time.

Outside of the lack of shows, there is just one thing which troubles Sammy more than anything else, and that is the apparent impossibility for him to win any medals. Already he is jealous of his allied brethren and their chest adornments. In order for an American soldier to get a medal of honor he must do something hazardous or distinguished outside his particular line of duty. The French soldier, on the other hand, is certain to win a medal if he does his particular job particularly well.

For instance, just before the French took 304 Metre Hill at Verdun, the commanding officer of the attacking regiment announced that he would give crosses, or additional palms to those who had crosses, to every man who reached the hill. That meant that even if a man fell after reaching it his family would receive his honors.

Then to add zest to the competition, the colonel added: "And I shall give seven days' additional leave to the first man there."

"I need those seven days," laughed the major in command of the battalion, which was to lead the charge. Because the boches' aim was bad he got it and started on his leave within a week.

In the American army either congress or a special board in the war department has to pass on all recommendations for honors, and honors can be awarded men only in actual service. Inasmuch as the war department is frequently slower than congress, the snaillike pace of which is widely known, many a good soldier has earned a number of medals and been discharged before he has ever been awarded one.

There are any number of men in America today who have failed to receive honors just because of dilatory methods and red tape. That some honors will be created which can be given for actual work in the field in this war seems almost certain.

It is probable that they will be if recent suggestions of both the French and British officers are carried out by the American congress.

RADIGUET in Le Rire, © Paris

Le Poilu: "I say now, old man, I have been told that you did not come over here in a spirit of conquest."

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Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by C. W. Anderson

War Time Economy

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Concerning
by Helena

Emma, Grief-Stricken, a Little Figure in Black

DID she leave everything to Emma Sawyer?" was a question that followed the first shock of Mrs. Eliza Peck's sudden demise.

Emma, grief-stricken, a little figure in black, had no time for thought regarding the difference the answer to this question would make to her. She was too busy waiting on the relatives who had appeared from various parts of the country. For the past few days Emma had been rushing about on nimble feet at the bidding of First Cousin Martha, Second Cousin Ada and Brother-in-law William Peck and his wife. Emma wouldn't have minded the extra work and their exacting demands, since it helped to take her thoughts away from haunting regrets that she had not been considerate enough nor affectionate enough to the stern woman who had taken her out of an orphan asylum, but what made it hard for Emma was their attitude.

"Is that tea for SECOND Cousin Ada?" First Cousin Martha would demand resentfully. "Well, for a distant relative she is giving a lot of orders around here, it seems to me. You may make me some fresh coffee, Emma. And hereafter, when she wants anything, you had better ask me first about it. Somebody has got to take charge of poor, dear Eliza's house, now that she isn't here."

Emma, trying to please everybody, succeeded in pleasing no one and there was constant bickering over trifles. When they were not getting into arguments they were even harder to tolerate. They would sit by the hour and repeat:

"It must all be for the best."

"Everything is always for the best."

"What's to be will be!"

"We all have to go some time."

"She's better off than we are."

The smug optimism with which these platitudes were delivered got on Emma's nerves. Brother-in-law William Peck always rubbed his hands when he said: "Everything is always for the best," and his eyes would dwell affectionately upon Eliza's famous Sheffield coffee urn.

"My poor dear brother must have left Eliza well fixed," William would occasionally remark, speculatively.

"No doubt," First Cousin Martha would observe with extra acidity. "It was my own dear grandfather who left Eliza the ten thousand dollars that gave Mr. Peck his first start in the hardware business."

Then they would glare at each other.

As the hour arrived on the afternoon when Judge Sothergill was coming to read the will, the relatives collected in the living room, everyone agreeing on one point—that the front parlor got on their nerves. Emma was not invited to join the little group. However, Brother-in-law's wife called for a glass of water and when Emma was waiting to take back the empty glass, the judge arrived and Second Cousin Ada with a malicious glance at the others said:

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Emma Sawyer

Smith-Dayton

"Perhaps—possibly Emma ought to be present?" Ada of course could not have the large expectations of the others, though she hoped to be pleasanty mentioned in the list.

The others nodded indifferently. Perhaps Eliza Peck might leave the girl a trifle, tbough of course Emma had no claim upon her, they argued. Think of the splendid home poor dear Eliza had given her all these years and now Emma was quite able to take care of herself. Emma stood in the corner back of Cousin Ada when the judge, in front of the fireplace, began. All the talk of stocks, mortgages and property Emma thought rather tiresome. Around her as their names were mentioned faces brightened and sighs of relief escaped. When even a list of Mrs. Peck's closest women friends of East Wallop were mentioned, sometimes with a trifle, in two instances with legacies of $500 each, Emma thought it very nice. It was not until the cat was remembered with a handsome bequest that Emma had a sudden chilled feeling of being left out—forgotten. That was what hurt—being forgotten.

One hundred dollars to take care of the cat, Theodore, old Mrs. Willoughby being appointed his guardian! Everyone in East Wallop declared it was "the worst they had heard yet." Theodore always took most of his meals out and as he was set outside the door every night at nine o'clock anyway, why he was practically self-supporting and didn't need so much money. Old Mrs. Willoughby probably wouldn't even allow him to run through it in catnip parties.

But no one in the sitting room resented this testimony to Theodore, the cat. It seemed that there was so much more of an estate than anyone had dared to hope. Poor dear Eliza had left about $150,000.

"I knew my poor dear brother left Eliza well fixed," observed William Peck, rubbing his hands. He had no fault to find with the portion that had fallen to his share.

"It was my dear grandfather's ten thou—" began First Cousin Martha.

"Well, you bave it back—and more!" snapped William Peck.

"How dear of Eliza to remember me so generously!" purred Second Cousin Ada tenderly. "We were always very close—like sisters—but I never dreamed—"

It was Judge Sothergill, who went over to Emma as she was gazing out of the window. "My dear child," he said, putting his hand on her shoulder. "I am truly sorry.

First Cousin Martha

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Brother-in-Law William Peck

I have been hoping and waiting for a later will to be found. But it seems that this one which I drew up seven years ago is the only one. She did talk to me a year ago about making a new one and I thought perhaps she might have had someone else draw it up, though of course I have always had charge of her affairs. I am sure, Emma, she had you in mind when she talked of a new one. It may make you happier to know this. Of course—"

"It's—it's all right," replied Emma, with frank, sincere eyes. "I didn't expect anything. She has already done so much for me—" Her voice choked and her large eyes filled.

Judge Sothergill gazed at her keenly. "Emma," he said, "you're a wonder! But I'm going to speak frankly for once—I think it's a darned shame. You've been a perfect slave for that woman. I know! I know! No one can tell me anything about Lize Peck that I don't know—and I've watched you. You can come over to our place and live. You'd be fine company for my Lou!"

"Thanks," said Emma, with a little catch in her throat. "I—I—can't tell you how kind I think you are to say that—but I—I—am afraid I couldn't do that."

"Well, you can if you want to," insisted the judge stoutly. He had a sudden misgiving about that daughter Lou of his, but he was ready to face even Lou's objections. "Of course you haven't had time to plan yet what you want to do—but you come if you want to. In the meantime—anything I can do for you, little Emma, you just let me know!" With a hearty shake of the hand he started toward the door. Theodore was just entering the room. Perhaps the judge did not see Theodore because of a mist in his eyes. Anyway, it was a very much surprised cat that went sailing up in the air, as a result of meeting the judge's foot amidships.

Emma Sawyer now realized that she must make plans for herself. However, she was no nearer the solution of her problem when, two days later, the entire contents of the house (after reservation had been made by the relatives) were put up at auction. Emma was stunned by the lack of sentiment about it all. She was horrified when Mrs. Peck's clothes and most cherished possessions were put up for the whole town to stare at and depreciate and bid on. Emma got as far away from the hateful scene as a terrible fascination would let her—somehow she felt she must stay near out of loyalty to the objects that were being scattered. What care Mrs. Peck and she had taken of everything!

All That East Wallop Folks Saw of Second Cousin Ada

Emma had been offered temporary homes. Others offered permanent ones—shrewd women with large families. Drudgery and no wages, she knew well enough. She had had enough of hard-earned charity, poor girl, and she rebelled at the

thought of going on with no future advancement and the stifling of all ambition.

Mrs. Peck's relatives assumed no responsibility toward Emma. They told her kindly, however, that a girl as strong and young as she was could get a "good place" in some nice home. The relatives thought highly of the offer made by the butcher's wife. When Emma wouldn't even consider it they declared among themselves that she was too particular and they feared that poor, dear Eliza had spoiled the girl. Well, it wasn't any affair of theirs and they were leaving on the 7:10 that same night of the auction.

"Of course you are going to visit some of your friends for a while," suggested Cousin Ada, as they were all going out the front gate to get into George Chisel's hired Gazook.

"Oh—I'll be all right," smiled Emma.

"You know everybody in town—of course you'll be taken care of," said Brother-in-law William Peck. "Otherwise I—" he waved his hands grandly, liberally. "You are a fortunate girl to have so many good friends and to be young and strong. Good luck to you."

"Be a good girl, Emma, and a credit to my poor dear Cousin Eliza, who did so much for you!" was Cousin Martha's parting admonition.

And Emma stood at the gate and saw them off and returned all their good-bys sweetly.

"Quite a ladylike girl," commented Brother-in-law Peck's colorless wife. "I must send her a card at Christmas."

The "ladylike" girl watched them out of sight. She had picked up Theodore and was rubbing the richest cat in East Wallop under the chin. The action could not have been mercenary as he had none of his fortune with him at the time.

Having no one else to talk to, she addressed the cat.

"Well, anyhow, old top," she said, "I don't blame *you*. Whatever friendship you ever had for her was, at least, not mercenary. You purred when you felt like it, but, at any rate, you weren't a hypocrite. . . . . So you're to be taken care of for the duration of your nine lives. You should worry. As for little Emmy Sawyer, she can get out now and hustle for herself. . . . . Well, it'll be for herself, mind you, and not . . . . but you aren't paying a bit of attention to all this. You're just a C-A-T—cat."

Emma looked fixedly at the house, empty of its familiar treasures, and then she thought of the relatives who had scattered them. She buried her face in Theodore's fur and said very confidentially:

"Damn them!"

The Relatives Collected in the Living Room

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The Call to Arms

BY THOMAS J. MURRAY

THE call to arms on pave and mead
Quickens the pulse, while street and farms,
Flood with the answer as they heed
The call to arms.

Maids revel in these red alarms,
Crowding afar where transports speed,
For last good-byes with tear-stained charms.

Where armories loom their pathways lead,
On stalwart shoulders safe from harms;
So do the war time maidens read
The call to arms.

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Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Alice Harvey

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Curves: Natural and Acquired

by Harvey Peake

Drawn for Cartoons Magazine

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On Crusoe's Isle

Showed No Emotion of Any Kind Except Shocked Surprise

Leaves *from the* Diary *of an* Unpublished Heroine

--By A.H. Folwell----- Drawings by Gordon Ross---

LEAF ONE: I do not know what to make of it. Really I do not believe that any girl shipwrecked on a desert island was ever subjected to such indignities as I have been. I arrived here on a piece of wreckage two days ago, having saved nothing from the steamer but my knitting, my pocket wireless outfit, and six cans of Spanish anchovies. Of course, I was not frightened, for I expected to be shipwrecked; for that I was created; for that my seventeen illustrations by Howard Candles Christmas were made in full wash, but I DID expect at least common courtesy from the man I found here.

As I said, I don't know what to make of it. I know what is customary in cases of this sort, and I know what is due me as a shipwrecked heroine, whose illustrations cost $500 a piece. Think of it! My publishers hired a steamer and had it wrecked 400 miles off its course, solely in order to get me on this island, and the minute I land I am met by a great, whiskered creature in goatskin clothes and an impossible goatskin cap and umbrella, who will have nothing to do with me! It seems absolutely ridiculous.

I know what is proper in such cases, and I knew there would be a man here. There always is. Sometimes it is the man who drifts ashore first and sometimes it is the woman, but they invariably become acquainted early in the book and afford Mr. Christmas opportunity for some fetching illustrations when their clothing becomes frayed and demoralized by reason of the elements. If it is the girl who is wrecked last, it is the man's duty to approach her with a look of admiring wonder as she lies gracefully unconscious where the waves have tossed her. And when gradually she opens her great eyes, it is his further duty to stretch forth his hands mutely, in unmistakable adoration, until she speaks and sits up, her hair falling about her lily shoulders, in a cascade of loveliness. See illutration, usually about page 58.)

But this boor, this goatskin creature, instead of mutely adoring, showed no emotion of any kind whatever except shocked surprise and then—he ran away so fast that his goatskin umbrella turned inside out. Is

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that, I ask you, any way to treat a girl when she has come half the globe's circumference to share your lonely isle for six years or so and ultimately to love you? I have not seen the creature since.

LEAF TWO: I have not talked with him yet, but I know he has been in my vicinity. I found near the cave where I spent the night, evidence of his presence there at some time while I slept. There was a note written in rude characters upon the reverse side of a piece of bark. It read:

Dear Miss (or Madam, as the case may be):

Don't be backward about accepting these. They are my second-best, and I can spare them conveniently. You need them more than I do. I am sorry you had such a rough trip. You will find they scratch a little at first, but you will soon get used to them. I did, anyway.

Yours respectfully,
R. CRUSOE.

And what do you suppose the impossible being had put beside his impertinent missive? A duplicate of the hideous goatskin raiment in which he was clad when first I saw him! Really, the man is mad. What does he think my publishers would say if I donned such ugly, shape-deforming things! And especially in view of the alluring illustrations in full wash. When I catch up with this utter imbecile I shall tell him what I think of him, offering insult to a defenseless maiden in such manner. And the worst of it is, I've got to live here with him, and learn to love him. There's no way out of it; it's in the book.

LEAF THREE: I give up. The thing is entirely beyond my ken. Such complete disregard of desert-island convention I never heard of in my life. It is appalling. I turn white and red alternately at the treatment which I am receiving.

Oh, yes, I met him. He was hiding up a tree, but his tall hat betrayed him and I told him it was no use; that we had to have a talk and that he might as well submit to it first as last. I was determined to be real cross with him and see how that would do. He said he supposed there was no way out of it, but that if I didn't mind, he'd remain up the tree; it would seem more modest

"Come Friday! This is no place for us. I hate crowds."

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"I don't like your costume at all," I said.

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There Was a Note Written in Rude Characters

He looked puzzled; or it may have been simple stupidity.

"The pictures," he faltered; "what pictures?"

"Why, the Howard Candles Christmas pictures!" I cried, losing all patience. "Don't you know your costume is, or should be, merely a pair of sandals, made from the hide of some animal; those and a jaunty, neatly fitting waistband?"

He turned as red as his whiskers and—would you believe it — climbed three branches higher in the tree, so that I could scarcely see him, or he me. And I wish it distinctly understood that I am as modestly attired a shipwrecked maiden as ever Mr. Howard Candles Christmas painted. I was very careful to sit behind a shrub. Mr. Christmas always puts me behind one. It helps the composition, Mr. Christmas says. Soon, perhaps, he will let me wear an ivy-leaf sweater which I have begun to knit. One must do something on these desert islands, and, besides, knitting is patriotic.

Well, I started in on Mr. Crusoe again, but things went from bad to worse. Really, a shipwrecked girl with any self-respect simply couldn't talk to the man. I tried to make it clear to him that, according to the book, we must live together; and that he that way. Or, if not that, he'd wait up the tree until I had time to go and put on the goatskin suit that he had left for me, and then he would come down. Really, the propositions were most barefaced and insulting.

"I don't like your costume at all," I protested.

"Don't you," he replied.

"No," said I; "I don't. It's ugly, in the first place, and in the second, it's nothing like the pictures."

must build us a hut of branches, a sort of duplex house.

"Of course," I said, "we must pay strict regard to the proprieties; you must have your apartment and I must have mine. The book is very clear on that point."

He brightened up at this, and for a moment I thought the light of reason had dawned in the man's brain, but no; nothing like that. His reply was the crowning insult of all.

"Fine!" said he; "I have built my house

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over the hills on the other side of the island. You build yours on this side; then we won't bother each other. This island is none too big, as you may have noticed!"

LEAF FOUR: The sooner I get away from this island the better. I shall unship my pocket wireless and flash a message to my publishers, insisting upon my rescue at once.

Today it became positively unbearable here. I would never have believed that life on a desert isle could so completely degrade and demoralize a man as unquestionably it has done in the case of this Crusoe creature. This morning I discovered that he had a companion, a chum of whom he made much; and, incredible as it sounds, the companion was a black!

I was strolling over the hills, looking my alluringest, when suddenly I came upon them. The unspeakable Crusoe was engaged in fitting on the black a suit of those absurd goatskins. Picking out a fetching piece of shrubbery, I assumed one of my most popular poses and coughed.

"I wish you'd keep away," said Mr. Crusoe, looking up and making no attempt to conceal his annoyance, "can't you see that this gentleman is dressing? Come, Friday," he continued, "this is no place for us. I hate crowds."

LEAF FIVE: I am going away. A vessel of the Best-Selling American Line has answered my wireless and I am now eating the last of my Spanish anchovies. I am going back to New York, to my publishers. By changing my background a bit Mr. Christmas can easily remake me into the illustrations for a snappy studio story.

"My! That's an awfully loud pattern in your suit!"
"Well, you see I'm going to propose to Alice and I want her father to hear my suit, also."

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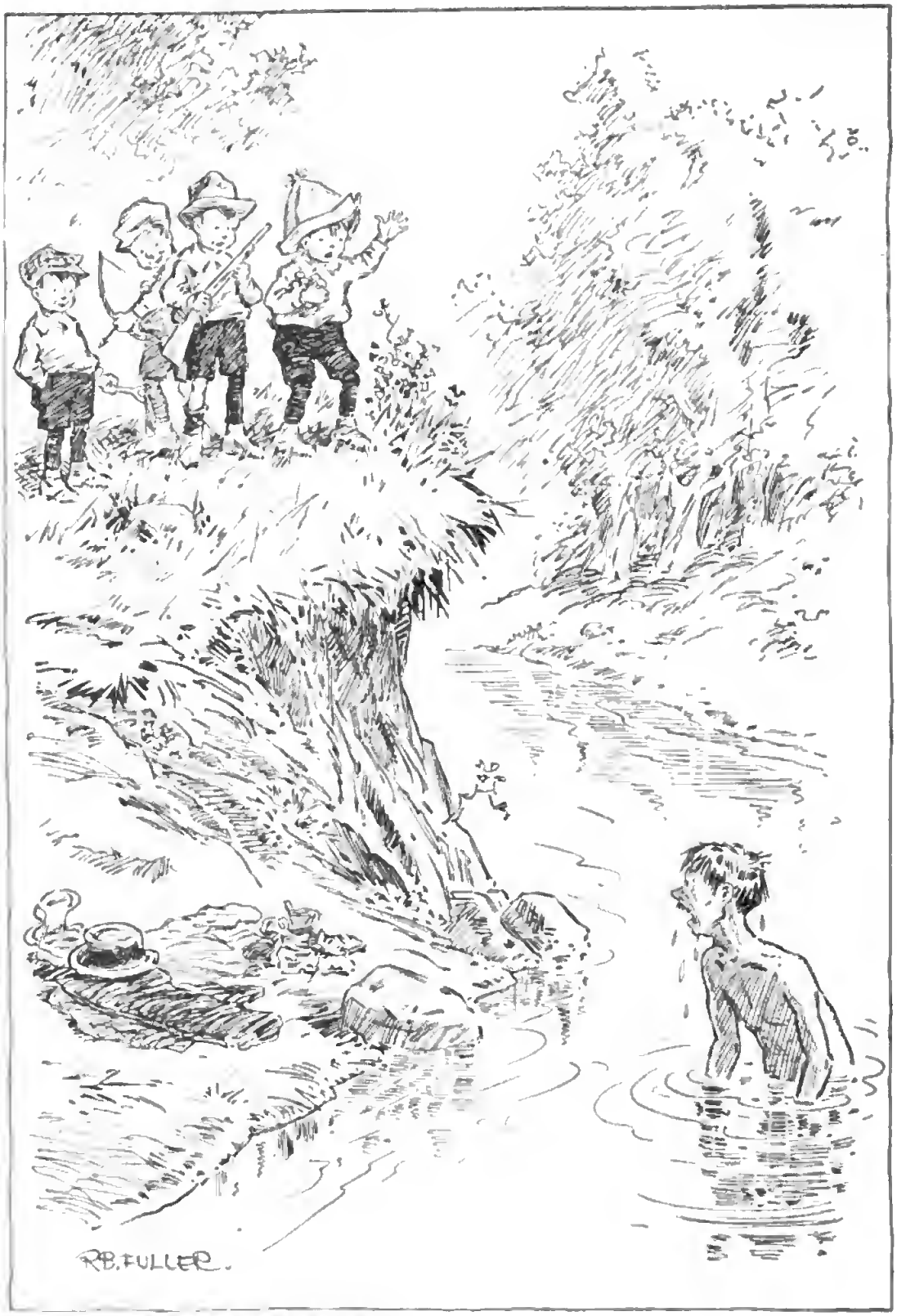

Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by R. B. Fuller

REASONABLE ENOUGH

"Hey, mister, will you please be a U-boat?"

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Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by R. B. Fuller

FATE IS UNJUST

Willie: "It don't seem right that a big, husky feller like him don't enlist or git drafted or somethin'."

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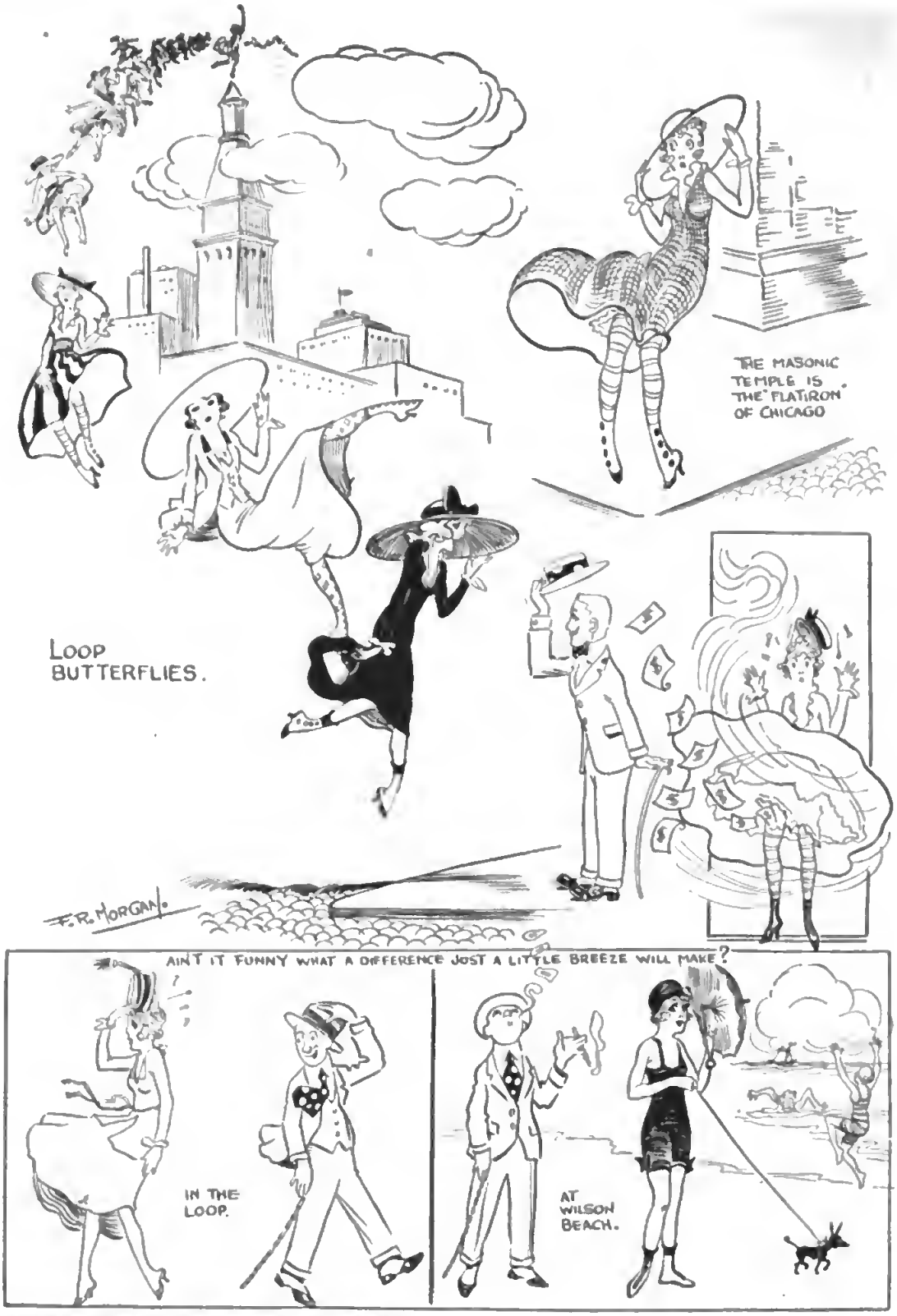

Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by F. R. Morgan

A Windy Day in the Windy City

Proving that Chicago lives up to its name.

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SAUSAGES AND SOCIETY

BY A.H. FOLWELL

THROB I

MURIEL McSPANGLES drew herself up to her full height.

"No, Herman Eggnogg, I am determined. I cannot marry you!"

Herman Eggnogg, only son of the late Fritz Eggnogg, the millionaire sausage manufacturer, caught hold of a gold chair in the McSpangles drawing room and crushed it in his impassioned grasp.

"You cannot marry me?" he interrogated huskily. "Tell me why! You say you love me—"

"Yes," sighed Muriel, "I love you."

"Then why—WHY will you not marry me? I have millions. Everything that sausage can buy shall be yours."

Tensely, eagerly, he awaited her reply.

"Do you force me to tell you, then?" asked the beautiful girl, her face betraying all too evidently the anguish she felt.

"Yes!" hoarsely.

"Then hear! It is because—" she paused and tore her dainty handkerchief into frenzied shreds—, "because we could never get a report of our marriage in the sure-enough society column. You have wealth, it is true, but that is all. You are respectable—but that counts for little. You are a sausage-maker—that is the barrier between you and Society. Forgive me, if I have offended you, but you asked me to tell you why. You never could break into the Society Page. Sausages and Society! Impossible!"

She threw herself, weeping, into a richly padded chair.

Striding to where she clung, Herman Eggnogg seized her almost roughly by her shapely shoulders.

"Tell me," he gulped, "tell me one thing more! If I can break into the Society Column, will you marry me?"

He pressed her head back, back, BACK against the richly padded chair, and tilted up her chin until her eyes looked squarely into his.

"Will you?" he repeated.

"Yes," she gasped.

THROB II

HERMAN EGGNOGG was the picture of dejection. It was Sunday morning. In a crumpled mass on the floor before him lay the Society Page—the Society Page of the Sunday paper, but without the item he sought.

Two days before Herman Eggnogg had arrayed himself in a black cutaway, a shiny

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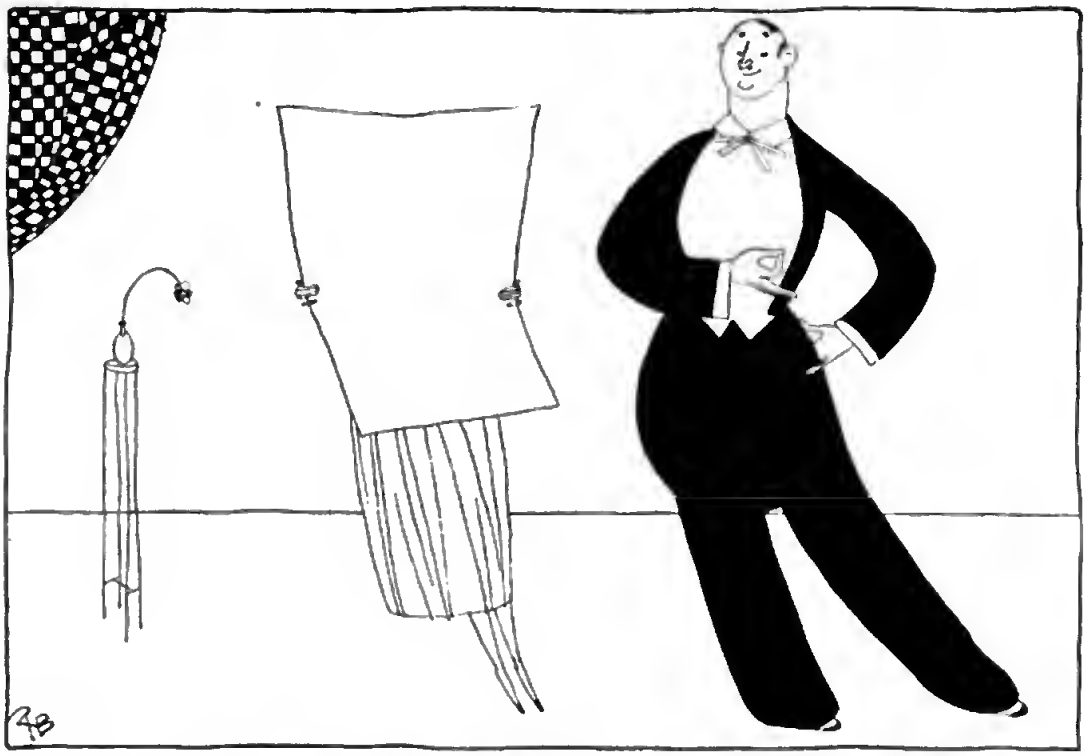


"Oh," said Herman mysteriously, "sausages and society are not such an impossible combination as you might suppose."

silk hat, pearl-gray trousers, patent-leather shoes—in short, the correct attire for a gentleman at 11:24 a. m.—and visited the office of the paper which published the Society Page. He had asked to see the Society Editor. He had seen the great potentate, and had offered him, with as much nonchalance as he could muster, an item for publication.

"Try to give it a good place, old chap," he had endeavored to say, and then, trembling, he had left the sacred presence.

* * * * * *

Not a line! NOT A LINE! That was the brutal truth. Not a line of it had been published. He had just read the Society Page backward, forward and both ways from the middle, and it was not there. The item itself was of small importance. It was but an account of a "Bridge" given by Muriel McSpangles the previous Wednesday; but to Herman Eggnogg, tense with hope and expectancy, it was everything. Muriel had prepared the copy with her own fair hand, adding a list of those present, and—bitter, bitter thought!—she had scoffed at the notion that Herman could put it over. Muriel was right. He had failed.

He had indeed knocked at Society's door, and Society had refused to open unto him.

Heavens! What was that!

Herman's passing glance lighted upon a stray part of the paper as it stared at him from the floor. His heart leaped within him. Could it be? Were there two Society Pages, perhaps? He grabbed the paper and looked again. Yes, there was the full account of Muriel's "Bridge," among those present and all. But—was it among the elect of Society?

No; sadly no. It had been used as "filler" at the bottom of the third Sporting Page.

THROB III

CLAD in a rather ill-fitting and somewhat worn sack suit, Herman Eggnogg, the millionaire sausage manufacturer, stepped out of his town car and walked into the office of the great newspaper.

"The advertising manager, if you please," he said.

The advertising manager was all cordiality.

"What can we do for you, Mr. Eggnogg?" he purred. Herman drew his chair up to the manager's desk.

"I am contemplating," he began, "quite a

large advertising campaign in the interest of my sausages. My father, from whom I inherited the business, was not much inclined to advertising, except in a limited, old-fashioned way."

The manager nodded.

"Now I," continued Herman, "I am different. I am going to branch out, and I wish you would help me to plan a campaign of newspaper publicity. I should like to take, say, a page in Sunday's issue."

Was the advertising manager willing to help? Can a duck swim?

He gave Herman all the assistance he could, smiling affably the while.

"Oh, by the way," said Herman, returning from the door after he had risen to go; "have this little item put in Sunday's Society Column, will you? I am rather particular about it"—here he laughed—"it is a brief announcement of my engagement. Can you fix it for me?"

"I congratulate you," chirped the advertising manager, taking the paper from Herman's hand. "I'll attend to it. See? I'll mark it, 'Must for Society, Sunday,' and send it upstairs to the Society Editor. It'll be all right, Mr. Eggnogg."

"Thank you," said Herman. "Good day."

THROB IV

MURIEL McSPANGLES took the newspaper which Herman Eggnogg held out to her.

"What is it you wish me to read?" she asked.

"That," said Herman, pointing to a paragraph at the very top of the first column of the Society Page.

Muriel followed with her eye, and an instant later gave a gasp and a scream.

"Herman Eggnogg!" she cried. "How did you dare! We're not engaged. You . . . ."

Herman was not flustered.

"You said you would marry me if I could break into the Society Column, didn't you?"

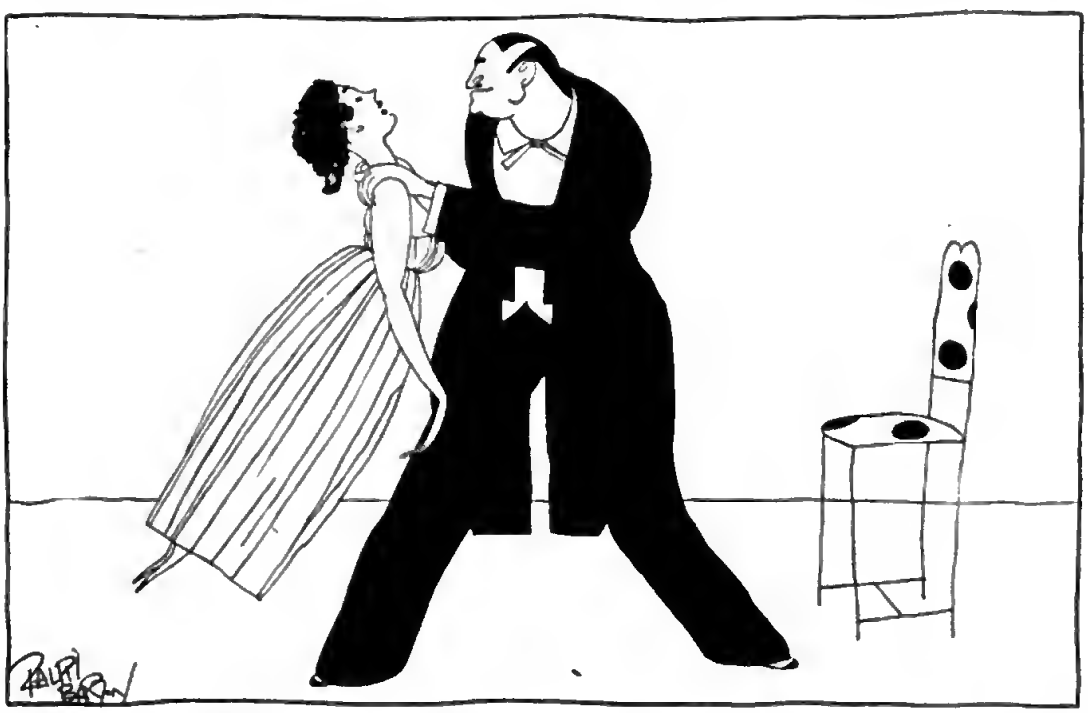
"Yes; but—"

"Well, I broke into it. Here it is. Folks have to be engaged before they can be married, you know. I thought I'd kill two birds with one stone."

Muriel threw her lilylike arms about his great red neck.

"But the sausages?" she cried incredulously; "how ever did you do it?"

"Oh," said Herman mysteriously, "sausages and Society are not such an impossible combination as you might suppose."



"Tell me," he gulped, "if I can break into the society column, will you marry me?"

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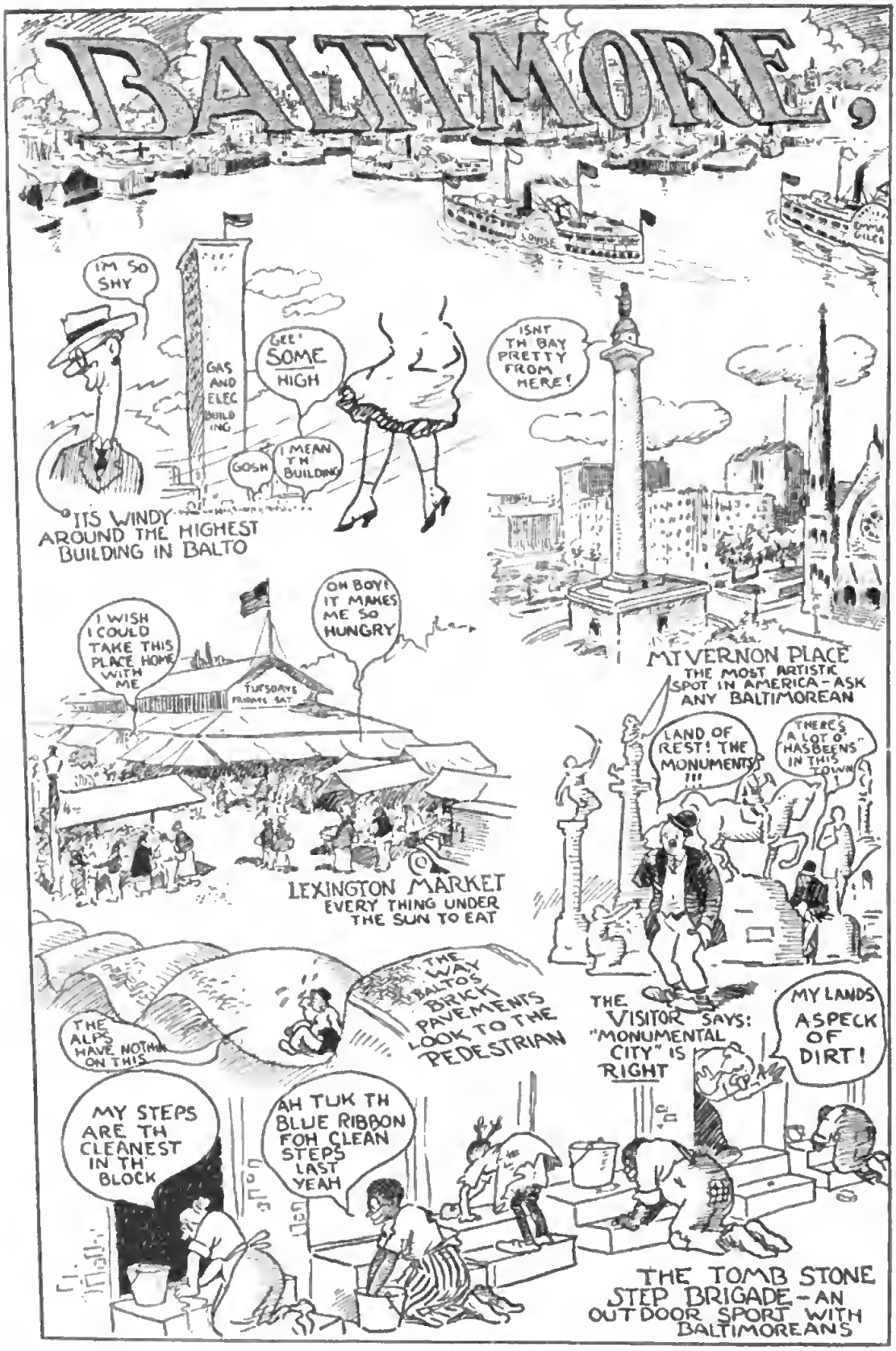

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Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Virgil E. Alford

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VODVILE STUNTS
BY WELLMAN

Drawn for Cartoons Magazine

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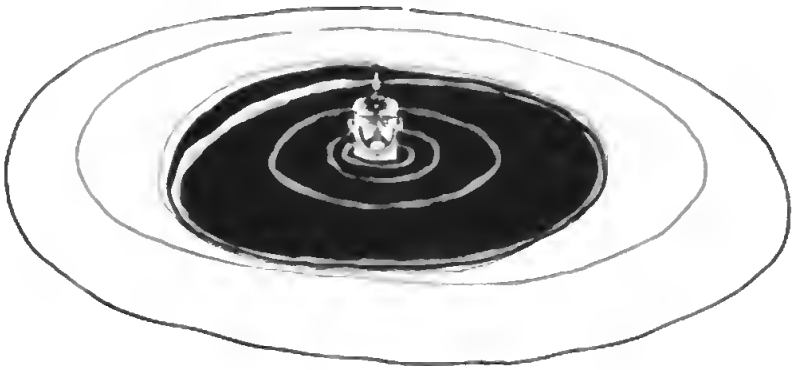
A CONCISE HISTORY OF THE GREAT WAR

By RALPH BARTON



1914

AUGUST 4—First shots of the war fired on the Belgian frontier.

AUGUST 7—Liège occupied by General von Emmich.

AUGUST 20—Brussels falls.

AUGUST 22—Namur falls.

AUGUST 22-SEPTEMBER 6—Great retreat of Belgian, British, and French armies.

SEPTEMBER 7-10—Battle of the Marne. Allies push back Germans.

SEPTEMBER 13-OCTOBER 9—Germans take stand on the Aisne. Fall of Antwerp. More cathedrals bombarded.

OCTOBER 9-DECEMBER 31—Trench warfare. Deadlock.

1915

JANUARY 1-DECEMBER 31—Ditto.

1916

JANUARY 1-DECEMBER 31—Ditto.

1917

JANUARY 1-APRIL 5—Ditto.

APRIL 6—The United States enters the war.

JUNE 5—Ten million Americans are registered for service.

JULY 19—First American army drafted.

JULY 20-DECEMBER 31—Organization of American armies.

1918

MARCH 30—National Army sees first battles.

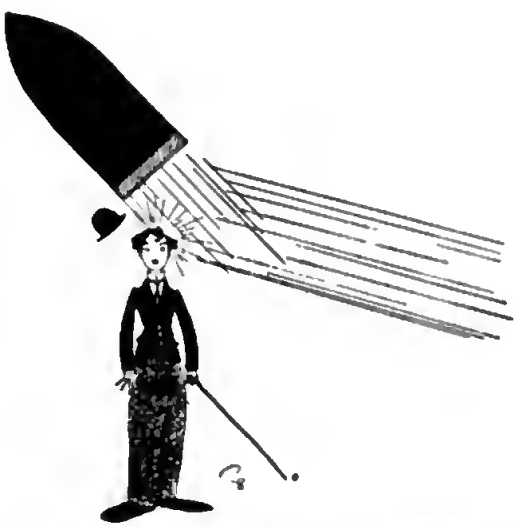
MARCH 31—Americans driven from first line trenches.

APRIL 1—Feeling like April fools, Americans launch counteroffensive and take German first line trenches.

APRIL 10—Americans gain one mile of terrain on front of 8½ miles.

APRIL 11-JUNE 13—Deadlock.

JUNE 14—German soldier plays Liszt's 14th Rhapsodie Hongroise on a stolen pianoforte in the trenches. Two army corps of Americans, hearing the rapid scale passages in the bass, mistake it for jazz music and are irresistibly drawn toward the Germans. They are armed for dancing and are wiped out.



Unsuccessful Artillery Attack by the Enemy

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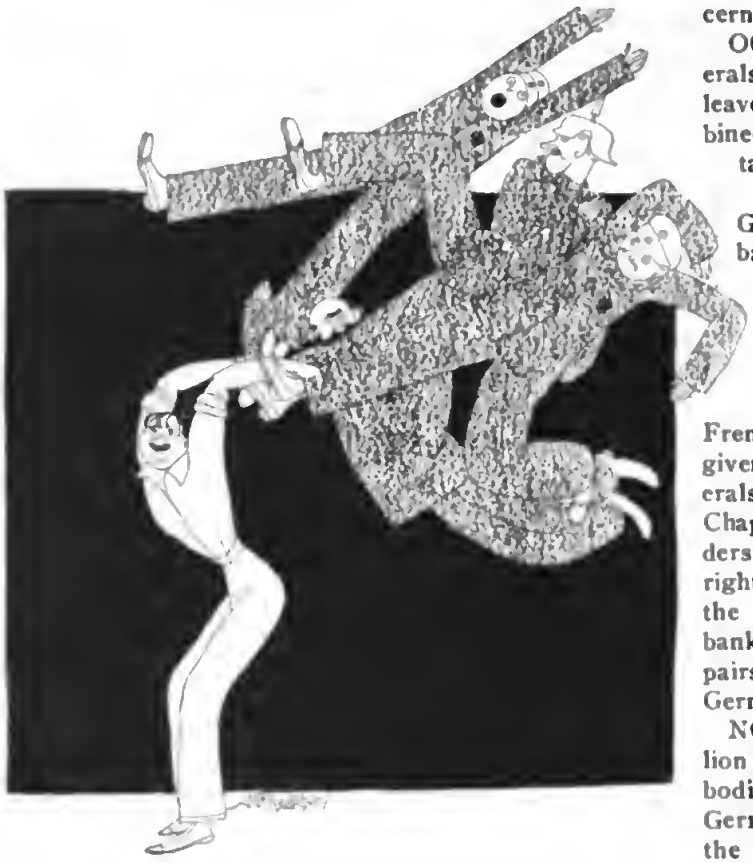

The Fairbanks Theory and Practice of War

JULY 19—German inventor perfects a mechanical man. Two millions of them are trained in goose-stepping and take their places in the trenches.

JULY 22—French and British attempt to make mechanical men but fail. British automata failing because of their tendency to fraternize with members of the German army that had served under von Hindenburg, and the French, because they could not be made to fully appreciate the turn of a well-made female ankle.

JULY 30—German veterans and other automata make great gains. Dark days for the allies.

AUGUST 4—Second American expeditionary force arrives and takes its place at the front. Germans halted.

AUGUST 5-SEPTEMBER 30—Darker days for allies.

OCTOBER 1—Charlie Chaplin and Douglas Fairbanks, with the rank of major generals, call for volunteers from the ranks of their imitators in the various movie concerns. Thousands volunteer.

OCTOBER 31—Major Generals Chaplin and Fairbanks leave for France with a combined command of 50,000 imitators.

NOVEMBER 10—Major Generals Chaplin and Fairbanks thank Major General Pershing very kindly for his offer to train their troops and ask for places in the trenches at once.

NOVEMBER 11—British, French, and American armies given furlough by Major Generals Chaplin and Fairbanks. Chaplin's men armed with ladders swung carelessly over the right shoulder are sent against the German automata. Fairbanks' men, armed with 25,000 pairs of fists, sent against the German regulars.

NOVEMBER 12—Two million scraps of iron, and the dead bodies of the remainder of the German army are counted on the field of battle. Several of Chaplin's men are seen staggering slightly from having had 420-millimetre shells bounce off their heads, and several open-neck shirts are torn and soiled among the men of Fairbanks' command.

NOVEMBER 19—Major Generals Chaplin and Fairbanks enter Berlin. Major General Chaplin grasps Herr Wilhelm Hohenzollern's mustaches in one hand and places his foot upon his abdominal region. With a deft movement of the foot Major General Chaplin starts Herr Wilhelm Hohenzollern careering backward in the direction of Constantinople.

NOVEMBER 25—Herr Wilhelm Hohenzollern reaches the Dardanelles, falls into the water and is drowned. Major General Fairbanks ties his hands behind his back and gives the Kronprinz a revolver. They argue thus.

NOVEMBER 27—Funeral of the Kronprinz.

NOVEMBER 28—Major Generals Chaplin and Fairbanks restore Belgium, Serbia, Montenegro, Roumania, and Northern France, and pay off the debt of the allied

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countries to the United States with a week or two of their salaries.

DECEMBER 10—Triumphal reception at Madison Square Garden in honor of the returning heroes. Parade with Generals Chaplin and Fairbanks passes under Dewey archway amid the plaudits of the populace.

DECEMBER 12—Public dance given in honor of the returned movie stars. Generals Chaplin and Fairbanks write 10,000 autographs and fox-trot with 500 pretty girls. Police overpowered by mobs demanding admittance.

DECEMBER 13—More public dances in honor of the heroes. Presidential honors for Generals Chaplin and Fairbanks are talked of.

DECEMBER 20—Congress in a Christmas session votes unamimously to cast all bills in favor of universal military training into the rubbish heap and to begin at once a system of compulsory universal cinematographic training for all Americans over ten years of age.

DECEMBER 20—Millennium—PEACE. Good will toward men.

The Chaplin Attack

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We asked the Young Lady Across the Way if the party was for girls only, and she replied, "Oh, no; it was nonsectarian."

The Young Lady Across the Way says she agrees with Mr. Hoover, and that food conversation is just what we need.

The Young Lady Across the Way saw in the paper that the war has cost the allies already $50,000,000,000, and says if it keeps up much longer she's afraid they'll have to resort to borrowing.

Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Harry Westerman

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But How About the Man Beside You? And the Woman on the Other Side of You?

On Getting a Nickel Back Into Your Pocket

-By Horace Brown---- Drawings by W.E.Hill-

TO do this gracefully is one of the hardest tasks known to civilized man. Anybody can make a botch of it; it requires self-control and resources of a superior kind to put it over right.

Of course, the wise man does not take out his money until the conductor asks him for his fare, but how few of us are wise! We feel in our change pockets almost before we take a seat and extract therefrom a nickel. The car is crowded, and the conductor elbows his way through the chaos, looking from side to side and calling out, "Fares, fares!"

He passes you; you have your nickel ready, and before you quite realize what you are doing, you push the hand containing it out toward his passing form and then draw it back again. Then you look sharply around to see if anybody noticed you, and in a second you feel convinced that the whole car noticed—even the motorman, whose back is turned.

Now comes the trying time. As far as the conductor is concerned, you are safe. If he comes through again, you may look him in the face with perfect safety. That crisis is past. But how about the man beside you? And the woman on the other side of you? And how about the girl across the aisle who, you are quite sure, is laughing at you? Dodging these unpleasant persons, you look suddenly at the car roof, and meet the stern and unbending glare of the strap hanger immediately in front of you. Does he know, too. He is watching you over his evening paper, even as a detective watches a suspected house, and you feel his eyes burn on those fingers of yours which clutch that hapless nickel.

You have three miles to ride before you reach your destination, and to hold the coin where it is for those three miles is simply out of the question. It is now the size of a five-cent piece, but it is growing fast, and in ten minutes it will be as big as a half dollar. You have the nickel wedged in between the first and second joint of your right-hand middle finger, and only the edge of it shows. But, Lord, HOW it shows! Deftly you use the same hand to help you hold your paper—you will read, you will appear childlike and bland—and then the westering sun comes through the glass of the window and burnishes the edge of that accursed coin!

You cannot read; you have lost interest in everything that is in the paper; your glance goes sidewise, automatically, and lights upon the nickel invariably. Beads of perspiration break out on your brow; the air in the car becomes stifling. It is clear that something must be done, and quickly, or there will be a public scandal of hideous proportions.

You summon the shreds of your self-

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"Well, I beat the railroad out of a nickel coming home tonight."

possession; there is mighty little left. What are these people to ME, you say to yourself, that I should be cowed by them. You determine coolly to deposit the nickel in your pocket; the pocket from which it came. Just as a cowardly precaution you look at your nearest neighbors to make sure that their attention is directed elsewhere. You glance at them in turn, and—Good heavens!—the man next to you is smiling at something; his lips are twitching. Can he be grinning, inwardly, at YOU? You boil at the indignity, and feel yourself getting red. Then you perceive that he is reading the funny page, and you breathe again. YOU are not the object of his silent mirth. The woman on the other side of you has gone to sleep; she is nodding over the bundles in her lap. She, praise fortune, may be eliminated. And there is more luck coming your way, too. The girl across the aisle, who was laughing at you, cannot see you now; the center of the car is too crowded. This leaves only the strap hanger in front of you to be reconnoitered.

You raise your eyes, making a bluff at a preoccupied, dreamy expression. You feel that it is a rank failure, an effort that would not fool a child. Your eyes and those of the strap hanger meet. You try to look away and can't. You are the victim of a horrible fascination, similar to that which a guinea pig feels in the presence of a boa constrictor. Your heart stops beating; then hammers like a flat wheel. It is all over now. The man in front is about to speak to you. Doubtless, he is one of the company's spotters.

"Do you know," he begins, and he looks directly at your nickel-fist, gripping convulsively at its load of sin. He is very deliberate, doubtless being a person who delights in slow torture.

"Do you know—could you tell me—if you please—whether we have come to Throckmorton Street yet?"

Your nerves relax; you grow limp with relief; you swallow twice in an effort to reply, and then answer him. And as you do you have presence of mind enough to realize that NOW is your time; your golden opportunity. Your nearest neighbors are looking at the stranger, not at you; one determined effort and both you and the nickel may rest in peace. You let it slide from your fingers to your palm and start it toward your change pocket, just as the conductor, looking in at the rear door, calls out your street! Did he see you? He is a big man, with a coarse, ill-shaven face, and his voice is very gruff.

The nickel drops silently into your change pocket just as you rise and walk toward the platform. There are happy little children playing on the sidewalk; perhaps in a moment they will witness a humiliating scene of which you will be the star. You feel the conductor's eyes upon you, but you do not look. To do so would be madness; it would invite certain disaster. You take a deep breath as the car stops—NOW!

* * * * * *

You are off the car. The car is moving on.

But how little you deserve your good fortune! You so far recover your poise, your natural confidence, that you actually boast of your adventure.

"Well," you say jauntily, "I beat the railroad out of a nickel coming home tonight!"

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At Belmont Park

by Beatrix Sherman

The racing at Belmont Park always brings out an interesting element of New York society. From the club house and the paddock Miss Sherman caught some of the notables, but her scissors had to work fast to get the finish of the 1917 futurity.

THE FUTURITY RACE OF 1917

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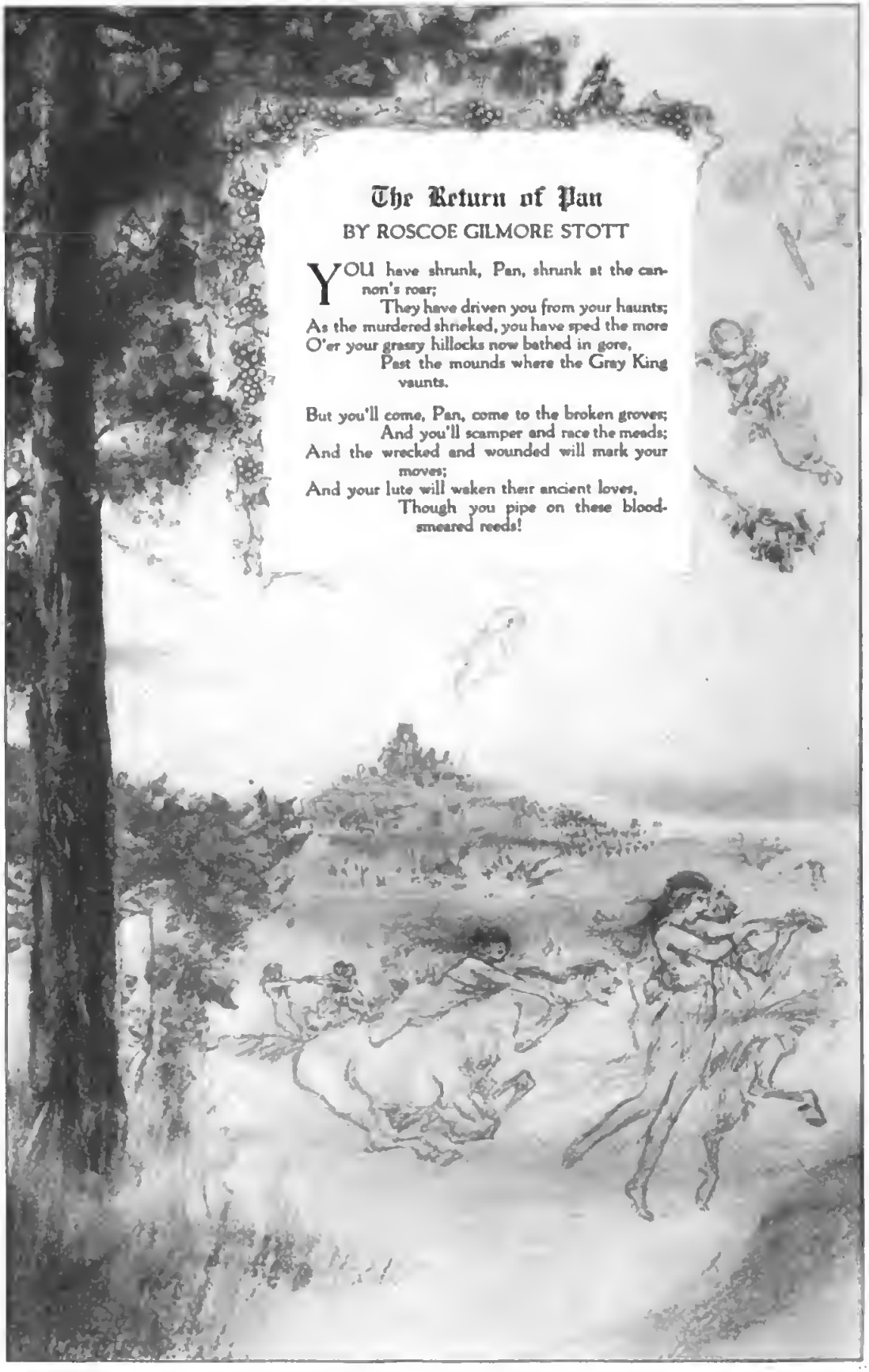

The Return of Pan

BY ROSCOE GILMORE STOTT

YOU have shrunk, Pan, shrunk at the cannon's roar;
They have driven you from your haunts;
As the murdered shrieked, you have sped the more
O'er your grassy hillocks now bathed in gore,
Past the mounds where the Gray King vaunts.

But you'll come, Pan, come to the broken groves;
And you'll scamper and race the meads;
And the wrecked and wounded will mark your moves;
And your lute will waken their ancient loves,
Though you pipe on these blood-smeared reeds!

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Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Hugh Rankin

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Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Norman Anthony

PROFESSIONAL JEALOUSY

"The nerve of that press agent—putting Mamie's name above mine! I don't wear half as many clothes as she does."

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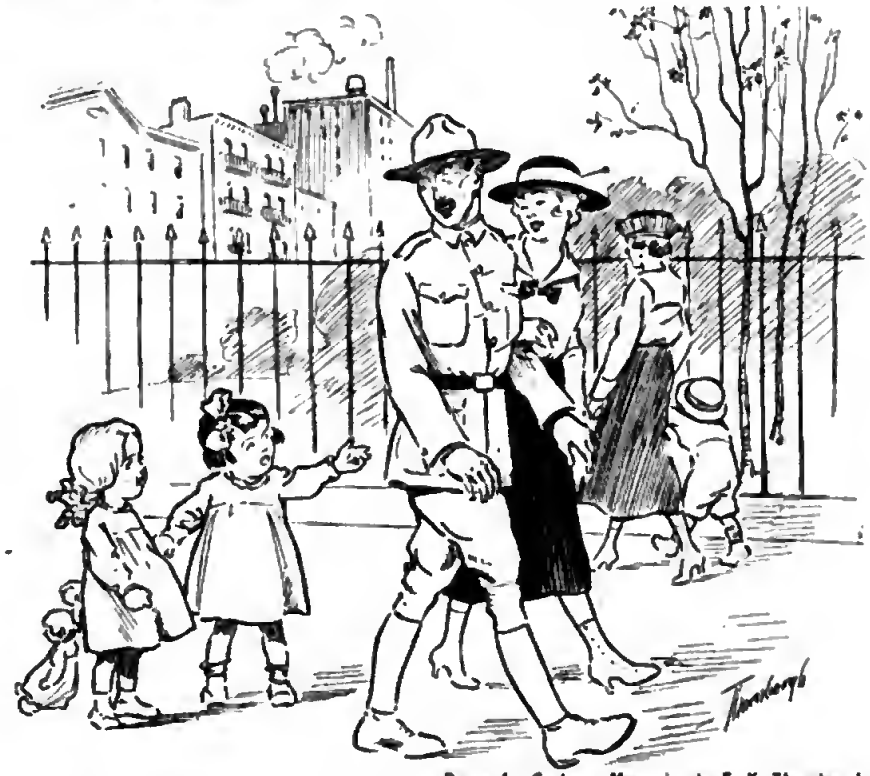
SHERMAN WAS RIGHT

"Gee, it must be swell to be a general!"

"Yes, an' if a guy don't salute you, or sasses you back, you kin have him put in jail an' have him shot, an' ever'thing."



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by F. K. Thornburgh

PRO PATRIA

Little Mary: "Hey, General! Will youse bend down a little? Me an' Lizzie wants to kiss you."

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The Art of Camouflage Is One That Dates Back to the Time of Eden. Eve Learned It from the Serpent, Who, By the Way, Was Only the Devil in Disguise. The Wily Greeks Contrived a Wooden Horse By Means of Which They Pierced the Walls of Troy. It was Jacob Who Deceived Old Isaac by

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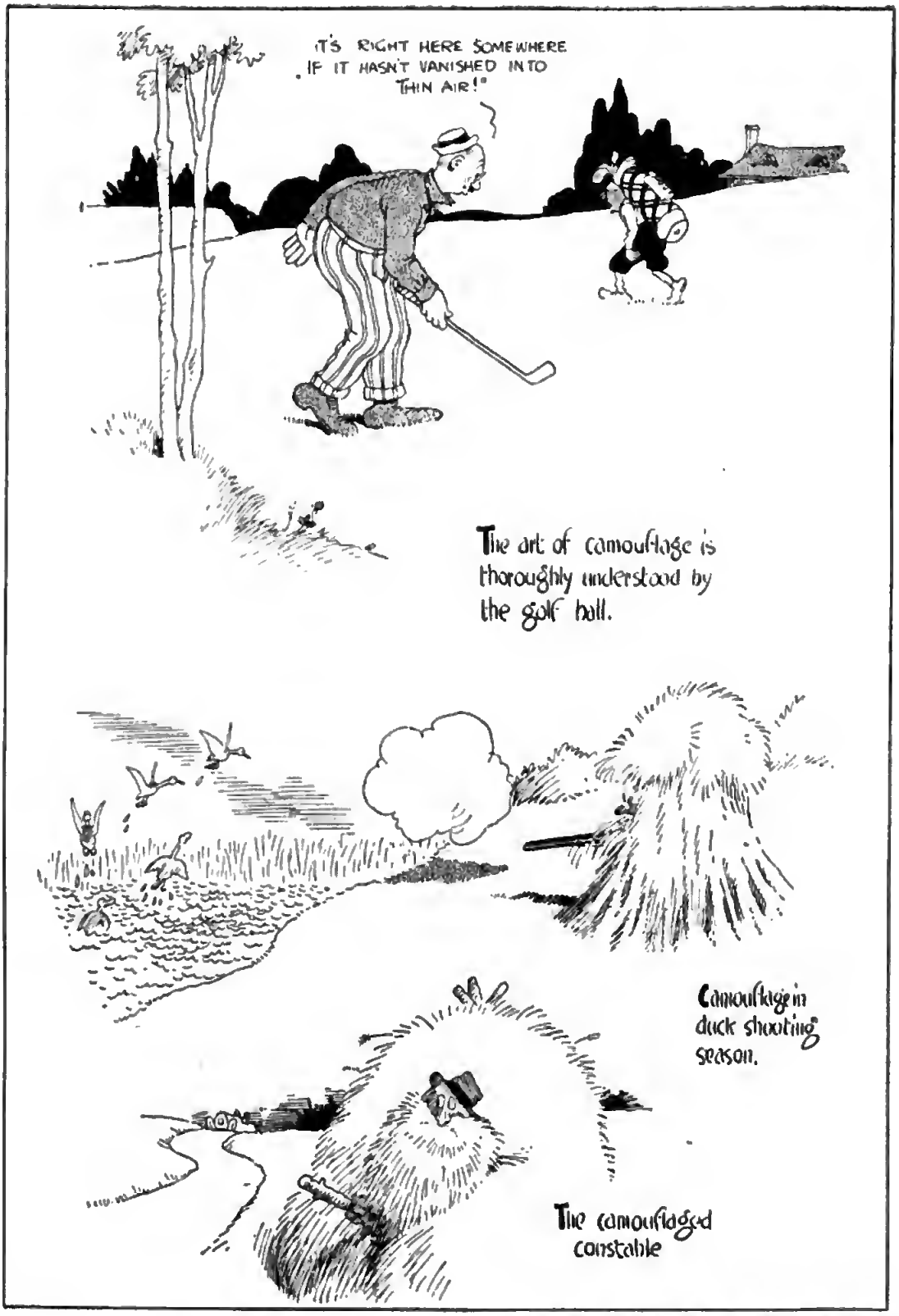

Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Frank King

False Whiskers in Imitation of His Brother Esau's. The Well-Known Man in the Iron Mask Had a Lot of People Guessing in His Day. Camouflage, Pure and Simple! And As Mr. King Shows, Modern Warfare Has No Monopoly on the Art

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Les Midi-

by Mme. Leonie

WHAT Sammy who went "over there" with General Pershing will ever forget his enthusiastic welcome to the heart of Paris? He will remember in the years to come that triumphal march through the gay, flower-decked streets, the presentation of flags by the descendants of Lafayette, the cheers that rang out from the joy-maddened crowds that lined the sidewalks all the way from Neuilly to Gar de l'Est. But most of all he will remember his reception by the *midinettes.*

Like the school children, the *midinettes* had been given a holiday to greet the vanguard of the American army. And how they improved the occasion! They literally took the big Americans off their feet. Before their ardent assaults Sammy made his first surrender. As long as the soldiers were in marching formation, of course, they were comparatively safe, but once dispersed at their cantonment at Neuilly, in one of the populous quarters of Paris' east side, they were completely at the mercy of the *midinettes.*

Each and every Sammy was immediately taken by storm and overpowered by reason of superior numbers. For what chance did even one of these long-legged Americans have against three or four pretty *midinettes,* especially when they had set their minds on showering him with kisses? The attacking party was bold, not only because of its great numbers, but because of its beauty and youth—two attributes that will not be denied. They hung on the arms of these soldiers, half strangled them with hugs, and—but isn't there an English saying, "What harm in a kiss?"

The *midinettes,* like everybody else in Paris, had the feeling of living through a great, historic day. They were grateful to the Americans for having come so far to share the perils of their brothers. They were moved by the sight of these fine, strapping young fellows, for the American boys are indeed a manly-looking lot, tall, lithe, with determined faces and muscles of steel. No wonder that all Paris admired them.

One would scarcely believe it, but the Paris *midinettes* really are wise little things. Those fairies of the needle, who earn a scanty living in the ateliers of the fashionable dressmaking establishments in Rue de la Paix, have received their pretty names because of their habit of taking their frugal *repas de midi* (noonday lunch) on the benches of the Jardin des Tuileries. And this lunch consists, according to season, of four sous' worth of cherries, a bunch of radishes, and a few slices of sausage, the total cost of which never exceeds the traditional 50 cen-

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nettes

Bernardini-Sjoestedt

times. If they have learned to live on little, one might say that they know how to dress on nothing. For haven't they made all manner of pretty things for others? So with a few yards of filmy cotton or light woolens they contrive to dress deliciously and in the latest styles, and if anybody knows about styles it's the *midinettes.*

I can imagine a no more attractive sight in all Paris than the *midinettes* coming down the hills of Montmartre and Batignolles between seven and eight o'clock on a sunny morning on their way to work in the shops of Rue de la Paix.

The three war winters have been very hard for them, however, and it was mainly for their sake that the ban set during the earlier days of the war on any manifestation of elegance in dress was finally repealed. At present one indulges somewhat more freely in dress, but by no means with the extravagance characteristic of the days before the war.

In the large establishments *les premières,* who have the difficult task of distributing the work so that the fixed sales price leaves a profit, have done their best by dividing the shop girls into shifts working alternate weeks. But if the Paris *midinettes* are still gay it is because they have brave hearts. Always someone very near to them is at the front, and one cannot abandon a soldier-brother, a *filleul de guerre,* or a sweetheart, can one? Never! He must have tobacco and sweet sympathy to guard him from the *cafards,* those vile, many-legged *bêtes noirs* that infest the damp kitchens and cling to the soldier in the muddy trenches. There is nothing like a tender word written on sky-blue letter paper to make him forget them.

I have been told that one American officer accompanying General Pershing evinced some surprise at not finding Paris as he had imagined it—sombre, anxious, and mournful, but on the contrary, still leading its gay life despite the war. But the Parisians themselves see a notable difference. Night life is a thing of the past. Restaurants turn out their guests at 9:30 p. m. The theaters are open till eleven, but the theater crowds now dress demurely, and the streets are dark. The French spirit, however, resists grief and misfortune, and if it is unbroken after three years, the credit is due to our great buoyancy. Nor do the *midinettes* fail in this respect. They are gay,

FABIANO in Fantasio, © Paris

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they are brave, and they love *les braves.*

The other day I received a visit from my dressmaker, a little ex-midinette, now in business for herself. Life has been a great adventure for her lately. She had just returned from visiting a wounded brother—until lately in command of his company—at Eperney. Her train was bombarded by German airmen en route, and when she arrived at the station the bombs were dropping on the town. The big champagne firms there have caves, the doors of which are left open so that the people can take refuge underground in an emergency. Burdened down with good things for the invalid as she was, she still managed to pick up a small child and reach one of the caverns in safety. . . . Also she was married a few days ago while her fiancé was home on furlough. He has now gone to the front again.

A Surprise Attack

How many hymeneal torches has the war not lighted! One seems in a hurry to live nowadays. A while ago at the photographer's I turned over a mass of pictures on the table. Nothing but poilus and their wives—such droll little wives in short dresses, with long white veils and orange blossoms, their hands entwined with their husbands' with more than usual tenderness. A Rouen paper stated recently that while in normal times 300 marriages took place in a certain period now no less than 1,500 occurred in the same length of time. It must be said, however, that it is the English who absorb the advance or rear guards of the marriageable girls. How many Americans, I wonder, will find wives in France?

A considerable number of *midinettes* have lately been converted into *munitionettes*—a pet name born of Paris slang to indicate the women workers in the war factories. *Munitionettes* and *midinettes* are now the graces of Paris. Foreigners have often told me that what impressed them most on visiting the city for the first time was the fine pose and the swinging gait of these girls. They have had their portrayers—Steinlen, Hermann-Paul, and, in another key, Fabiano and Touraine, the latter recently fallen at the front. But the former have taken their types from too deep down in the submerged class, while the latter have shown an interest only in those *midinettes* who no longer work.

Surely the *midinette* deserves to have her own artist who could do for her what Poulbot has done for the Paris street urchins, and who would show her in her coquettish grace, yet spontaneous and frank, just as she is when she lunches on a slice of bread and four sous' worth of cherries on a park bench.

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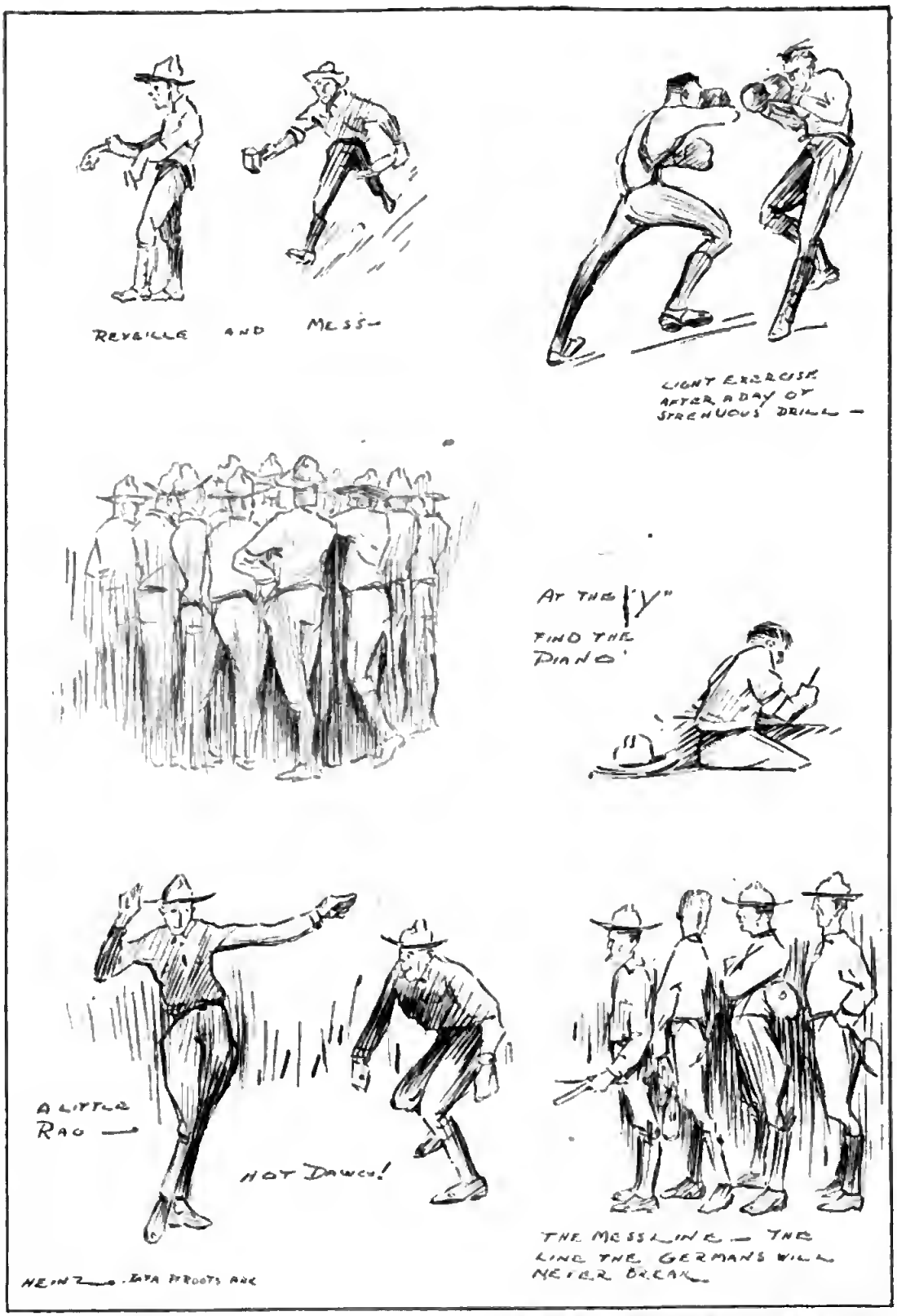

Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by W. F. Heintz

A Day with the Rookies at Fort Roots

As sketched by a member of Battery C, First Iowa Field Artillery.

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America's Children Aid

On the lawn of Mrs. H. H. Rogers at Southampton, Long Island, recently, the child pupils of Mrs. Dana Clark gave a dance recital for the benefit of the children of the St. Cyr officers. St. Cyr is the great military academy of France, and many of its

Miss Margaret Thaw in the Interpretive Dance "Autumn"

Katherine Tod in the Interpretive Dance "The Song of the Robin"

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A Group Picture Showing All the Dancers

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The Children of France

young officers have fallen on the field of honor. Among the solo dancers were Miss Margaret Thaw, Jean Olcott, Polly Potter, Peggy Perkins, and Katherine Tod. The lower pictures show the entire group. Society contributed generously to the fund.

Peggy Perkins in the Classic Dance "Nasturtiums"

Jean Olcott and Polly Potter as Pierrot and Pierrette

Another Group Picture of the Dancers

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DEVILTRY

THE OLDEST INHABITANT

Lost Soul: "Why did they send that monkey down here?"
Old Timer: "Don't you know who that is? He's our ancestor."

"Dotty Devil eats with her knife."
"Yes, but she's got a forked tongue."

Drawn for Cartoons Magazine

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The Mirage

Shown by William R. Leigh at the Babcock Gallery.

PAINTINGS *of the* MONTH

DANA POND has been exceedingly happy again in his painting of "The Girl and Her Dog," as shown at the Reinhardt gallery, New York. The canvas is a large one and pictures a very stylish and very modern girl in full length. She wears a modish coat of black. Her hat is fetchingly tilted, and is touched with a spray of painted flowers. Her youthful face radiates health and vigor, and the air of self-confidence is stamped on her indelibly. The buttoning of her gloves affords an excuse for her pose that has been well taken. There is a certain decorative value in the reticule with its streamers, and the end of one of these is highly effective in its dependence below the short skirt that bewitchingly reveals the patent-leather gaiters with brown tops. The police dog, shown at the right, takes the place of an heraldic supporter. The dog is a bit of realism, his red tongue and triangular ears being happily featured.

William R. Leigh's "The Mirage," shown at the new Babcock gallery, introduces tragedy. It pictures a man who has lost his way in the "Painted Desert." He has ridden his horse to death, and on foot faces death alone. He totters to an eminence in the vain hope of sighting some familiar landmark, but sees only a mirage. The figure is vigorously painted. The falling hat and the brilliantly colored lizard give realistic touches. In the middle distance a "dust devil" is shown, a miniature, fast-whirling column of sand.

"The Village Church" by Everett L. Warner, which was awarded the first prize at the Duxbury Art Association exhibit at Duxbury, Mass., is a sympathetic projection of an old-time New England "meeting house." The spire, which goes entirely out of the field, and the surrounding trees, with the sparse vegetation in the foreground, together with the fence posts here and there, brings back a flood of memories. The towered clock in the shadows is another pleasing feature.—W. G. BOWDOIN.

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The Village Church
By Everett L. Warner. Winner of the First Prize at the Duxbury (Mass.) Exhibit.

Portrait of Eleanor Bogert
Shown by Robert Tolman at the Lyme Art Association Exhibit.

Polish Sleigh Scene
Shown by Alfred Wieruszowski at the Reinhardt Gallery.

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The Girl and Her Dog

Shown by Dana Pond at the Reinhardt Gallery.

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Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by John C. Argens

The Maid: "I hear that they now have a woman's dictionary. I wonder if it differs much from others."

The Brute: "It probably has more words in it."

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Under The Big Dome

By Hugh Wilson

THE melancholy days are come for senators who opposed administration war plans, particularly the honorable Senators Vardaman, of Mississippi, and Hardwick, of Georgia, who must stand for reëlection next year.

With the president's war legislation safely enacted into law, attention is being turned by administration leaders to the executive's opponents in high office. And, unless all signs fail, these anti-war senators will know ere they return to Washington for the next session of congress in December, that the "Princeton professor" and his aides know how to fight when they get started.

Announcement that it was the president's desire that every member of congress who possibly could do so should return home immediately upon adjournment and explain the war situation to his people was all well enough so far as it went. The executive and other high administration officials are anxious that the people know the exact conditions here and abroad, but they also are equally desirous that the spotlight be thrown on the occupants of high places who by their actions give aid and comfort to the pacifist rabbits, pro-German sympathisers and enemies of the country. They are entirely willing, too, that the spotlight be turned on these gentlemen until it burns.

The fight already has started in Mississippi. Pat Harrison, a young representative, who has fought administration battles from the first, is going after Senator Vardaman hammer and tongs. He has not been officially indorsed by the president, but he doubtless will be in due time. A dozen ambitious democrats in Georgia are eager to make the fight against Hardwick on a straight-out American platform, and the administration soon will get a man into the field there.

Meantime orators whose Americanism is copper-plated, fire-proof, horse-high and pig-tight, will tell the folks in the home states of Senators Gore, Stone, Gronna, La Follette and others who sought to embarrass the president in the trying period just passed the real names of the men they have honored with the senatorial toga.

WHILE members of congress are explaining to the folks at home just how they put through the splendid war legislation program, it would be interesting for them also to explain how helpful the administration was in preparing it for them. Constituents who grieve over the weary hours that their representatives have spent in originating laws that will uphold the chief executive's hands, should dry their tears.

The usual method of getting a bill through congress nowadays is either for the president or some member of the cabinet to prepare it and then for either Secretary McAdoo or Postmaster General Burleson to camp on its trail until it is passed in virtually its original form. And they are a dandy little pair of campers. Rain or shine, hot or cold, Mr. Burleson and his green umbrella usually may be found in the house or senate lobbies when a big administration measure is pending. He hands out a lot of information supposed to be sponsored by the president, and the dear statesmen cannot tell for the life of them just how much authority he has to speak. Hence they always listen.

SOMEBODY always is trying to take the joy out of the job of being president by saying that President Wilson leads a dreadfully sad life, something like "Kid" Atlas, the well known weight lifter, or some of those other gentlemen who bore tremendous burdens. But the president can laugh and does laugh a great deal. It's a safe bet that he is not half as sad as most of the folks who feel so sorry for him.

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Off and on, I've seen him at the theater almost weekly during the last two years, and he always seems to be in good spirits.

The heartiest laugh I ever have seen him indulge in came the other night when he witnessed two Japanese jugglers kicking a barrel around a stage. He simply roared at their antics.

THE high and honorable Japanese mission has both amused and pleased Washington. Some of their sartorial effects, such as a black frock coat worn with a pair of duck trousers, tan shoes and a green bow tie have amused, but their desire to escape the folderol that goes with entertaining missions has endeared them to the plain people they have met.

Yawning behind his hand at the close of a day of strenuous entertainment, recently, one of them said:

"Ho, hum! I wonder when I'll get to see Teddy Roosevelt?"

JIMMIE GALLIVAN, at present a democratic member of the house from South Boston, and possible candidate for mayor of that city, is a reformed humorist. He recently purchased himself a new set of what he calls "star teeth," because, he explains, they come out at night, and he found that it was best to be serious while speaking through them.

Soon after purchasing the teeth, Jimmie set out to make a speech. He was not feeling particularly happy, so instead of starting on one of his usual rollicking addresses, he spoke quite dolefully of the dear old homestead, or something like that. And soon he was glad he did, for suddenly his new teeth popped out into the toastmaster's lap and Jimmie could not say another word. Without a moment's delay, however, faking a sob, he sat down. His auditors were powerfully impressed—probably partly due to the fact that they did not know he had lost his teeth.

REPRESENTATIVE PURNELL, of Indiana, a new congressman who broke a world's record by keeping quiet during the first three months he was here, spins a yarn about a Hoosier, who failed to distinguish between the proper use of the different forms of the verb "eat."

"I et six flapjacks for breakfast this morning," he declared at a dinner party one night.

"Ate, Harry, ate," his wife said, sotto voce.

"Well, Mary, maybe it was eight," he replied, "but I thought it was only six."

NO cartoon of recent days has made more of a hit in Washington than that of Morris in the New York Evening Mail on "The New Uncle Sam,"—i. e., Sam Gompers.

If ever there was a man who believed himself to be the leader of thought and opinion in a country, that man is Sam Gompers, the president of the American Federation of Labor. And there is reason for his belief, for during the last six years Gompers has practically sat in the galleries of congress, dictating legislation by moving his thumbs up or down, according to his feeling for the particular measure under consideration.

Gompers is a rough and ready customer, always willing for battle, and usually in one.

His particular aversion is the employer class and the plutocratic rich. During the last days of the old Cannon-Aldrich regime he was indefatigable in his attacks on the leaders and especially on the late Senator Aldrich.

But one day Aldrich got even with him. Gompers was on a parlor car going to Atlantic City, where he spends much of his recreation time, and a lady had the seat next to his.

When she went into the diner for lunch, Sam extended his short legs over onto her seat and prepared himself for a good sleep. He was snoring away when she returned and, as every other seat in the car was filled, she was rather embarrassed as to what to do.

An elderly gentleman, sitting directly across the aisle from Gompers, reading a magazine, looked up and discovered her embarrassment.

Quick as a flash he jumped up and none too gently removed Gompers' legs from her chair. Sam woke up, stared at him a minute, and then with a grunt turned over and went to sleep again. The lady introduced herself and the elderly gentleman did the same. It was Senator Aldrich of Rhode Island.

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KIRBY in New York World

Deserter!

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UP in the senate press gallery there is a man who has watched senators come and go for more than a quarter of a century. He is the most indispensable man in the world, so far as the newspaper profession is concerned. His name is Jim Preston and he is superintendent of the gallery.

Preston is the major domo of Washington correspondents and without him they would be helpless. No matter what the big news of the day is, Preston is usually on the job handling the routine details for the men assigned to it.

Newspaper men are generally acknowledged the most appreciative fellows in the world, and not long ago they had an opportunity to show their appreciation of Preston. It was on the occasion of his twentieth anniversary as superintendent of the press gallery. The boys clubbed together and presented him with a brand new Ford and enough money to keep it going for a year. But that doesn't begin to repay Jim Preston.

Barney Baruch, the wealthy New York broker, who sold his seat on the stock exchange to come here and work free gratis for Uncle Sam wears the loudest socks of anybody in official life.

BABIES in congressional families are always interesting. Several years ago a daughter was born to Congressman and Mrs. Stone of Illinois. The little one had trouble with all of the food which was offered her for consumption. Finally, Mrs. Stone mentioned the fact to Assistant Secretary of Agriculture Vrooman. He offered her a goat from the government farm at Beltsville, Maryland. The offer was accepted and today Miss Shielagh is one of the healthiest, happiest youngsters in Washington.

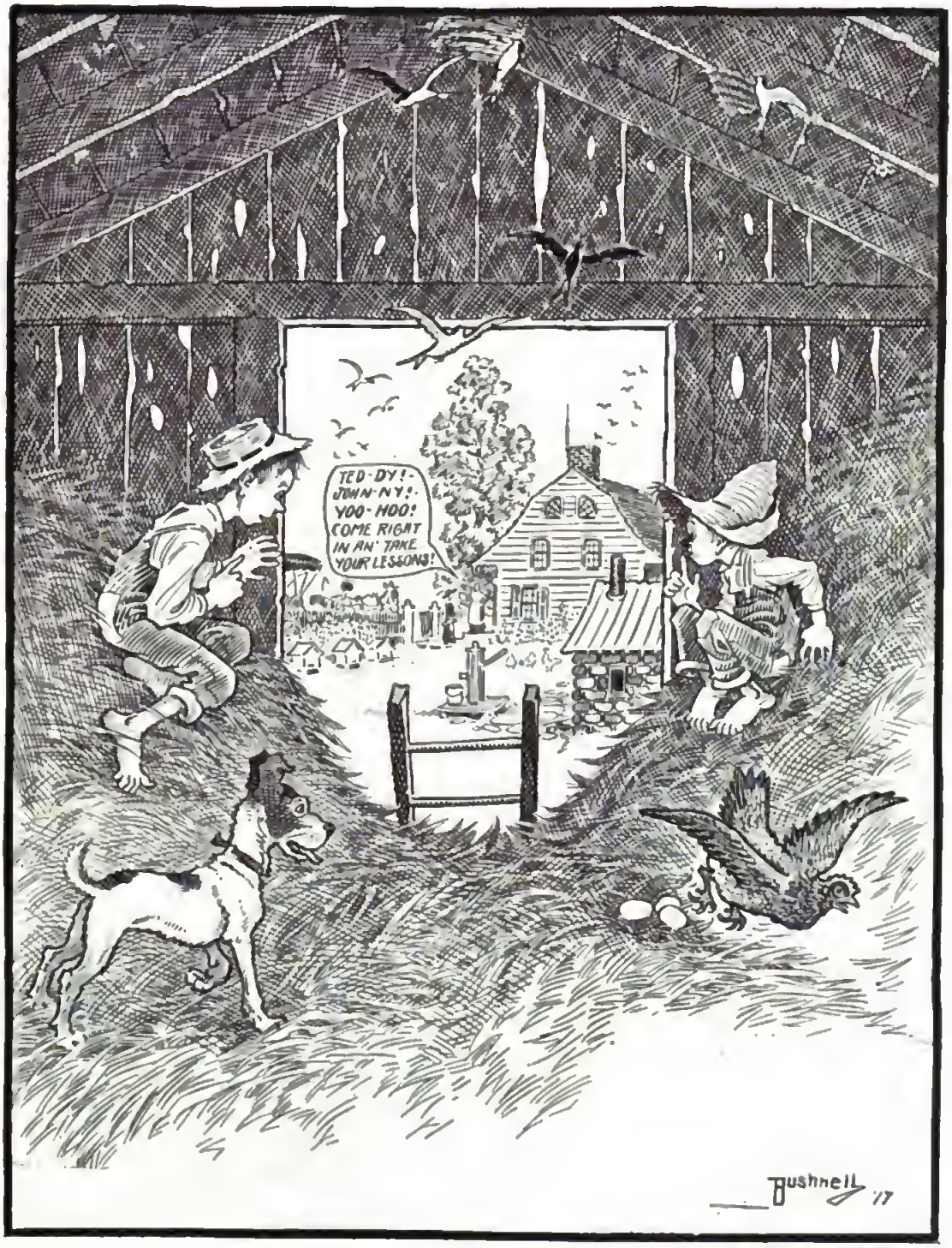
THE gloom of Gotham should lift a little when Byron Newton, successor to Dudley Field Malone as collector of the port of New York, gets there. He is the best two-handed fiddle player extant, and proof of it is that he once won a sack of flour here in Washington when pitted against Senator Chilton, of West Virginia, in a go-as-you-please contest. He also writes poetry, but never tries to sell it.

Representative Meeker, of Missouri, used to be a preacher, now is the staunchest "wet" advocate in the house, and, besides all that, he keeps a pet canary bird in his office.

"Aw, boys, let's go home."

The Road to Yesterday

by E. A. Bushnell



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine

THOSE WERE THE DAYS

Did You Ever Hide Out When the Music Teacher Came?

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Chill November's

FITZPATRICK in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

"I hope they don't forget me."

DARLING in Des Moines Register

The Second Table

DONAHEY in Cleveland Plain Dealer

"Wot ye so sad about, Happy?"
"Aw, it makes me feel sad when I think of them that ain't got turkey for Thanksgivin'."

DONAHEY in Cleveland Plain Dealer

"And he had such pretty teeth."

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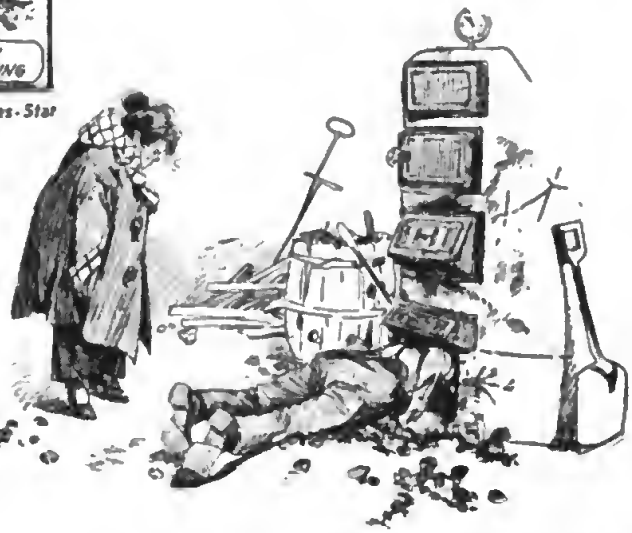
Surly Blast--

BUSHNELL in Cincinnati Times-Star

Just in Time for the Blessing

BUSHNELL in Cincinnati Times-Star

The Oldest "Made in U. S. A." Custom



DONAHEY in Cleveland Plain Dealer

"Dearie, did you roll up your cuffs?"

DONAHEY in Cleveland Plain Dealer

"Well, mother, there's one consolation; Ike always comes home when the huntin' season opens."

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WHERE and how do composers get their inspiration? They are not particularly high livers nor extravagant in their mode of dress and coiffure. Nay, nay! You never find a renowned composer spending good money on such folderols as shaves and haircuts. The clothes cleaner never sees the shade of his coin. Yet melody must ripen somewhere. Can it be that the composers derive inspiration from chop suey? Hardly. Well then, it can't be from their home environment for we learn that some of the most celebrated musicians have hoveled in garrets and coal bins. Might it be drink perhaps? For much worse has been laid to booze when no other cause can be ascribed. But wait! There's the woman yet to be dealt with. Does she inspire her composer husband? Our operas would bear us out in this belief. Take Wagner for example. Judging him by his musical interpretations he must have led a cat-and-dog existence. What a disposition a wife must have to drive a helpmate to such desperations as we find in Wagnerian opera! Ye Gods!

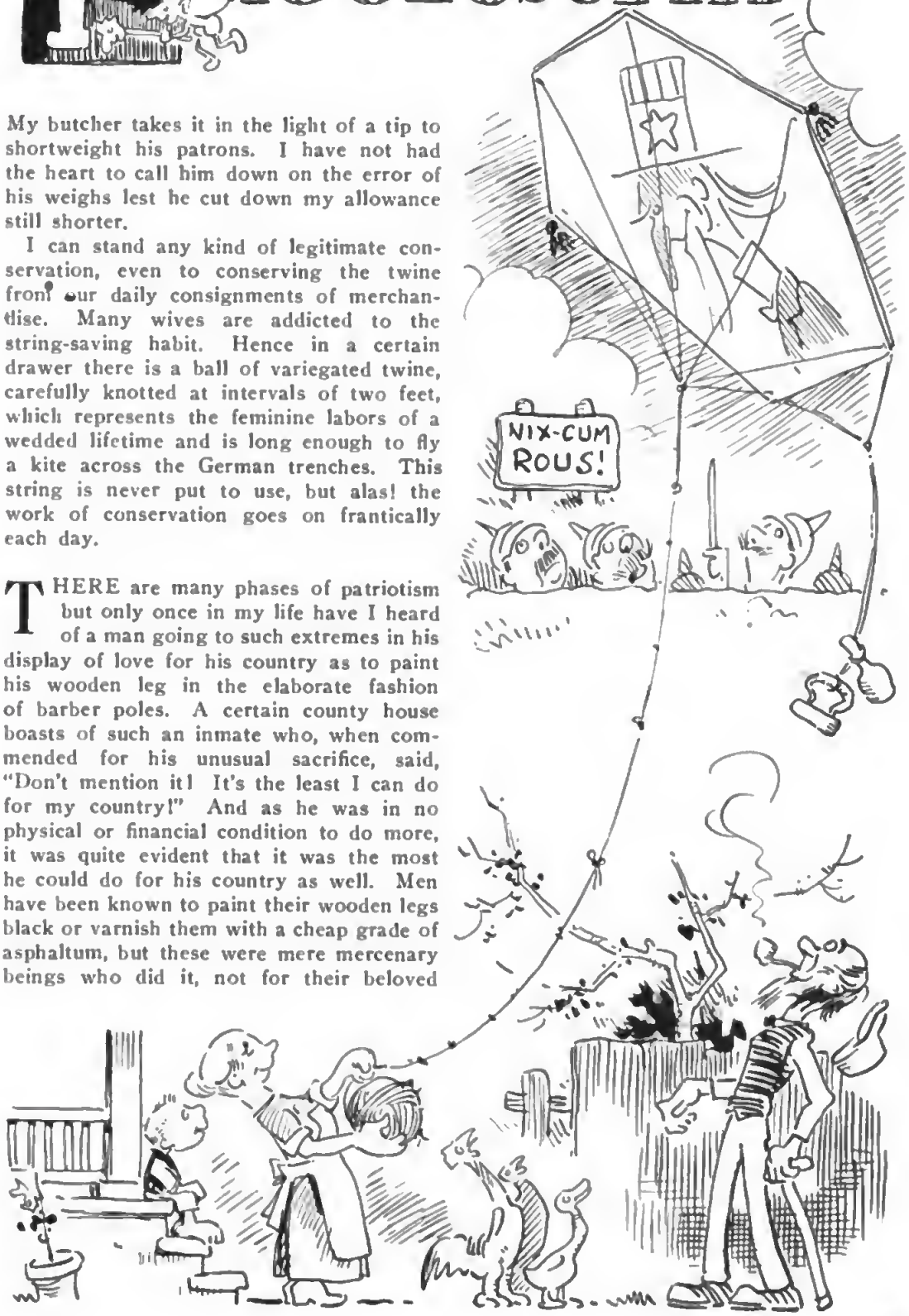
THE conservation of food, I fear, is having a telling effect upon my butcher. I used to obtain an even sixteen ounces of tough steak for the price of a pound. Today I get something like fourteen ounces instead. Said butcher must have misconstrued the exact meaning of food conservation. I take it to mean that one should partake sparingly of food.

PHOOLOSOPHY

My butcher takes it in the light of a tip to shortweight his patrons. I have not had the heart to call him down on the error of his weighs lest he cut down my allowance still shorter.

I can stand any kind of legitimate conservation, even to conserving the twine from our daily consignments of merchandise. Many wives are addicted to the string-saving habit. Hence in a certain drawer there is a ball of variegated twine, carefully knotted at intervals of two feet, which represents the feminine labors of a wedded lifetime and is long enough to fly a kite across the German trenches. This string is never put to use, but alas! the work of conservation goes on frantically each day.

THERE are many phases of patriotism but only once in my life have I heard of a man going to such extremes in his display of love for his country as to paint his wooden leg in the elaborate fashion of barber poles. A certain county house boasts of such an inmate who, when commended for his unusual sacrifice, said, "Don't mention it! It's the least I can do for my country!" And as he was in no physical or financial condition to do more, it was quite evident that it was the most he could do for his country as well. Men have been known to paint their wooden legs black or varnish them with a cheap grade of asphaltum, but these were mere mercenary beings who did it, not for their beloved



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country's sake, but to keep out the ravishing elements of time and decay. A man can well afford to give his wooden leg an annual coat of tar with the money he has saved on shoe shines, but the man who offers his wooden appendage in the manner aforestated is a hero first, last, and all the time. Yizza. Not even George Cohan, who invented the well-known American flag, has anything on him.

IN spite of the warning notes of some present-day educators against the indiscriminate amalgamation of slang phrases with the English vocabulary, Billy Sunday is getting away with it remarkably well in his heart-to-heart Bible talks with the wayward pilgrim. Up to the time that Billy left off baseballing for the more lucrative calling of evangelism, Scripture was a piece of bone-dry literature. But the wallop that Billy puts into it scores nothing less than three-baggers and home runs. Thousands of years have been wasted in an effort to drive the teaching of the Bible home, but it took a man like Billy Sunday to put "pep" into it. The day is coming when Billy will be holding down a pedestal among the latter-day saints and when his fame will overshadow even that of Schlatter and other self-appointed gods of the universe. Why? Because Billy is practical and goes about the job without chin whiskers, long hair, robes, and sandals, nor does he use grease paint in his makeup. We hail him as our

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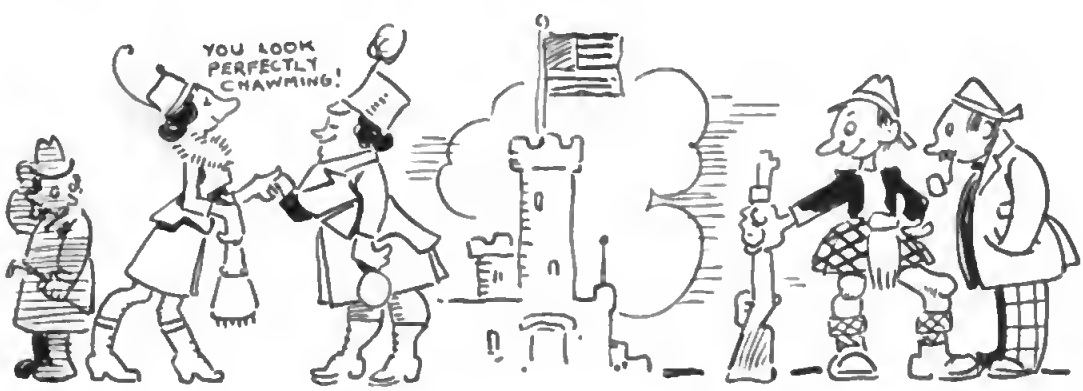
modern Barnum. He is proprietor of the biggest show on earth. It goes without saying that Billy Sunday seems to know just how to prepare us for the hereafter, and whatever the vocabulary of angels in Heaven may be, every new arrival can add a few of Billy's original artistic touches to it!

WE might find a solution for the high cost of married bliss in the complete annihilation of fashion inventors who transform our little dears from beautiful works of nature into horrible zoölogical monstrosities. We are everlastingly groping in the dark for ways and means of relief when just a little bit of dress reform would relieve the stress to a remarkable extent. When women were not ashamed to be seen incased in a ten-cent calico print which rendered them perefct angels to the eye of man, we heard no grumblings from hungry vitals, nor was ever our pocketbook perishing from strangulation. Every husband's pants pocket had its loose stray coin just screaming to get into circulation. Truly, those were happy days.

THE seashore once held us in its fascinating grip because it was really and truly the only place on earth where a respectable gentleman could get a peek-a-boo at the almost altogether. But since the modern abbreviated street gown has passed censorship and the law decrees that the likes may be worn with utter impunity, the seaside bathing suit retires into the middle distance. Sights that once cost us miles of wearisome journeying and many hard-earned shekels we can now behold on our own streets any day. Ladies should be tendered a vote of thanks for their daily treat of shapely calves and silken garters. In mid-Victorian days we had to thank for such delights the mud and wind. This is truly the proper period to select a wife, if you desire one straight of limb and sound from the kneecap to the hoof.



War Time Fads for Women

by Clara Tice

NURSE

ILLUMINATED WRIST WATCH

SWAGGER STICKS

NOT A SILENCER ONLY A MUFFLER

RED CROSS - NAVY - ARMY AND SOCIETY

PATRIOTIC VEST

MILITARY LEGGINGS

CARTRIDGE BELT FOR CIGARETTES

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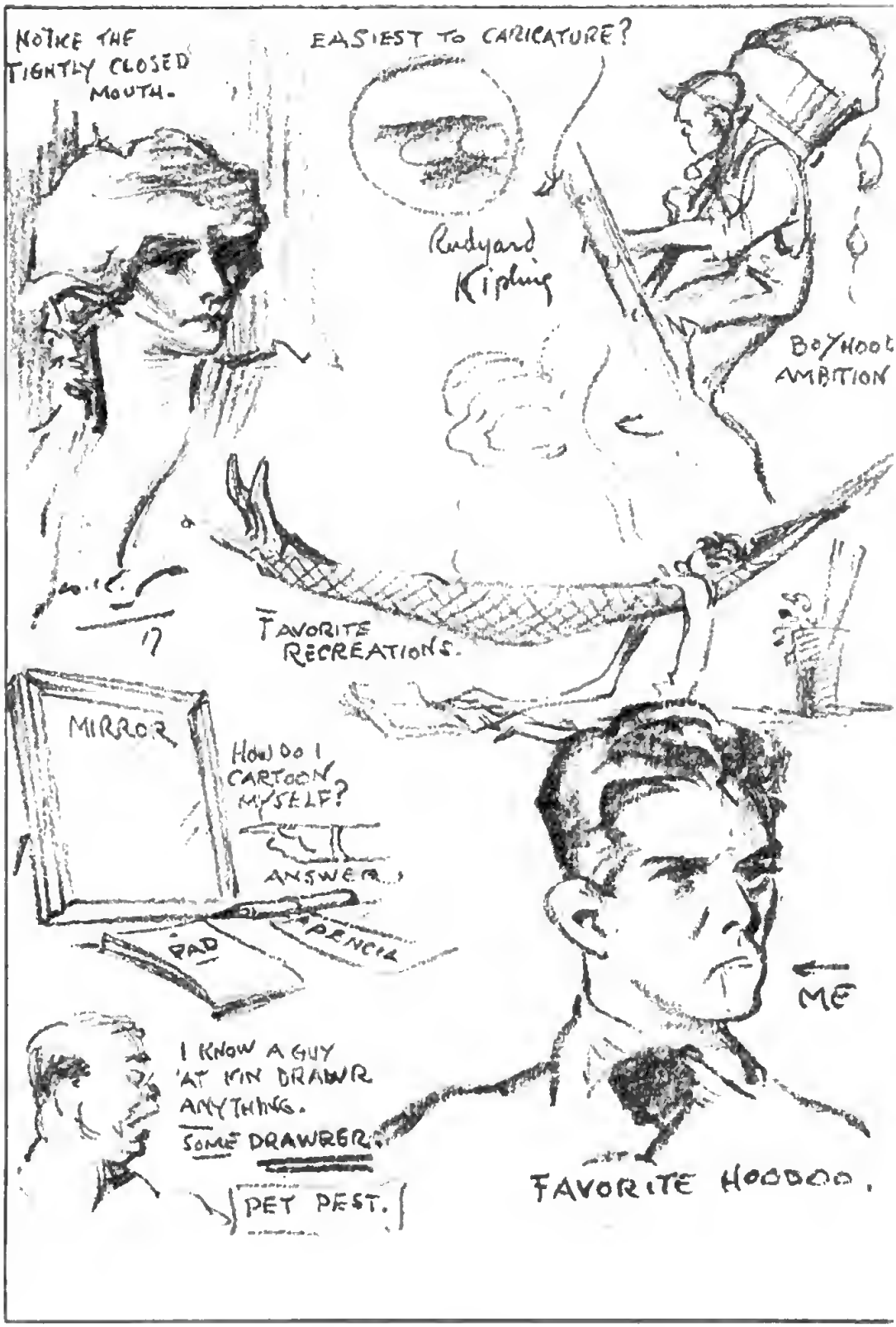
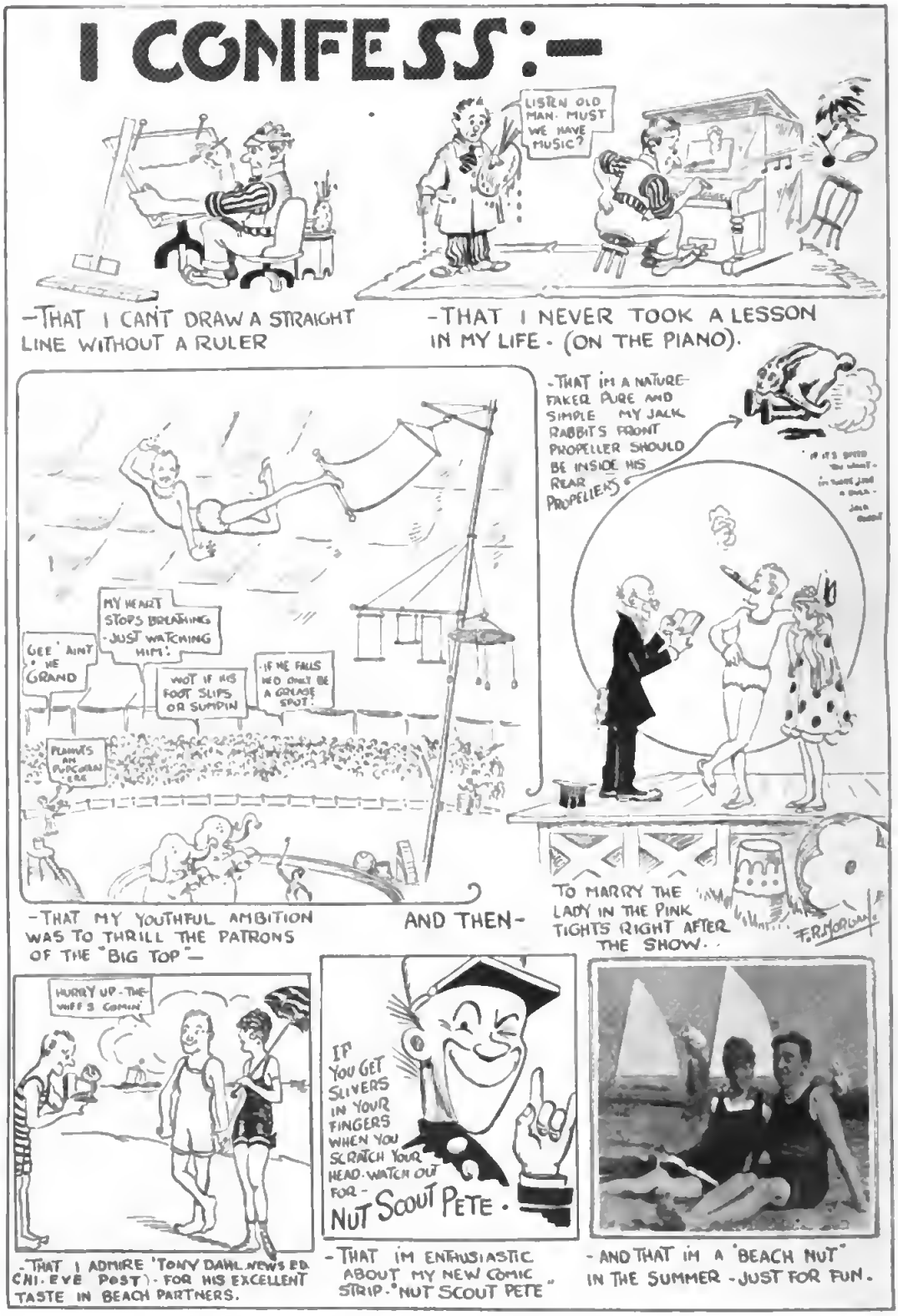


THE CARTOONISTS' CONFESSIONAL

W. K. Starrett Is Impolite Enough to Suggest That Women Are at Their Best When Silent



F. R. Morgan, Creator of Riverview Jack Rabbits and "Nut Scout Pete" Confides the Above to Cartoons Magazine

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THE CARTOONISTS' CONFESSIONAL

The Easiest Person to Caricature Changes, Somewhat, According to Ray Handy

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Old Timer: "The worst experience I ever had was when we ran out of port in a gale of wind."

The Amateur: "Gracious! I thought sailors always drank rum."—Liverpool Post.

Worth the Risk

For three successive nights the new and proud father had walked the floor with the baby. On the fourth night he became desperate, and on arriving home from the office unwrapped a bottle of soothing syrup.

"Oh, James," exclaimed his wife, when she saw the label, "what did you buy that for? Don't you know it is very dangerous to give a child anything like that?"

"Don't worry," was the husband's tired reply; "I'm going to take it myself!"—Tit-Bits.

Dad's Excuses Were Poor

Johnny B——, who has seen eight summers go by, not very long ago developed a fondness for playing hooky from school. After two or three offenses of this kind he was taken to task by his teacher.

"Johnny," she said, "the next time you are absent I want you to bring me an excuse from your father telling me why you were not here."

"I don't want to bring an excuse from my father," protested the boy.

"Why not?" asked the teacher, her suspicion plain.

"'Cause father isn't any good at making excuses."—Topeka State Journal.

"Where have you been, John Wombat?"

"Ssh, my dear. It's a military secret."—Louisville Courier Journal.

Military Consolation

At a certain military depot an obvious malingerer attended the regimental doctor for examination. His tale of woe was, however, laid on too thick—what with a weak heart, corns, lumbago, etc., etc.

The shrewd doctor, patting him on the shoulder, said to him:

"My poor fellow, go to France and get shot out of your misery."—Journal American Medical Association.

VULGAR BRUTE

"Excuse me, but you've got a bit of fluff on your arm."

"What the deuce d'ye mean, sir? The lady's my wife."—Sydney Bulletin

Ever-Hear-This?

Embarrassing

Little brother was wearing clean-looking, blue knickerbockers, but there were three or four tawny-colored spots upon the front.

She: "Don't you like thie Japanese hat? I do."
He: "Well, no, I can't eee your face with it on.
She: "Yes, but then I can't eee youre, either."—Sydney Bulletin.

Three old maids stopped to admire him, but one expressed wonder that the mother hadn't patched the bloomers with the same color of cloth.

Little brother overheard and, blushing deeply, explained: "Them ain't yeller patches. Them's me."—The American Boy.

First Aid

Voice: "Is the doctor in?"

The New Maid: "No, 'e ain't!"

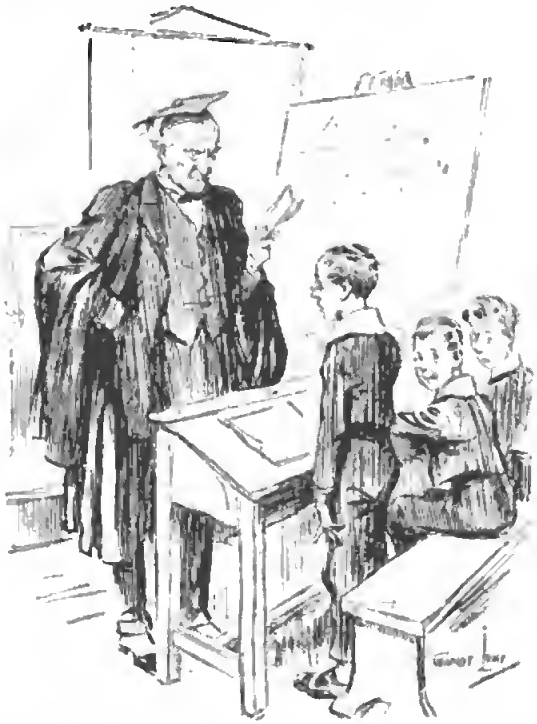
Voice: "Will you give him a message, please? Tell him that Mrs. Dun-Brown has a Belgian gymkhana coming on and wants to know if he can do anything to help."

The New Maid: "Ah, dearie, have ye now?" Ye can't do wrong with a bread poultice, and I'll tell 'im when 'e comes in.—Sydney Bulletin.

A Song of Gladness

I GLIMPSE the plume of joy and catch the beat
Of woodland music piped for fairy feet.
Blue sea, green trees, and butterflies at play
Quiver with laughter in the golden day.
Cleaving the air a little brown bird flings
Backward to earth the thrill of mounting wings.
And Summer goes her way with white limbed grace,
Dropping a flower in every desert place.
Radiant my theme. A minor note of woe
I dare not press—my heart broke long ago!—Sydney Bulletin.

"What a beautiful dog, Miss Ethell" exclaimed her bashful admirer. "Is he affectionate?" "Is he affectionate?" she asked archly. "Indeed he is! Here, Bruno! Come, good doggie, and show Charlie Smith how to kiss me."—Answers.



Master: "Whet! Forgotten your pencil again? What would you think of a soldier who went to war without a gun?"
Tommy: "I'd think he was an officer, eir."—The Paseing Show.

SHE MADE A GOOD SHOW

Men of Experience: "She'e no ectreee, you know just what they call a chowgirl."
The Neophyte: And ehe does—doesn't she?"
—Sydney Bulletin

"Why didn't you enlist?"

"I couldn't decide whether I want to be a colonel or an admiral."—Exchange.

Preparedness

The minister came to Johnson's house one afternoon to a christening party—he was to christen Johnson's little son, John, Jr.

"Johnson," said the minister solemnly, taking his host aside before the ceremony, "Johnson, are you prepared for this solemn event?"

"Oh, yes, indeed, doctor," Johnson beamed. "I've got two hams, three gallons of ice cream, pickles, cake—"

"No, no, Johnson," said the minister with a smile. "No, no, my friend, I mean spiritually prepared."

"Well, I guess yes! Two demijohns of whiskey and three cases of beer!" Johnson cried in triumph.—Exchange.

The Modern Type

Oldboy: "What's become of the old-fashioned girl who used to say 'Ask father'?"

Newguy: "She now has a daughter who says, 'Give it more gas, George; the old man is gaining on us.'"—The Lamb.

"Good gracious, Baby, here are some people coming! Get back into your dressing-room at once."—Punch

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CAPT. BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER in The Bystander, London

DOWN AT THE RATION DUMP

"Call me a tank again, my lad, and I'll knock yer blinkin' 'ead off!"

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New Liberty Loan Posters

Unshackle Liberty
By Charles Louis Hinton.

MANY noted artists were among the competitors in the Liberty loan poster exhibit held recently in the rooms of the Art Alliance of America, 10 East Forty-seventh street, New York. Prizes amounting to $750 were offered for the designs combining greatest artistic merit with the greatest pulling power, and the prize-winning posters were sent on to Washington where they will be used to advertise the second Liberty loan.

To quote the Providence Journal, thoughtful men and women realize that it is going to be difficult to raise the money for the next war bond issue and for the subsequent loans that will be required for our effective participation in the war. The forthcoming issue will call forth even a more strenuous effort on the part of those who carried the first one through, and in addition, the coöperation of a much larger number of individuals. Thus, as the Journal puts it:

"The successful completion of the new loans means that economies must be put into practice and sacrifices must be made.

Uncle Sam Stands Back of You
By E. Frances Elmer.

Help Win the War
By George Wharton Edwards.

Make a Wide Appeal—

We cannot go on as individuals or a nation in the way we have been going, and still provide for the conduct of the war on the requisite scale. England has learned this lesson and taken strict measures to meet the abnormal situation.

"Our war expenditures have already reached a total of twenty-four million dollars a day, and it is estimated that they will soon be at a daily rate of thirty-three millions. That means twelve billion dollars a year—as much as Great Britain and fifty per cent. more than Germany is spending. Put in another way, our war expenditure will soon consume the labor of ten million American workers—one-fourth the total number.

"There is not money enough and labor enough to go round—not enough to finance the war, run our wartime industries and maintain the old scale of personal luxury. We must dispense with whatever is superfluous and concentrate on the one big job in hand. And the sooner we get this fundamental fact fixed in our minds, the better.

"The one absolutely essential task we have on hand is to win the war."

The Key to Peace
By S. Tamas.

Help Shorten the War
By A. Mildred Boyle.

Help Win the Fight for Freedom
By Fred C. Yohn.

AMERICA'S BLACK AND WHITE BOOK

THE European governments have published various white, red, and blue books, explaining why they went to war, but it has remained for William A. Rogers, cartoonist of the New York Herald, to give the world America's Black and White Book, telling more eloquently than by words why we are at war. The volume contains one hundred of the best cartoons by this master of the brush and pen, and is published by the Cupples and Leon Company, of New York.

It contains, besides the drawings, a remarkably lifelike portrait of the artist painted by E. V. Nadherny. The pose is spontaneous and easy, the painter evidently considering the eyes of Mr. Rogers his strongest feature. They are the eyes of a silent observer.

Readers of this magazine are familiar with Mr. Rogers' work. It has been and continues to be forceful, brilliant, and always to the point. Among the most striking of the cartoons contained in the new book are those which deal with Germany's ruthless U-boat campaign, the destruction of the Rheims cathedral, and the activities of German agents in America. Each cartoon is a smashing answer to the question, "Why are we at war?"

His "Children of the Lusitania" appeals perhaps as none other because of the imaginative way the whole tragedy is summed up in those pathetic figures below the tides. "Moving for Peace—and Moving Fast," another fine piece of work, is a satiric comment on the sinister pro-German aspect of the latest peace proposals. Kaiser and crown prince are seen hotfooting it for Berlin, seeking to escape the rain of shells—"Peace from England," "Peace from Italy," "Peace from France"—which are falling about them.

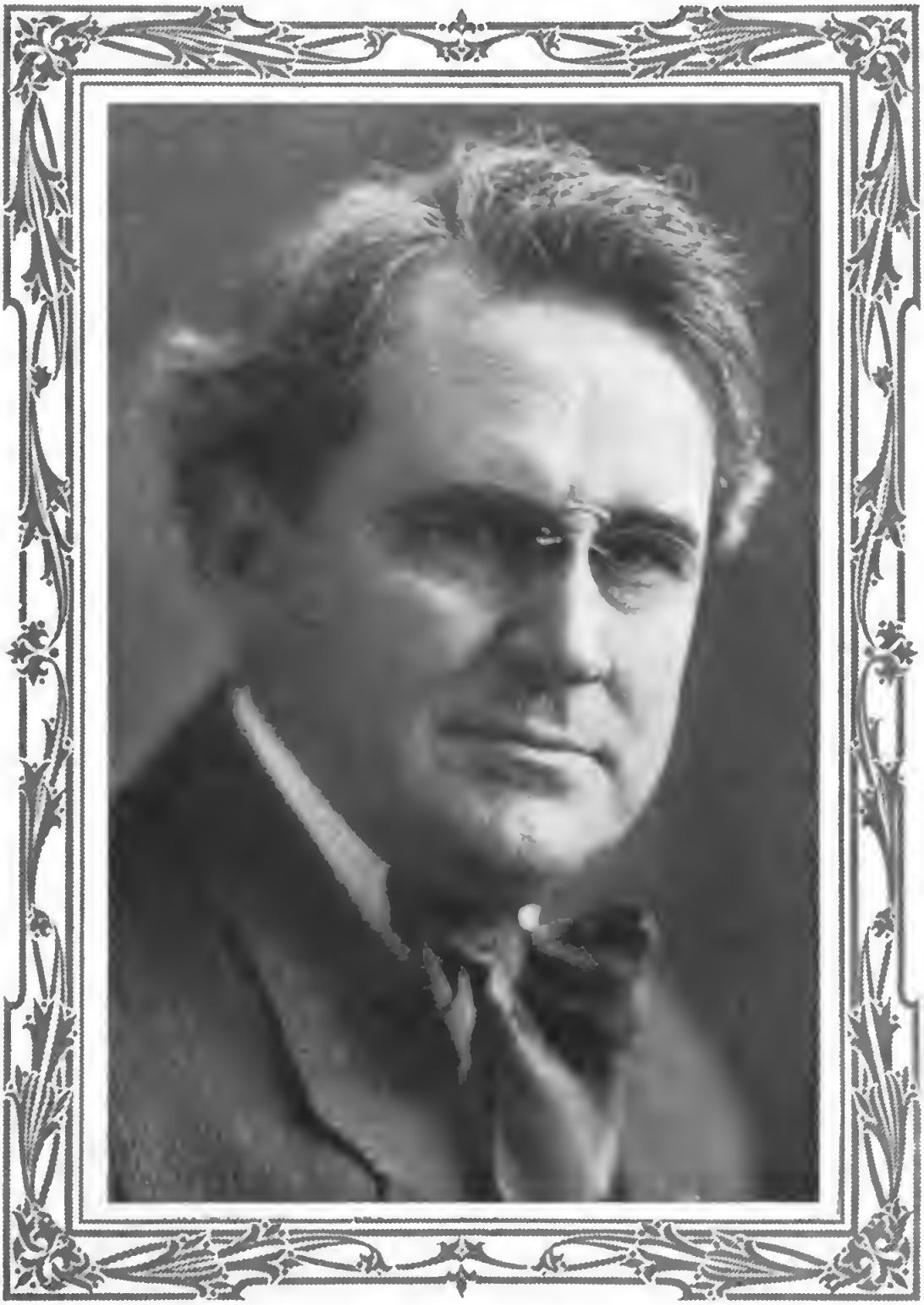
In his drawings of the kaiser Mr. Rogers has made a point of depicting the effect upon that worthy's costume of the quick changes from front to front. The long imperial cloak is patched and frayed at the bottom. The boots are muddy and worn down. The spike in the helmet is twisted. The fist is still mailed, but impotent. Something of wrath at the incredible that has happened, but more of terror at what is yet to happen, is in the eyes.

Mr. Rogers' work as a cartoonist is plastic. He uses pen and ink, or brush or wash, according to the effect desired. Besides all else his work fulfills the fundamental principle of the cartoon—its meaning is recognized at a glance. No Rogers cartoon requires explaining.

BAER IN THE LIMELIGHT

John Baer, the cartoonist-congressman from South Dakota, has been rather in the limelight at the national capital lately. He was among those mentioned by Representative Heflin in the proposed investigation of the Bernstorff $50,000 "slush fund." Baer claims that he could not have received any of the money even if he had wanted to, as he was not a member of congress at the time the United States entered the war. When the altercation resolved itself into a fist fight between Heflin and Representative Norton of North Dakota, Baer, who is a close friend of the latter, insisted on Norton's being given room and a fair chance. Baer was elected by the Nonpartisan League, an organization of farmers, whose recent convention in St. Paul aroused the suspicions of the secret service department.

Cartoonists must be the unluckiest vacationers of all, if we can judge from the pictures they send in depicting the horrors of life at a summer boarding house.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



CLIFFORD K. BERRYMAN

Cartoonist of the Washington Star and Creator of the Teddy Bear

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Drawn for Cartoons Magazine

"Show Your Registration Card"

HELENA SMITH-DAYTON
Who Placed East Wallop on the Map

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Drawn for Cartoons Magazine

"Show Your Registration Card"

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HELENA SMITH-DAYTON
Who Placed East Wallop on the Map

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MACAULEY AGAIN IN THE RING

C. R. Macauley, the veteran cartoonist, formerly of the New York World, has returned to the daily newspaper field after an absence of several years. His motives in returning were purely patriotic. He believed it every man's duty, he said, to contribute something toward winning the war, and to help solve the problem for humanity of an enduring peace with justice. Hearing of the artist's plans, President Wilson wrote to bid him Godspeed in his enterprise, adding, "I know that the finest spirit and the most practiced execution will go into the work." Mr. Macauley will be remembered for his famous "Gold Dust Twins" (Roosevelt and Taft) which appeared during the 1912 presidential campaign. In local politics his best known work was his "ball and chain" series, the ball being Charles F. Murphy, which was chained to the leg of McCall.

PEOPLE YOU KNOW

Harry Westerman has received a letter of congratulation from Herbert Hoover on his cartoon which appeared recently in the Ohio State Journal, entitled "The Greased Pig." Mr. Hoover asked for the original.

In the ranks of provisional ambulance company B from San Francisco may be found Steve Millman, originator of the comic series "Steve and Brink" which achieved great popularity in the columns of the San Francisco Bulletin.

John Scott Clubb, cartoonist of the Rochester Herald, has received a request from the mayor of Wanganui, New Zealand, for one of his cartoon originals for the new municipal art museum of that town.

How to be an artist (in one easy lesson): Locate a flimsy necktie.

Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by John C. Argens

Imaginative Young Lady: "Suppose a fairy should appear and offer you three wishes. What would you do?
Practical Young Man: "I'd sign the pledge."

Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Gus Edwards

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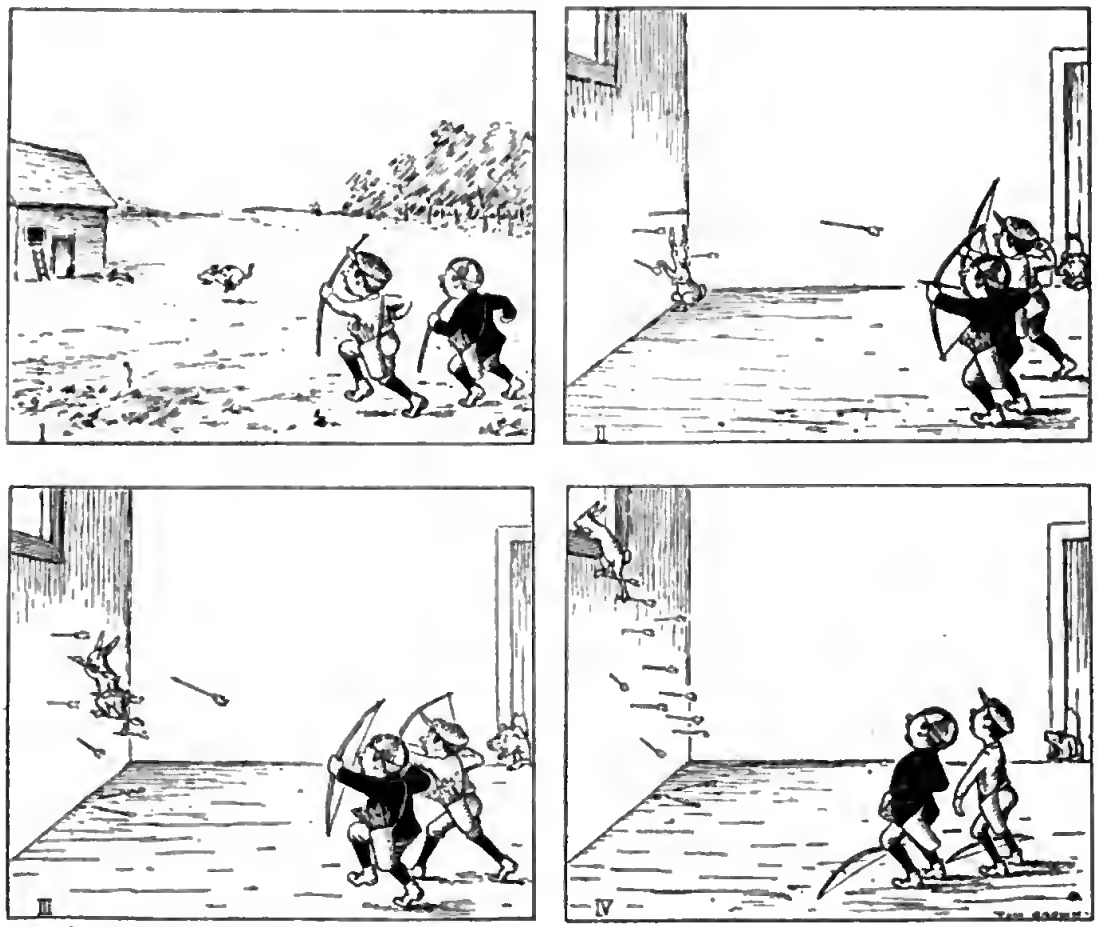
RAEMAEKERS AND HEARST

The rather incongruous partnership formed recently when Louis Raemaekers, the Dutch cartoonist, joined forces with William Randolph Hearst has been a puzzle to many. The Hearst publications have shown their patriotism by urging that our troops remain at home. Raemaekers, on the other hand, has strafed Prussianism and the kaiser as no other single crusader has done. Thus, as the Brooklyn Eagle observes, Raemaekers is a great cartoonist, hut the frames on his latter work are out of harmony with the spirit of his creations. "If he continues to turn on the tobasco in his cartoons," the Auburn (N. Y.) Citizen observes, "it will he interesting to see when Herr Hearst will discontinue to publish them." Some one asked Raemaekers, according to the New York Tribune, why he went to such a pro-German intrument, and the answer was that by doing so he thought he might counteract some of the virus in the reading parts. "There is some reason in that," declares the Bridgeport Telegram, "provided the real cartoons are not muzzled." Another paragrapher refers to the use of Raemaekers' cartoons by the Hearst newspapers as a new kind of camouflage.

Dick Kennedy writes from camp at Spartanburg, S. C., that army life is great, and that he will he off soon to "kan the kaiser." He is in Company 2, 27th division supply train.

Carl Garderwine, of the Terre Haute Tribune, was among the cartoonists asked to contribute original drawings to the cartoon gallery established at the University of Notre Dame under the auspices of the department of journalism.



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Tom Brown

A Hare-Breadth Escape

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YOUR FIRST WEEK AS A CARTOONIST

It Is Not So Easy as It Looks, According to DeBeck

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HANDY A B. M. NOW

During the absence in the Federal Army of Mr. Miron Bunnell, business manager of the Duluth News-Tribune, Mr. Ray D. Handy, for sixteen years associated with that newspaper as cartoonist, has been appointed in his place. Handy says that it seems strange not making a cartoon a day, but is managing to turn out two or three a week.

A PAGE OF ROMANCE

The chubby little god who wields a bow and arrow is still congratulating himself over the Page-Boland wedding. This little affair took place in Nashville on September 1, the principals being Grover Page, who succeeded Carey Orr as cartoonist of the Nashville Tennessean, and Miss Gertrude Boland, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Boland, of Little Mountain, South Carolina. As a climax to the wedding, Mr. Page's kid brother, and the bride's kid sister, unsatisfied with such minor roles as best man and bridesmaid respectively, decided to be the principals of another wedding, although they had known each other only a few days. So the pastor of the First Presbyterian church received two fees. Wedding No. 1 was the ripening of a romance that developed in Chicago when the young cartoonist was attending art school.

HOW CARLSON GOT 'EM

Among the curious applications for seats at the world's series games in Chicago received by President Comiskey of the White Sox, was one by Wallace Carlson, creator of "Dreamy Dud" and other cartoon movies. The application was in the form of a cartoon showing "the old Roman" seated at his desk which is piled with applications. He is represented as saying, "Inasmuch as this is only the 9,101,013 and fifty eleventh request, guess I ought to take care of him. Carlson got his seats.

George McManus, the creator of "Bringing Up Father," has written, in collaboration with "Chic" Sale, of the Passing Show company, a three act comedy which will be produced during the coming season.

Grover Page

Mrs. Grover Page

Miss Gertrude Miller Boland, Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Boland, of Little Mountain, S. C., was Married, September 1, to Grover Page, Cartoonist of the Nashville Tennessean

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CARTOONS MAGAZINE

THE MAN WHO SLEW HIS GOD

AFTER NORMAN LINDSAY IN THE SYDNEY (AUSTRALIA) BULLETIN

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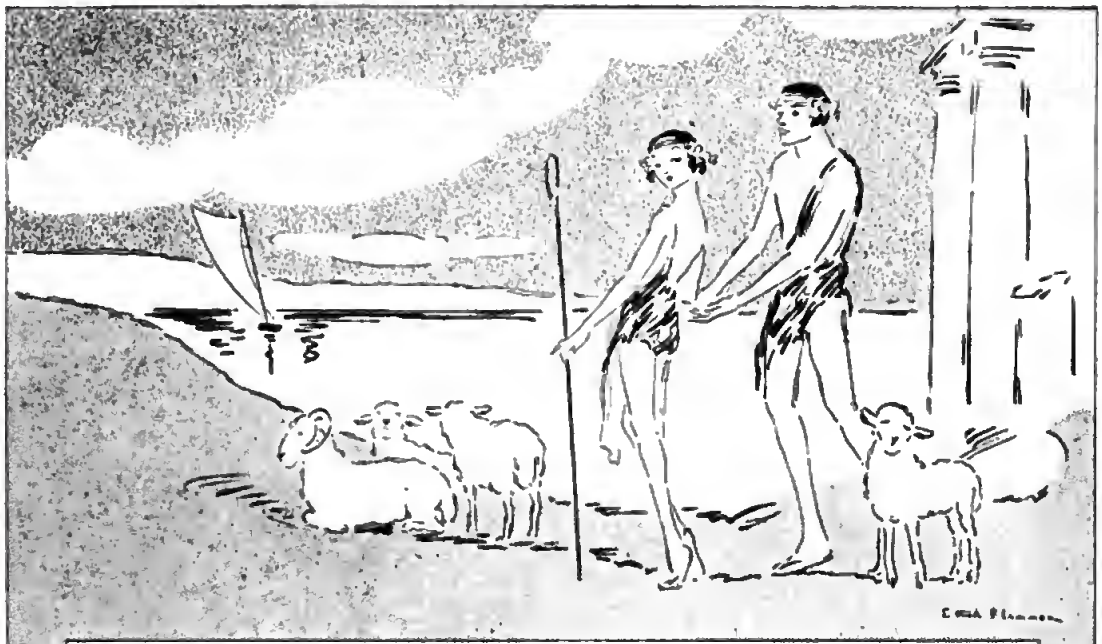

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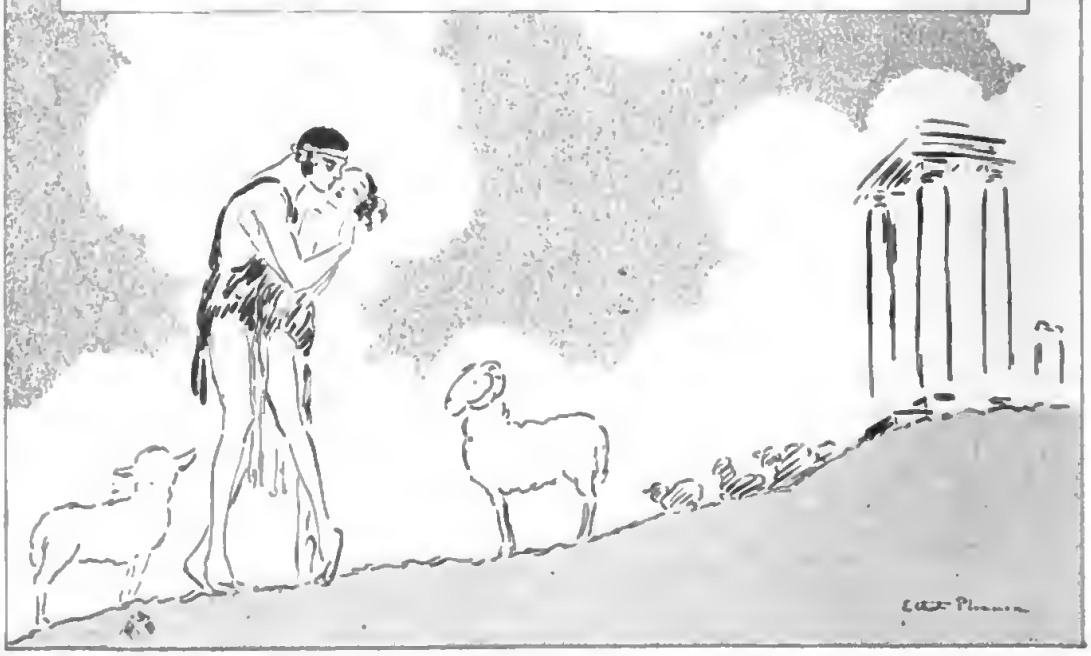
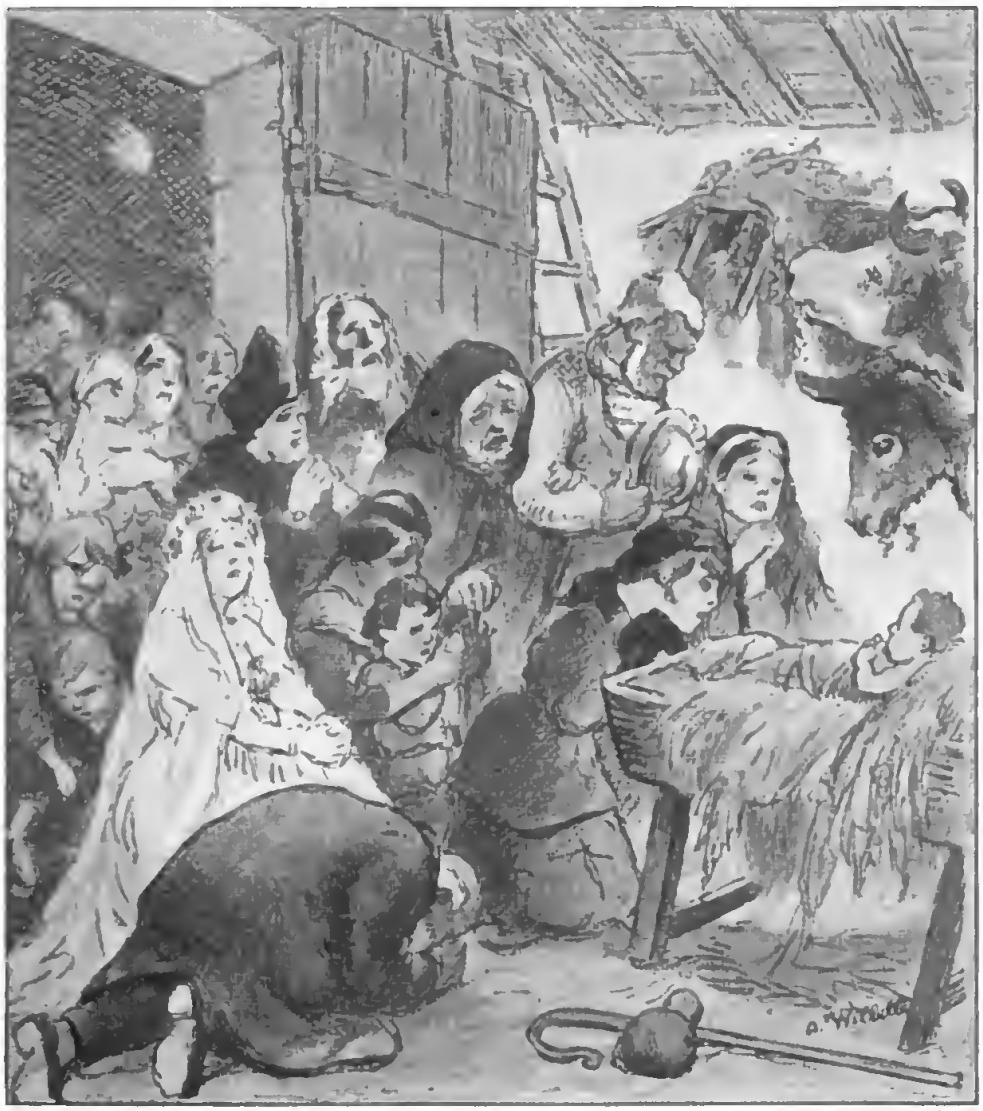


Volume 12 DECEMBER, 1917 Number 6

CARTOONS MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT 6 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO



Willette in Le Rire, © Paris

BEHIND THE LINES

They Pray for Soldiers of All Nations

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Speeding Up Machine

THE smashing success of the second Liberty loan; the news that our boys have at last reached the first-line trenches and have begun blazing away at the Germans; the silent departure of more units for France; the loss of the "Antilles;" the increased taxes on such luxuries as theater tickets, club dues, and cigarettes; the meatless days; the wheatless days; the establishment of maximum prices for necessities—it is by such developments that we are awakening to the fact that we are in the war. We are speeding up the war machine, and we are feeling the burden of war more and more.

It will be some time before Uncle Sam shall have begun to exert all his strength, or even a small part of his strength, but doubtless the greatest blow as yet dealt the kaiser was the rolling up of the vast $5,000,000,000 Liberty loan. It started like an avalanche, moving sluggishly at first, but gradually gathering momentum until it became irresistible. To change the metaphor, the Liberty loan "went over the top" magnificently, and any doubts as to America's war mood may for the present be dismissed. We have gone into the war to win, and if the German kaiser were the devil himself, it would not dismay us.

Carter in Philadelphia Press

HAUNTED!
The Man Without a Bond

Typically American in its spectacular features was the second Liberty loan campaign. It was a triumph of publicity. The appeal to back the boys in France was brought home personally to each and every one of the 100,000,000 citizens of the United States. Artists, cartoonists, advertising men, bond salesmen, clergymen, members of congress, and volunteer workers from all walks of life lent impetus to the great drive. Great banking houses placarded the sides of their buildings with appeals to purchasers. Liberty loan posters—thousands of them everywhere—awoke latent patriotism. Cartoons carried the message into every home. Flying squadrons found no doors locked to them. Clergymen preached the gospel of the Liberty loan from their pulpits. And the final day of patriotism

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the War

Carter in Philadelphia Press

Hypnotizing the Slackers

—a public holiday, with flags flying, bands playing, and soldiers marching in long files—was an incident that will long remain a memory of the great war. It was a wonderful achievement. As the Pittsburgh Dispatch says:

"The American people went 'over the top' in their subscriptions to the second Liberty loan, the largest applications for any war loan by any of the belligerents. The previous record was Great Britain's loan of last January, about $4,900,000,000. More remarkable than the achievement itself was the speed with which it was accomplished. Notwithstanding that the first Liberty loan of two billion dollars was oversubscribed by one-half last June, within four months thereafter the country has pledged over five billions more, raised in the short space of four weeks, or at the rate of a billion a week and a billion over on the last day.

"Estimates of the number of individual subscribers range from eight to ten millions. There were four million subscribers to the first loan. The increase justifies the assertion, when the second loan was launched, that there would be a much wider response because the people had been educated to bond buying, had been aroused to a sense of active participation in the war by the drafting of the youth of the nation and were increasingly determined to press the struggle to a victorious conclusion. The growing success of each loan will make the flotation of those that may follow easier."

Comparisons between the American loan and the most recent German war loan are made by several newspapers. As the Philadelphia Inquirer points out, the German loan represents arbitrary methods, the banks, rather than the people, supplying the money. It is the great individual participation in the loan over here that makes it different from the German subscription. Says the Detroit Free Press:

"Five billion dollars represents $50 for every person in the United States. It is the same average subscription as that made by the German people for their latest loan a week or two ago, and measured by the rule of mere money, we in the United States have shown ourselves at least the equals of our foes in patriotism.

"But there is a wide difference between the circumstances of this loan of ours and those of the recent German loan. The Germans have no alternative but to be generous to their government; they must give money and men and everything it asks of them or they will be beaten, for the foe is at their very threshold and unless he is kept back he will overrun the land. With us the war is as yet largely an abstraction. It is far away; we do not realize even that it is our war, for our homes are not menaced nor are our men engaged in the fighting except as part of their training course, and that only in the last few hours of the Liberty

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Cassel in New York Evening World Copyright, Press Publishing Co.
The Prisoner of War

loan campaign when the news of their trench experience could have had little influence on the subscriptions. We have no compelling influence of self-preservation to drive us to eager aiding of our defensive forces; but dollar for dollar and citizen for citizen we have fairly matched the achievement of a nation whose back is against the wall and who must put forth every ounce of strength in its desperate position.

"If the United States can do so much when it is merely getting ready to start, what will it do when it actually gets into the conflict and its people are aroused and determined to bring their full strength to bear for victory?"

In the meantime, while the civilians have been fighting with their dollars—and civilians were not the only ones to subscribe to the new war issue—our boys in France have taken over "a quiet section of the front," and have fired the first American shell at Fritz. The "red-haired gunner" who placed the shell in the breech of the French "75," found the range, and pulled the lanyard, may yet be the subject of a great historical painting. Schoolboys in years to come will be shown that shell case, which, with the bowl from which the capsules for the draft were taken, is probably our most treasured war relic today. To quote the Philadelphia Inquirer:

"It can hardly be said that the first shot at the Germans compares in historical importance with that which was fired at Concord Bridge and was 'heard round the world.' But in an ethical sense it may mean even more. It is not now a few embattled farmers, but the greatest civilized nation on earth which has risen against a fierce despotism which must be destroyed if life is to continue to be worth living.

Kirby in N.Y. World
The Autocrat

Cassel in New York Evening World Copyright, Press Publishing Co.
Milkless Days

Norman Lindsay in Sydney Bulletin

A FRIGHTFUL MISTAKE SOMEWHERE

The Kaiser (as American troops march through London): "This is all wrong, I tell you! I.—I was to do this march!"

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"It is of sentimental interest that we bave actually begun to fight, and as we are a very susceptible nation a thrill has run through the land. We must remember, bowever, that the time for glorification will arrive only when we can with honor take off our armor after having fought the good fight to victory. Millions of shells and bullets must be fired against the serried ranks of the enemy before victory comes, but that it will come is no more open to doubt than tbat tomorrow's sun will rise.

"It is a solemn thing to enter into such a combat. We have hardly yet realized that we are engaging in the greatest struggle in history. We must be prepared for sacrifices. We must be prepared for heartbreaking agonies. We must be resolute and undaunted under all circumstances. Sad as it is to see lives laid down in war, sadder still beyond compare would it be to submit to an enemy which believes that there is no God but force and that worst of crimes are virtues if only they be committed by Germans.

"No one would want to live in a world conducted under German auspices."

"America promised her allies a fighting army, and makes good," observes the Cleveland Plain Dealer. "Within six months of the day when the first United States regulars landed on French soil, the nation, despite initial unpreparedness, has been able to put in first-line trenches a body of men who can be trusted to hold them and to advance them toward the German border. It has been able adequately to equip and supply them. It is in position to provide a continual and growing stream of reinforcements. It has created out of nothing that business organization which makes efficient war-making possible. America is ready now.

"When war was declared the ranks of the regular army were depleted. The army lacked arms, ammunition, supplies. Moreover, it lacked even the governmental machinery neces-

Cesare in New York Evening Post

VALLEY FORGE—FRANCE
A Liberty Bond

Carter in Philadelphia Press

The Gorgon's Head

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L. Raven-Hill in Punch, © London

CORNERED

Kaiser (having read Mr. Gerard's German reminiscences): "I never saw a more abominable tissue of deliberate truths."

L. Raven-Hill in Punch, © London

THE INTRUDERS

American Eagle (to German peace doves): "Go away; I'm busy."

Donahey in Cleveland Plain Dealer

It Looks Bad for Profiteering

Wilmot Lunt in The Bystander, London

The Rising Tide

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Kirby in New York World

Running Him Down

sary to the handling and equipment of a great body of men. The fact that in these six months the nation has been able to prepare for real war should bring a glow of pride to every American. The nation must, of course, regret the short-sightedness which made a six-months' delay inevitable. It can feel only pride in the quick efficiency with which it made ready, once the need became imperative.

"The sector of the French front which has been taken over by the American soldiers has been a quiet one for many months. One may rest assured that it will not be quiet long. The allies have determined upon a continuous offensive. They plan to bring unending pressure upon the whole of the German line and America is to have its part in creating and in maintaining this pressure. Hundreds of thousands of reserves will, of course, be necessary if the United States is to bear its proper share of the burden of freeing French soil of the invader. The government guarantees that they will be on hand when they are needed. The problem of transporting men and supplies is, indeed, of appalling magnitude, but the United States is set to handle it.

"The war is our war now as never before. Americans may rejoice in the efficiency which has marked preparations for actual combat. They must prepare now to make that combat count. Every effort of the nation, as of the government, must be directed to the supply and support of the men in France. There are 100,000 Americans in France. One hundred million in America must make their labors and their sacrifices effective."

London, too, hails with joy the advent of the American soldiers in the trenches. Commenting on their arrival on the firing line, the London Post says editorially:

"Were the German success in Italy or in other theaters to become much greater than the allies consider probable, the Germans would still have to reckon with the fresh, eager, stern forces of America. It would seem that Germany is putting forth her utmost efforts during the interval which must elapse be-

Kirby in New York World

The Defiance

Arthur William Brown in The Red Cross Magazine

The Call for Aid

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fore the weight of the United States can be brought to bear upon her weak and decimated battalions."

Says the Chicago Tribune:

"The first American soldiers step into the strongest arc of the circle drawn about central Europe just as Germany is dealing effectively with one of the weaker arcs. Serbian, Roumanian, Russian, and now Italian lines have proved incapable of holding one of the German thrusts, but the western line of French and British has held and will hold, and there, where it is determined that there shall be no decision until it is a German defeat, American force is to be applied.

"Pershing's artillery, which sent the first American shot into a German formation, spoke the resolve of the American people, an inaudible sound in the cannonading and one without significance except to German imagination, but thus of significance to German perceptions.

"The emotions which revive German and Austrian hopes as the result of successes against the Italians would, for a wiser people, be tempered by the reflection that the strongest republic has touched the German line of defense lightly with its finger. The power of the nation has not been applied. It has not been developed. It is taking form.

"The quiet sector on the French front will become an active one. The small space now occupied by Americans and French veterans will stretch further and will be filled by the masses of trained Americans who will apply the pressure required to bring about the decision necessary for the security of the United States."

In the loss of the "Antilles," however, we have suffered our first disaster of the war. The casualty list, including seventy brave sailors and soldiers, is our first bad news. It has been said that the United States

Sykes in Philadelphia Evening Ledger

"Aindt it awful!"

Marcus in New York Times

More Power

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Cesare in New York Evening Post

The Cap That Fits

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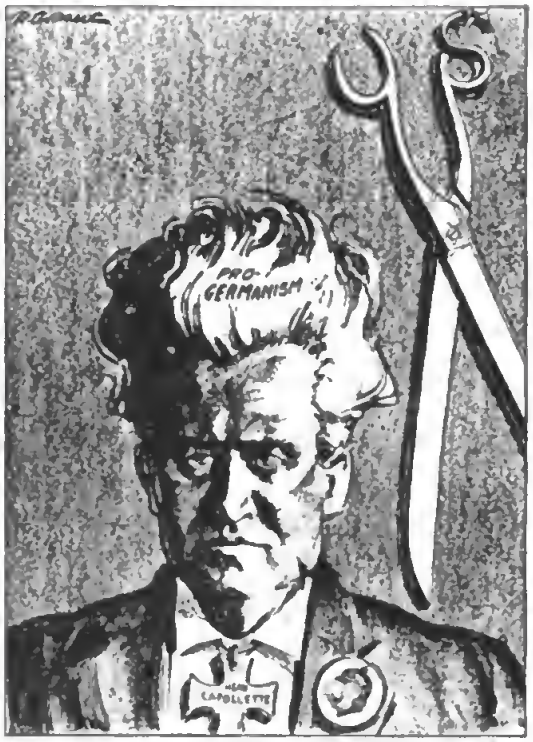
Evans in Baltimore American

Liberty Loan Slacker: "Soak 'em, Sammy—I'm behind you."



Evans in Baltimore American

Wanted—a Delilah

Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

The Big Game

Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Remember the "Antilles"

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Carter in Philadelphia Press

The Barrage from Home

needs casualty lists to make it realize that it is in this war. The sinking of this transport will at least bring home to many Americans the seriousness of the war. We are fortunate in one respect—that the vessel was not torpedoed on its outward voyage. Thus far Admiral Simms' speedy fleet of destroyers has made the sea lanes safe for outward-bound soldiers. Naval officers bid us to "steel ourselves" to the sinking of transports, for it is on these, of course, that the German U-boats will endeavor to concentrate their attacks.

"We find some consolation, however," says the Chicago Tribune, "in knowing that disaster is reported promptly and in the fullest possible detail, that an army much larger than Americans have supposed is already in France, and that the loss of the 'Antilles,' though in itself harrowing, is less calamitous than might have occurred, and that it emphasizes thus early the fundamental necessity of keeping open our lines of communication."

Some of the problems to be faced in sending an army over to France are pointed out by the Tribune. To quote further from this newspaper:

"According to the popular notion, practically all we have to do is send men to France. It is only beginning to dawn on Americans that France furnishes nothing but the battlefields. Railways must be built, and rails, locomotives, and cars shipped over. Cantonments must be built; also immense supply depots and arsenals. A port must be built. It must be large enough to accommodate twenty-five transports at once. Food, clothing, guns, and ammunition must come from America, to say nothing of airplanes. Reinforcements must come in a steady stream. So far as French facilities are concerned, we might almost as well be fighting this war in the middle of the Sahara.

"The Germans have recognized that. Hence their composure. By imperiling, if not demolishing, our means of communication with France, they could hamper our operations to such an extent that an American army in France would be worse than useless. This was their plan and still is. If the fate of the 'Antilles' has

Carter in Philadelphia Press

It's Going Over

This cartoon was drawn by Mr. Carter on an immense signboard in Philadelphia.

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Wilmot Lunt in The Bystander, London

"WITH MY LITTLE HATCHET"
"Woodman" Wilson and the "U"-pas Tree

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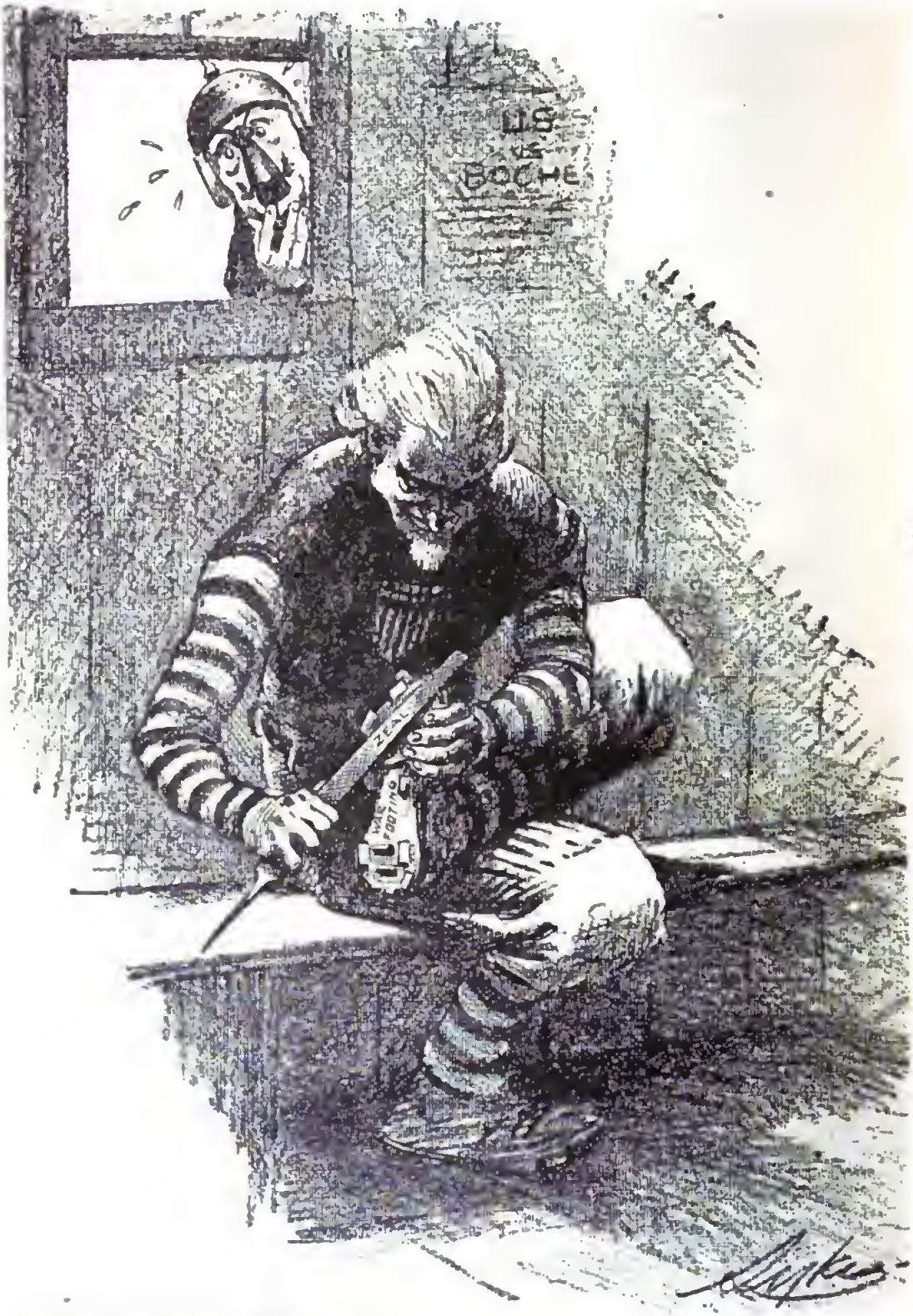

Sykes in Philadelphia Evening Ledger

Sharpening Up for a Very Tough Game

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Carter in Philadelphia Press

"That liberty business makes me laugh!"

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Sykes in Philadelphia Evening Ledger

Sharpening Up for a Very Tough Game

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Carter in Philadelphia Press

"That liberty business makes me laugh!"

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Carter in Philadelphia Press

HIS BIT DONE!

A Liberty Loan Lesson from the Fighters for Liberty

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revealed it convincingly to the American people, we have paid a small price for a big lesson. Only in a very limited sense is the war going to be won in France. In a far more impressive sense, it is going to be won on the high seas and in American shipyards. We are thankful that the American people are in a fair way now to realize it."

Deplorable as was the loss of life on the "Antilles," there is still a silver lining to the cloud, according to the Brooklyn Eagle. Thus, we read:

"The attack by an unseen submarine, following so close upon the torpedoing of a United States destroyer, which made port, proves that our transports have not been ignored by German U-boats and that they have not escaped through accident. Submarines have made every effort to 'get' them.

"Their failure to do so, except in this case of a returning ship, proves the efficiency of our navy and the soundness of the convoy measures employed.

"Further proof of this efficiency is found in the saving of so many lives from a ship that sank in five minutes."

Evans in Baltimore American

Knitting to Beat the Dutch

Donahey in Cleveland Plain Dealer

On the Bread Line

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From Osaka Puck

See How the Russian Women are Acting in the War

A Japanese tribute to the "Battalion of Death."

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From London Opinion

The Russian Samson, having Had His Hair Cut by Delilah (Anarchy), Kerensky Offers Him Something to Restore His Strength

Russia's Valley of Decision

WHETHER one is inclined to view Russia through rose-colored glasses or through blue spectacles, the situation remains unsatisfactory. As a military factor Russia is eliminated—it may be until the end of the war. The fall of Riga, followed by the German occupation of Oesel Island and Dagö Island—the "Isle of Day"—in the Gulf of Riga is decidedly a menace. These recent gains by Germany, despite the valiant action of the Russian fleet, constitute a threat to Petrograd not unappreciated, evidently, by the Russian government which has decided to remove its headquarters to Moscow.

It may be that the Germans will not attempt a winter land campaign with Petrograd as its objective. Or, even with the City of Peter under the German eagle, Russia herself might still remain unconquered. But whatever the developments, there is no pink on the horizon. Looking at the situation as optimistically as possible, one sees Kerensky still in the saddle despite the radical and anarchistic forces that have sought his downfall. One sees the Russian fleet, responsive to the dictator's appeal, pulling itself together and giving a good account of itself during the engagement in Moon Sound. The transfer of the government to Moscow may rid official circles of the intrigue and pro-German influences that infested Petrograd. But that is about all. German hopes have been rekindled by the successes in the Gulf of Riga, and should the kaiser so desire, no formidable obstacles appear to stand in the way of a triumphal march to Petrograd.

The American press is inclined to take the best view possible concerning Russia, and to hope that the new republic will in time "find itself" and prove worthy of the liberty cap so suddenly thrust upon it. The Cleveland Plain Dealer, reviewing the operations in the Gulf of Finland, and the first line of defense—Oesel and Dagö

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Evans in Baltimore American

"See, Fritzie, how shtrong I iss yet?"

islands—points out that Reval, the great naval station in Esthonia, constituting the second line of defense, is all that stands between Kronstadt and Petrograd. Already the Russians have been fleeing from Reval, believing that it cannot be held against a determined attack.

"But there is one encouraging circumstance," observes this newspaper. "The Kerensky government is reported definitely to have decided upon removal to Moscow. Moscow is the heart of the real Russia, as Petrograd has never been. Petrograd, since the revolution last spring, has been in the hands of the turbulent mob, subject to the whims of soldiers who would not fight and workmen who would not work. The unruly mob which its lower quarters pours forth has time and again bent the provisional government to its will. The great city is full of extremists and agitators, of German agents and Bolsheviki enthusiasts, who are Germany's best friends. A Russian government in Moscow might have a chance to serve the nation rather than its noisiest element.

"The German aim, it must be supposed, is to compel Russia to a separate and immediate peace. It is hardly to be believed that von Hindenburg, who heads this combined naval and land offensive, supposes that Germany can hold the territory it is winning. It is simply more land with a market value when bargaining for peace is renewed. The allies can only hope that this latest Russian disaster will rouse that people to realization of its plight, compel them to forget their fac-

Sykes in Philadelphia Evening Ledger

Mostly Froth

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L. Raven-Hill in Punch, © London

RUSSIA FIRST

Russia (to Spirit of Revolution): "Throw down that torch and come and fight for me against the enemy of liberty."

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Down with the Foe!

One of the 1917 Liberty loan posters issued by the new Russian government. The banner at the left reads: "Work for Victory;" at the right, "Don't let the enemy seize the victory you have gained." The artist is B. Kustodieff.

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Low in Sydney Bulletin

Bruin and the Brink

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Cesare in New York Evening Post

The Dreamer

organizations behind the lines. It is fairly safe to assume, however, that the army which lost Riga is quite likely to lose Petrograd as well, knowing as we do that the German failure to advance far beyond Riga was due rather to the lack of German man power than to the stiffness of the Russian defense. On the naval side it is likewise quite probable that the superior German fleet is capable of forcing an entrance to the Gulf of Riga or the Gulf of Finland whenever it will.

"On the other hand, it is difficult to see what Germany has to gain by a campaign against Russia at this time. Petrograd's land approaches stretch over 300 miles of roadless country, with a severe winter only a month off. Its water approaches are defended by mines and fortifications, formidable enough if the Russian navy is in fighting trim, but still more formidable when it is considered that the sea will freeze over before many months have passed. Nor would the taking of Petrograd eliminate Russia from the war. It would merely arouse the fighting spirit of the people and would greatly extend the German lines, put further strains on the commissary and communications, while leaving the southern sectors of the eastern front as vulnerable as ever next spring."

"It is difficult to tell what queer things

tional differences and make possible that united resistance upon which Russia's salvation must depend."

The Philadelphia Press sees nothing hopeful in the recent developments except, perhaps, that the taking of Petrograd, should it be accomplished, might weld the Russian nation together and arouse the fighting spirit of the people. Germany, the Press believes, would have little to gain by pushing her lines so far inland. To quote:

"It is impossible to do more than barely guess at the probable success of this campaign. Russia's naval and military power are unknown quantities since lapse of discipline complicated the never too efficient

Marcus in New York Times

Russian Army (to Germany): "Anything I can do to help you?"

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Work for Victory

One of the 1917 Liberty loan posters issued by the new Russian government. In the original the banner is blood red. The design is by T. Butshkin.

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the Russians may do," declares the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. "Kerensky's order to the fleet partook more of the nature of a piteous appeal than a command. But the fleet responded, which is an encouraging sign. Kerensky's political prestige may be enhanced both by this fact and by the further fact that he predicted the very kind of advance the Germans are making and was reproached by the fatuous dreamers in opposition to his policies for trying to give needless alarm. The failure of the garrison at Kronstadt is emphasized by Kerensky, probably with a view that it will help to arouse Russia to a realization of its peril and recognition of its cause.

"The Germans have the elements against them, if they purpose the capture of Petrograd, but means of transportation and communication are far better than in Napoleon's time. Nothing but organized Russian resistance can stay the German advance. There are doubtless many Russian traitors, but it is incredible that even a majority of the clamorous crowd in Petrograd is at heart disloyal to Russia. Most of them have been misled."

Maybank in The Passing Show, London

Samson and Delilah

From Nebelspalter, Zurich

ON THE RETREAT

"Why should we die, brother? The National Congress said 'Long live Russia, long live the army.'"

The Kaiser's House

Kirby in New York World

"What will you give for her?"

WE have it on the authority of the Berlin press that the latest Italian offensive was made solely to hasten the arrival of peace. Of course a German peace was meant. The blow to Italy only delays peace by many weeks. The German victories in Italy and in the Gulf of Riga will, for the time being, bolster up German morale. Success came at the psychological moment. Berlin needed a victory, and needed it badly. The kaiser's house of cards had begun to tumble. The revolt of the German navy at Wilhelmshaven, followed by a revolt in the Austrian navy, were straws showing the direction of the wind. Austria, Bulgaria, and Turkey, according to all indications, are heartily sick of the war. The kaiser's recent conference at Sofia may have bolstered up their resolution to stick, but the repair is but a temporary one. German assistance to Austria in administering a crushing blow to Italy may hold a wavering ally for a time. But the people of the central empires are beginning to see through the kaiser's camouflage.

Official announcement has been made that Chancellor Michaelis has resigned and that Count von Hertling, the Bavarian premier, has been offered the chancellorship. The latter's peace aims differ but little from those of Michaelis, and he is every bit as representative of junkerism as the present chancellor. It has been rumored that whoever holds the post of chancellor during the remaining days of the war will be merely a stop-gap; that the really strong man will be needed to sit at the peace table. However that may be, it would appear that

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# of Cards Begins to Fall

Kaiser Wilhelm is hard put to it to keep the junker party in the saddle. Whoever succeeds Michaelis will be just as unpopular.

Meanwhile the German foreign secretary von Kuehlmann, summing up the German attitude toward peace, declares that "except for France's demand for Alsace-Lorraine, there is absolutely no impediment to peace; no question which could not be solved by negotiations or a settlement in such a way as to render superfluous the further sacrifice of blood."

Commenting on this statement the Brooklyn Eagle says:

"Leaving out of all consideration the absolute justice of the French demand for the return of these stolen provinces, we find in the foreign secretary's words a characteristic attempt to becloud public opinion in Germany by obscuring facts vital to any discussion of peace. When a government has betrayed a great people, when it has led them into the shadow of suffering, disaster and irreparable defeat, it resorts to a policy of desperation and perverts or conceals the truth to keep the people in subjection to its power. So the German government, speaking through the foreign secretary, offers for the delusion of the German people the deliberate falsehood that only the claims of France to territorial compensation stand in the way of agreement between Germany and her enemies.

"The real impediment to peace is the utter depravity and notorious untrustworthiness of the present German government. President Wilson, as the spokesman of the American people, has made that fact so plain that there is no longer misunderstanding in this country. Mr. Balfour expressed the same opinion for Great Britain and her European allies when he said that peace was impossible until Germany was made either powerless or free, until the German government was so far beaten that it became impotent to re-enact the outrages of which it has been guilty since August 1, 1914, or until the German people emancipated themselves from the rule of the military caste and created a system which would command respect throughout the world because of its responsiveness to public opinion at home.

"Peace will come only when the German government acknowledges defeat or the German people depose it from power. We

Copyright, Press Publishing Co. *Cassel in New York Evening World*

"We will return Belgium"

Sykes in Philadelphia Evening Ledger

Where There's So Much Smoke—

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Bernard Partridge in Punch, © London

THE BELGIAN "MENACE"

Kaiser: "If I grant you my glorious pardon, will you promise not to terrorize me again?"

"Belgium would be required to give a guarantee that any such menace as that which threatened Germany in 1914 would in the future be excluded."—German Foreign Secretary to Papal Nuncio at Munich.

Norman Lindsay in Sydney Bulletin

BEHIND THE CURTAIN

"Democratization of the state is absolutely necessary"—the German Prof. Hentzl

"The United States has bnt a sympathetic interest in the solution of this problem. For our own ends we have no desire to become involved in questions of territorial boundaries. But we sympathize with the determination of France for a number of reasons. First of all because France was unjustly robbed of the provinces; next, because France has suffered so greviously by this terrible war that we would see some compensation for its vast losses; and third, because we feel that Germany must be made in some way to suffer for the woe it has deliberately brought upon the world, and the loss of these provinces would bring home to it as nothing else could the utter failure of its policy and the awful wickedness of its deeds."

ourselves and our allies can never afford to compromise with the evil thing for which Michaelis and von Kuehlmann are the speaking puppets, we can never afford to lay down our arms until we receive a satisfactory pledge that we shall not be compelled to resume them in another war of self-defense against dishonor, deceit and a naked barbarism."

The only answer to von Kuehlmann and to German ambitions, however, is Lloyd George's blunt and direct statement: "England intends to keep on fighting until Germany agrees to give back Alsace-Lorraine to France."

"Plainly," as the St. Louis Globe-Democrat observes, "the disposition of Alsace-Lorraine is, and is to be, the greatest obstacle to the way of peace.

Under the caption, "Germany's last ditch," the San Francisco Chronicle declares that the kaiser is prepared to drop all aims if he can save Alsace-Lorraine. Says this newspaper:

"What a falling off there has been in the imperial ambitions! The vision of a European and the dream of a world dominion vanished, and in their place the very practical problem of saving a troublesome strip of German soil!

"How striking is the contrast between this offer of peace in return for the preservation of two provinces and those boastful threats to revise the map of Europe and

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From The Bystander, London

Willie had a little lamb;
Its fleece was black as coal;
But everywhere they went, men said:
"Go to ——— some 'Better 'Ole!"

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Cesare in New York Evening Post (with Apologies to Rostand and Frederick the Great.)

Shade of Voltaire: "You have the hat, but not the head."

Weed in Philadelphia Public Ledger

Ready for a "Benevolent Discussion"

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impose the stamp of kultur upon all resisting and non-resisting peoples!"

Commenting on the German political situation in general, the Philadelphia Inquirer predicts sensational developments in the near future, and declares that "the German people are growing more and more dissatisfied with the situation, and are rapidly losing, if they have not already lost, their confidence either in the honesty of the government or in its ability to adopt those policies and enforce those measures which the conservation of the national welfare so imperatively demands." After discussing the administration of Michaelis, now "hopelessly discredited," the Inquirer proceeds:

"Whether the opposition which has been aroused and the agitation which is proceeding will constrain the kaiser and the military triumvirate by which he seems to be controlled to change in any radical way the attitude which they have been maintaining is, however, quite another question. So long as the incumbent of the chancellorship is merely the kaiser's agent, so long as he has no responsibility toward the chosen representatives of the people, it makes little difference by what particular person the office is occupied, and thus far there is nothing to indicate that the situation will be at all ameliorated by Michaelis' displacement. More depends upon the efforts being made to consolidate a powerful and determined opposition through an amalgamation of the several elements which are combating the pan-Germanist program, and it should be noted that even the socialists with their refusal to 'renounce a square foot of German soil'—meaning Alsace-Lorraine — have taken a stand incompatible with the negotiation of peace.

"There is little or nothing in sight to sustain the hope that Germany can be brought to terms by any means less drastic than a complete military defeat."

Particular significance is attached to the recent mutiny in the German navy by the New York Evening Sun, which sees in the affair something deeper than appears on the mere surface. The Sun points out that riots, fiercely repressed, broke

P. Vanderhem in De Nieuwe Amsterdammer, Amsterdam

GETTING THEIR BEARINGS
"Willy, do you think we shall strike bottom over there?"
The star represents parliamentarism.

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Rogers in New York Herald

It's No Joke to Desert from a German Ship

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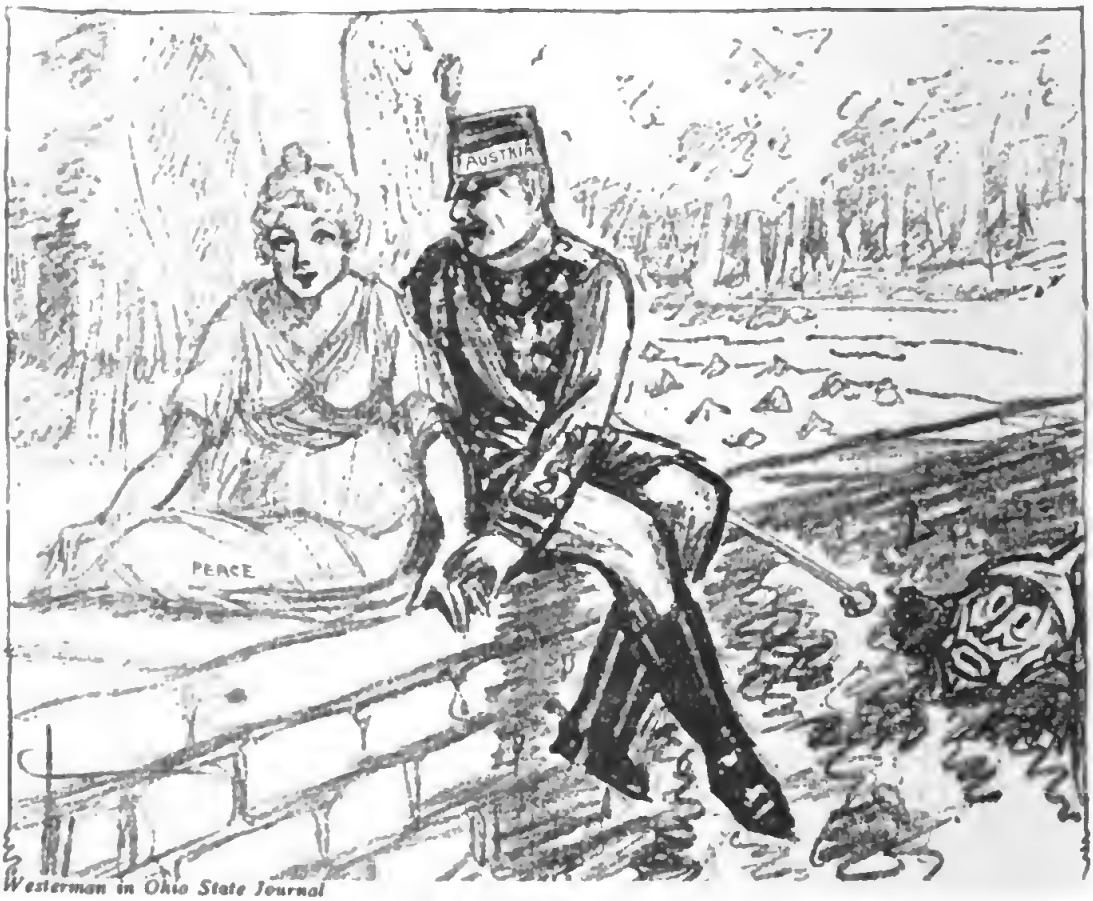
out among the civilian population in 1915 and 1916, but thus far no note of rebellion had been heard among the military forces. Of late, however, says this newspaper, much has been rumored of German military units refusing to face fire in counterattacks at Ypres. "Insubordination is undoubtedly in the air." The Sun continues:

"Reasons for this are not far to seek, although the suggestion that the sailors feared to be drafted for fatal U-boat duty does not ring true to German character. Trouble in the German navy goes deeper than any mere aversion to being killed, though cowardice no doubt manifests itself when demoralization from other causes sets in. The men of the German navy have deteriorated from idleness. At first the naval authorities combatted this tendency by sending the ships out on brief sea raids, but the battle of Horn Riff put an end to these health excursions.

"Since then dry rot has done its work uninterrupted."

Kirby in New York World

Standing by the Kaiser



Westerman in Ohio State Journal

The Forbidden Love

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Italy's Crushing Defeat

DISHEARTENING indeed is the news of Italy's defeat on the Isonzo, but it means only that Great Britain, France, and the United States will have to redouble their energies to win the war. To civilians the Italian rout seems inexplicable. Military observers, however, had predicted it, the only uncertainty lying in where Germany would strike. Several elements enter as factors into this reverse. As the Chicago Tribune expresses it, the disaster is a gift of the new Russian republic to the cause of democracy. Other newspapers emphasize the fact that Italy was short of coal, steel, and munitions, and that these must be furnished her without delay if she is to hold her own against the enemy.

Germany's dying stroke, however, kills the hopes of early peace. It is to be expected, of course, that the central powers, glorying in their latest victory, will again offer to the world peace on German terms, but even if they overran all Italy there could be no peace with kaiserism. Italy has lost 180,000 men. We must supply a million. She has lost a thousand guns. We must supply ten thousand. The disaster only strengthens American resolve to end the war as soon as possible.

That the Mackensen offensive was a move designed to eliminate Italy and hasten the conclusion of a made-in-Germany peace is frankly admitted by the Berlin press. The Weser Zeitung says:

"The worst pessimists now must see that Germany is strong enough to win peace by force. The success achieved against Italy will result in a complete change of attitude on the part of Italy toward the entente, which, if not manifested immediately, will be manifested at the peace conference.

"One of our chief aims must be to carry on peace negotiations in such a way that we do not negotiate with England about the affairs of the whole world, but with each enemy about himself. Italy affords the best starting point for this procedure."

Like all the other German papers, the Weser Zeitung is in raptures over the victory on the Italian front. It says:

"The blow inflicted on Italy is as strong as that which drove the government of France to Bordeaux, but more formidable in its effect, because we are wiser, calmer and more experienced than in the last days of August, 1914."

The London newspapers meanwhile express satisfaction over the decision of Great Britain and France to send help to the Italians, and urge that whatever assistance is possible must be given without delay. There is, of course, no certain indication of the exact form this help will take, but the general assumption seems to be that concrete reënforcements contributed by Great Britain and France will appear on the Italian front. The Morning Post, however, contends that the best way of helping Italy is to continue hammering the Germans on the western front. It adds:

"A German victory over the Italians will not help them if we keep striking hard in

THE GERMAN WAY

ALONG the roads where Roman legions sleep
The Hapsburg eagle and the German sweep;
They shall not wear the glamour that they claim,
The pomp of Cæsar and the Roman name.

Italia stands and shall, embattled yet,
Where silver eagles flashed in suns now set;
The eagle's note, hear Roman Virgil speak:
"To smite the proud and to exalt the weak."

The weak, the little cowering peoples, know
The German metal and the German blow;
But let true mettle ring, "They shall not pass!"
Her talons fly like shards of brittle glass.

Where armies fester and where states decay,
Where maggot spies have made a mellow prey,
With sounding vans the German vultures light,
To rob the jackal and defraud the kite.

—Chicago Tribune.

Pease in Newark Evening News

Under the Test

what gloomy view of the situation, others believe that the Italians will recover and that the Germans will not gain any permanent advantage. Says the London Daily Express:

"Germany has made a gambler's move and won the first coup. That's all. We will only wait and see what will happen without misgiving."

The London Daily Telegraph, while not minimizing any Berlin claims, is convinced that the perilous situation will inspire the defenders to a hardier determination. It adds:

"Because the enemy has succeeded in effecting a surprise Flanders. It is a maxim of war never to allow the strategy to be diverted to the enemy and every move of our enemy now is to attempt to create a diversion from the western front."

Taking the view that the German success is partly due to treachery and that the Germans are using the same tools in Italy as those with which the Russian armies were betrayed, the Post declares:

"Let our statesmen awake and counteract these activities. This may be of even more service than any military aid we can render." The Post nevertheless assumes that such military aid as can be given without weakening the pressure on the western front will be promptly furnished, and urges the Italians to hold on until assistance arrives.

While some commentators take a somewhat gloomy view of the situation, others believe that the Italians will recover and that the Germans will not gain any permanent advantage. Says the London Daily Express:

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The London Daily Telegraph, while not minimizing any Berlin claims, is convinced that the perilous situation will inspire the defenders to a hardier determination. It adds:

"Because the enemy has succeeded in effecting a surprise there is no reason to suppose that he will be as successful in the plains or before strong positions like the Tagliamento. General Cadorna will know how to counter the present violent attack and snatch victory out of the jaws of danger. There is no reason to despair."

The London Chronicle, referring to Cadorna's stand on the Tagliamento, says:

"It is a decision of bold prudence which ought to have its reward. The enemy's advance will be handicapped in a manner which will be felt before long. . . . When a whole front falls to pieces in the manner witnessed on the Isonzo, it is very difficult to reconstitute it in the face of pressing pursuit on a great scale. In short, the allies are confronted with a very dangerous situation of which we may be seeing only the beginnings."

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McCutcheon in Chicago Tribune

TRYING TO HAMSTRING ITALY

How Soon Do We Declare War on Austria?

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Harding in Brooklyn Eagle
Another Mouthful

That the Italian line is holding on the Tagliamento, and that, according to the new premier, Vittorio Orlando, the whole Italian nation is behind General Cadorna, augur favorably for a more determined stand. It is unfortunate that the Italian gains of many months should have been swept away so suddenly, hut Germany already is beaten, and the lost ground may be recovered.

The New York Evening Sun in reviewing Italy's military situation, says:

"A general outcry goes up, demanding that help be given to Italy. So it undoubtedly must. But nothing would probably rejoice the kaiser more than to have help sent to Italy at this moment. It could not render effectual service there for weeks. It could not even then restore the offensive against Trieste, without abandoning the all-important offensives in France and Flanders.

"Giving help and sending it are not always the same thing. The obvious way to give help to Italy with the least delay is to strike so hard on Germany's weak front that she and not her opponents shall be forced to send reënforcements, and these not to Italy, but from it. This way takes courage and requires those adopting it to ignore the counsel of hysteria, a counsellor who seems at the moment to have much advice to impart."

The Pittsburgh Sun attributes much of Germany's success to treachery, and says:

"Alarming symptoms are developing in the Italian army. Unqualified charges of cowardice are made by Rome against the forces that have quit in the face of Mackensen's Huns. Only by the hasty dispatch of allied troops to the Italian front can the onmarch of the Teutons be stopped."

Brown in Chicago Daily News

"Magnificent! Such a beautiful country to destroy!"

Weed in Philadelphia Public Ledger

Hold Them, Italy!

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Bernard Partridge in Punch, © London

Breaking It Up

The Advance in Flanders

DESPITE the German thunderbolt hurled against the Italian line, and the sudden collapse of General Cadorna's forces, the war horizon is not as dark as it might be. Possibly it would even simplify matters were Italy, together with Russia, eliminated as a military factor. France, Great Britain and America are fully capable of settling the issue with the kaiser, and weaker allies are sometimes more of a disadvantage than a help.

On the western front all goes well. Through the mud of Flanders, General Haig's dogged troops are pushing on irresistibly, while General Petain's blow at Laon, and the French gains along the Aisne prove conclusively that France is by no means "bled white." With the United States preparing to throw its full strength into the war with the coming spring, there is no doubt that the conflict will be finally decided in the west.

Haig's drive is significant in that it aims at the channel ports now occupied by Germany as submarine bases. Slowly the lion's paw is reaching down after the mouse, and with the successful completion of the campaign against Ostend and Zeebrügge, the submarine menace will be reduced appreciably.

Meanwhile Petain's drive on Laon, as the Cleveland Plain Dealer points out, may bring still greater results. This newspaper sums up the situation in the following:

"Already the French have driven their foes beyond the Ailette and across the canal which runs along its marshy valley to connect the Oise and the Aisne. Now they are struggling up the hill-clad slopes to the north. Their great guns can now send shells into Laon, and Laon is key to the whole German line between St. Quentin and the Champagne. Through this little manufacturing city, situated in a ring of stone quarries, runs the one railroad which parallels the German line and makes pos-

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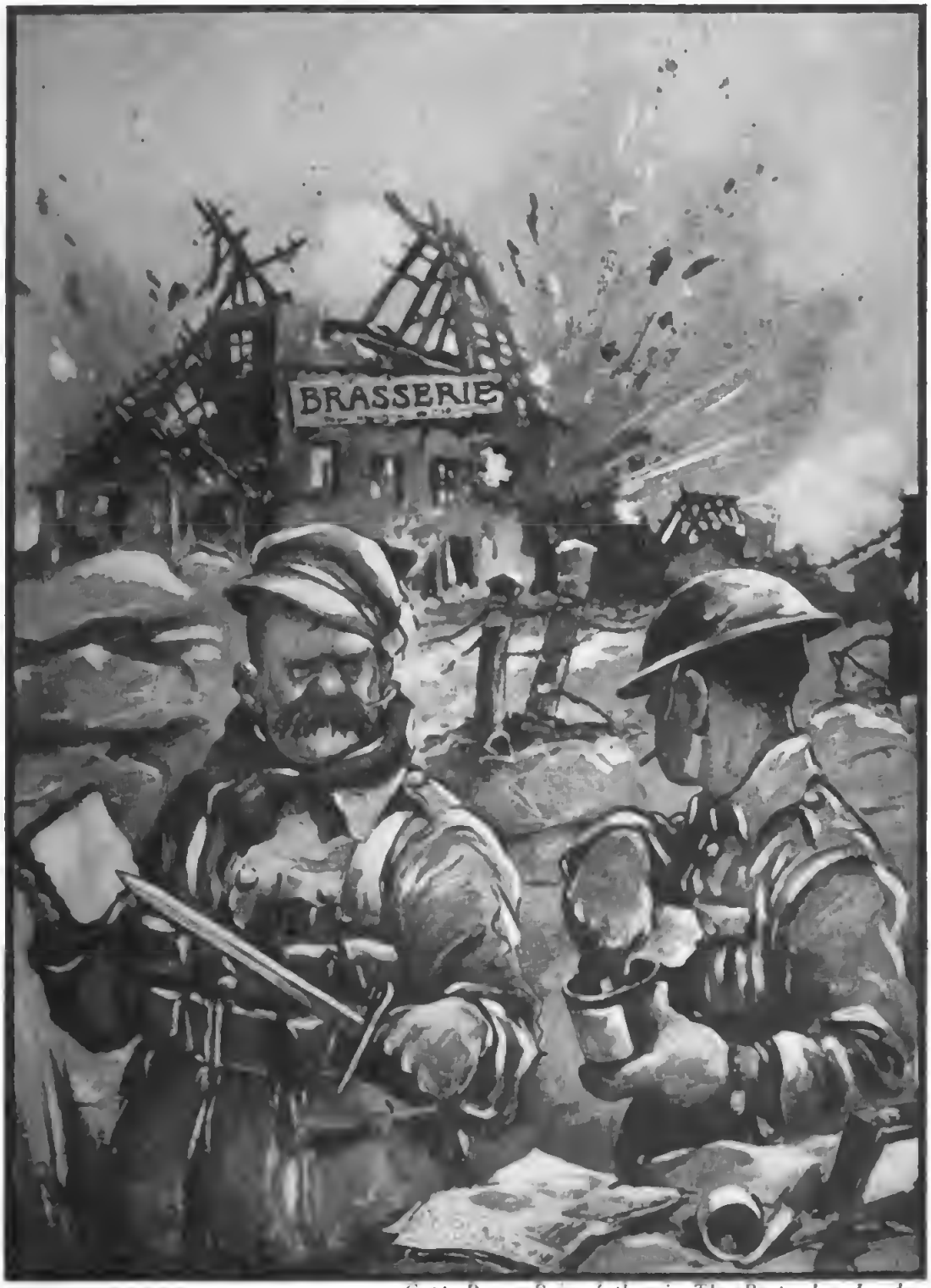

Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather in The Bystander, London

THE PRICE OF A PINT

"As far as I can make out from the papers, Bert, the breweries seem to 'ave been 'ard 'it by this blinkin' war."

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Kirby in New York World

On the Skids

sible the quick transfer of reinforcements. To it, from the east and north, run three more railroads which bring up to the kaiser's guns and men the food they need.

"Haig's victory might well free much of Belgium, and remove at the same time much of the U-boat menace. Petain's victory, if he can win one now, would free the best of France's industrial territory and might well compel, at the same time, that retirement in Flanders which Haig hopes to force von Hindenburg to make. It will be spring before America is ready to launch its great blow against the Germans. The battle line in the west, one may well believe, will be very different then."

The unprecedented rapidity with which General Haig has organized and struck a new successful blow against the German lines in Flanders, the Philadelphia Press believes, indicates a determination to reach his ultimate objectives before winter weather makes extended fighting impossible. "Heretofore," says the Press, "weeks of preparation have elapsed between each British forward movement. This latest offensive was undertaken only five days after the previous one. Heretofore clear weather was considered indispensable to successful offensive operations. This time the British lines moved forward two miles through a violent wind and rainstorm and over a morass of mud and shell holes brimming with water. The French advanced simultaneously and with equal success.

"The Germans are fighting desperately, but unavailingly. They see the menacing hammer slowly but surely descending on their whole system of communications between Lille and the North Sea submarine bases, but they are powerless to prevent it. Their supreme efforts to parry the British strokes are brushed aside with apparent ease or demolished in a hail of gunfire the like of which no battle field has ever seen.

"It is clear that the allied policy of attrition is telling at last. The defense may be

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Cassel in New York Evening World

The Melancholy Days have Come

Bernard Partridge in Punch, © London

THE "KNIGHTLY MANNER"

Belgium: "As long as there is motion in my body,
And life to give me words, I'll cry for justice!"
Kaiser: "Justice shall never hear you. I am Justice!"—Beaumont and Fletcher, Valentinian, III, I.

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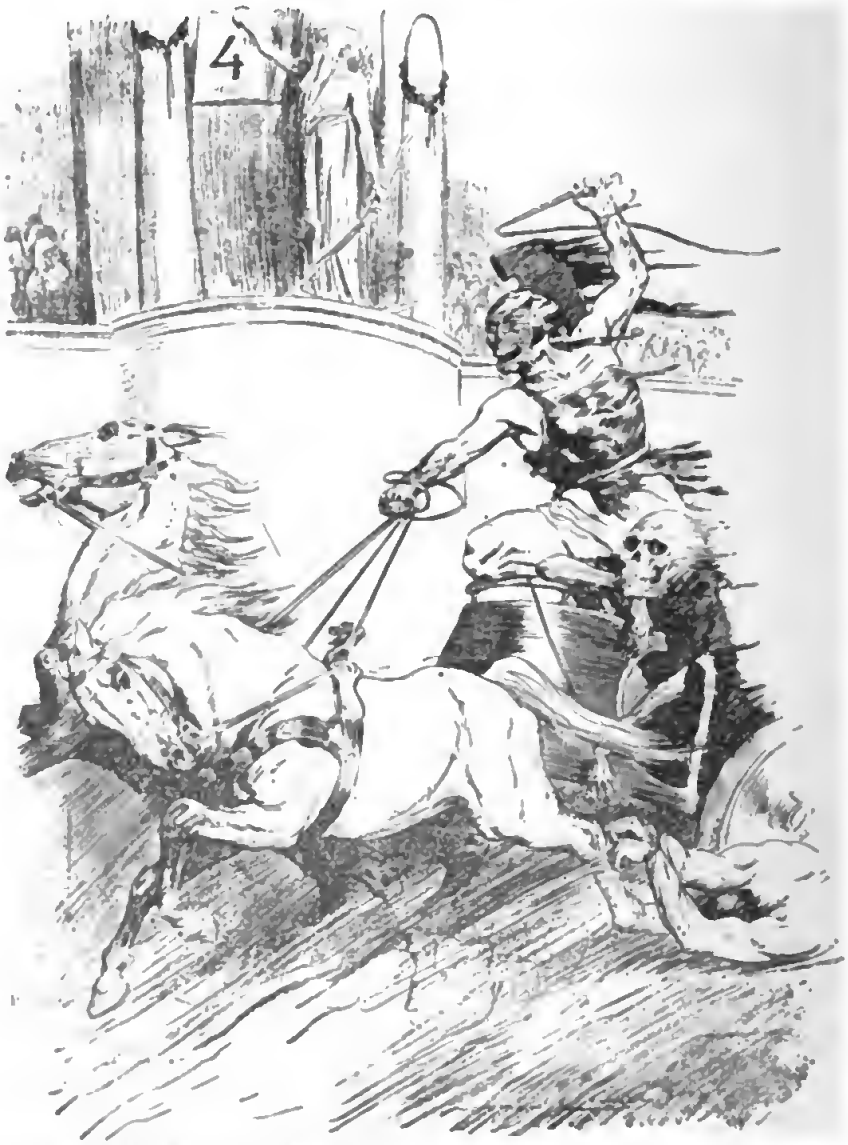
long and stubborn. It may persist until the weight of America is thrown into the balance of the fighting lines, but it is doomed to crumble at last. The plain moral of this year's campaign in the west is that the defeat of Germany is now merely a matter of time."

The contrast between Flanders of today and Flanders of three years ago is emphasized by several newspapers. Three years ago, it will be remembered, when the first battle of Ypres was drawing to its close, Great Britain's professional army vanished. Without machine guns, field artillery, or heavy cannon, and vastly outnumbered by the enemy, the British soldiers died stemming the kaiser's advance into Belgium. The following year "Kitchener's contemptible army" struck again, writing history at Hill 60, at Neuve Chapelle, and at Loos, but still seemed to lack the strength to make a continuous offensive. Today, however, Britain has rallied her strength, and has started out to make the drive continuous. The coming of winter will not hinder the advance in Flanders. There will be no digging in to await the first warm days of March or April. There is reason to believe that the big push is on. To quote the Providence Journal:

"Three years ago the British were falling back on Ypres. Now they are pushing the Germans away from Ypres. The Germans did not reach this Flemish city in 1914, except with their high angle guns. When the kaiser was informed by his generals that the triumphal entry he had planned would have to be postponed indefinitely, he ordered the place smashed. For the same reason Rheims and its cathedral were deluged with tons of shells, and Verdun. The ruins are monuments to German hate and imperial chagrin.

"At Ypres, three years ago, the 'war of movement' came to an



Norman Lindsay in Sydney Bulletin

The Fourth Lap

From Kladderadatsch, Berlin

DAWN IN FLANDERS

After the Latest Offensive in the West Two Spirits Appeared Over the Battlefield, One French, and the Other British, and Carried Home the News of Their Great "Victory"

A cartoon the vulgarity of which is typically German.

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end, and the 'war of position' was instituted—trench warfare for mobile warfare. At Ypres, today, the war of movement is being restored. There are no longer 'impregnable' first-line dugouts. And the British, as they go forward, are not under the delusion that proved so disastrous in the early campaigns when—at Neuve Chapelle, for example—what they supposed was victory, after taking thinly held first-line positions, only brought them to close quarters with an overwhelming German army.

"The first battle of Ypres was a defeat for the British, but they held. The second battle of Ypres, in the spring of 1915, was a defeat for them, but they held. British doggedness was never more gloriously demonstrated. The third battle has been so far an uninterrupted succession of local victories. The ground over which the British fell back in 1914 is virtually all recovered. The cumulative effect is inadequately shown on the war map. It may not be revealed until the coming of spring—as the result of the battle of the Somme, last summer, was not made known until last spring, when Hindenburg made his 'strategic withdrawal.'"

Jan Sluyters in De Nieuwe Amsterdammer, Amsterdam
DAVID AND GOLIATH
David Lloyd George: "Got him!"

Commenting on the "larger meaning" of the struggle now going on in Flanders, the New York Tribune sees in Ypres the rapid decline of German military strength and clear proof that Germany has lost the war. To quote:

"No one should be deceived by what seems to be slow progress north of Ypres; it is not slow, accepting the standards of positional warfare. Slower progress at the Somme last year in the end produced a very great retreat and the surrender of more than a thousand square miles of French territory. A new retreat would be on a far vaster scale and would mean the giving over of all

Norman Lindsay in Sydney Bulletin

Between Two Thieves

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Sykes in Philadelphia Evening Ledger
"Bang! Bang! Bang! goes the 'ammer hon the hanvil hall day long!"

French territory now occupied west of the Meuse, a withdrawal to the line of Antwerp-Brussels-Namur-Verdun. Such a withdrawal is almost certain to come early next spring, even if the weather enables the Germans to postpone it this fall, as they postponed retreat last year for the same reason.

"The German guns no longer support their men as they did a year ago. The German gunners no longer have the munitions to return shell for shell, or even one shell for two. British control in the air is complete again along the battle front. From the Yser to the Somme the Germans now look upon lost ground, and they have to look forward to new attacks, new pounding, with no hope of an offensive and no chance of a victory.

"Every sign that comes from the battle front is indicative of the decay of the German military machine. It is a slow decay; the army remains formidable; it can endure rude blows still and hang on, but it has lost the old sense of superiority, of invincibility; it has been a beaten army ever since Verdun, and every month the material advantages of its foes continue to increase."

From The Bystander, London

BILLETED
"Come along, Jimmy, I've got a bed."

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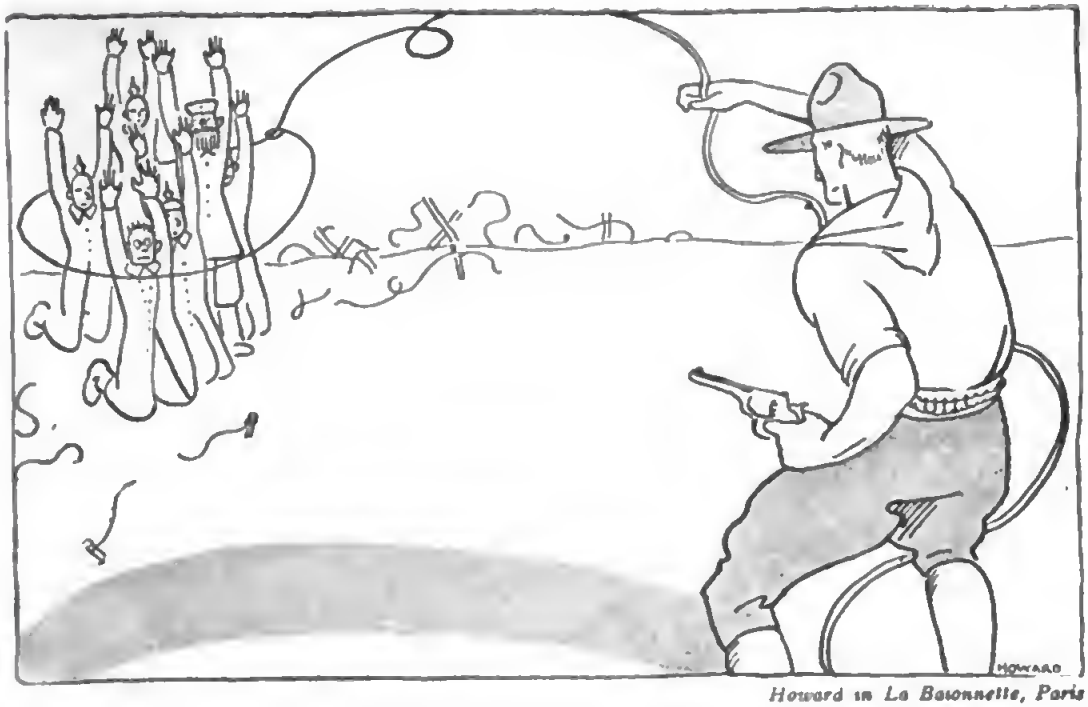

Howard in La Baionnette, Paris

Cattle or Boches, It's the Same Thing

Uncle Sam—Master Magician

by Elisha Hanson

I USED to sit in the press gallery at the Capitol and chortle with glee when old Solomon Frances Prouty of Des Moines, Iowa, would get up during a preparedness debate and snort with rage over the suggestion that the United States ought to prepare for war because some day it was certain to get into war.

"What if it does get into war?" Solomon would shout. "Can't we lick the world? Wouldn't a million men—two million men—spring to arms overnight? Wouldn't our great automobile plants turn out aeroplanes and our great shipyards battleships and submarines enough to lick the world in thirty minutes?"

I certainly did laugh at Prouty and all he had to say, for in those days I could see war coming; I could see the United States wholly unprepared for it; and I could see all kinds of disaster hitting us at once because we were unprepared.

But while Prouty and his kind have been discredited, in the United States, the Prouty view has taken hold in Europe, and during my trip through France and England, I had great difficulty in persuading my friends over there that our country today is the same country it was before we entered the war on April 6 last; that the Mr. Wilson who sits in the White House today is the same Mr. Wilson who has resided there for more than four years; that the noted moralist, Mr. Daniels, who presides over the destiny of our fleet is the same Mr. Daniels who has presided over the fleet ever since Mr. Wilson began residing in the White House.

The people of France and England think America is a great charm. All that is needed to produce magical results, in their opinion, is to rub the charm, and lo! the genie is at your command. Mr. Wilson is no longer the Mr. Wilson who uttered the famous "too proud to fight" and "peace without victory" sentiments only a few months ago. No, he is a great magician, the greatest of them all, the keeper of the great charm, America, and the man who will win the world war for the allies and for democracy

If the people of France and England before the war, or even before our entrance into the war, had a very healthy contempt for America, they have either buried it since

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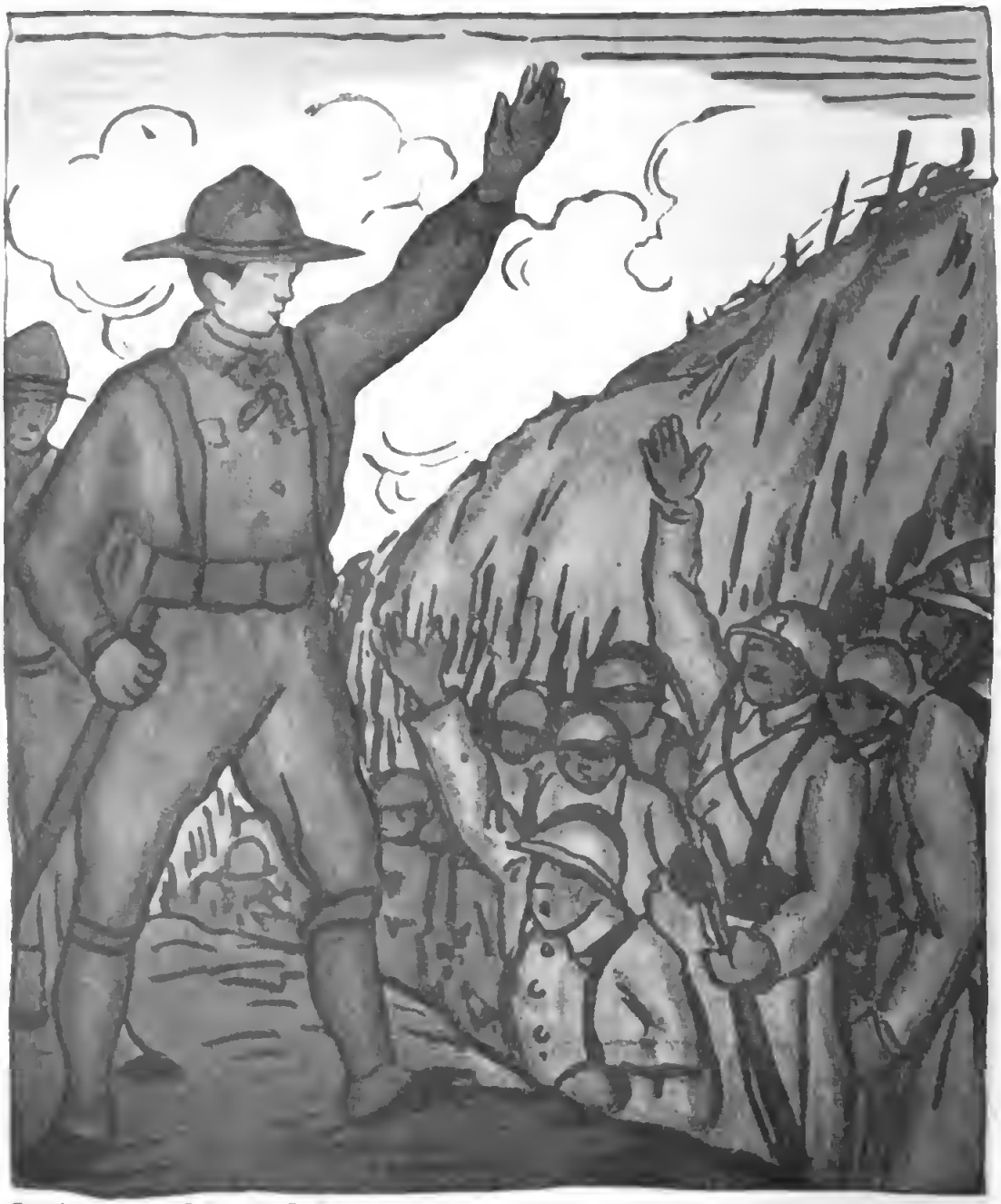
we became a party to the conflict, or forgotten it altogether. Without exception, every man in both countries, from the lowest to the highest, looks to the United States to put the coup de grace to Germany.

And I am not entirely sure but that they are all looking to the right party.

Before we entered the war, I was of the opinion that if peace were made at any time in the near future, it would be a German peace. But if peace should come tomorrow, it would not be a German peace. And peace, when it does come, whether tomorrow or next year, will come just as soon as Germany realizes that it is useless to struggle further against the great charm which



Guy Arnoux in La Baionnette, Paris

"Hold the line; we're coming!"

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Guy Arnoux in La Baionnette, Paris

The Happy Meeting

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Guy Arnoux in La Baionnette, Paris

100,000 Spies in America? Yes, But 100,000 Trees to Hang Them On

she finally rubbed the wrong way once too often.

There is no longer any question in my mind as to the result. The only question is how long it will take to bring about that result. Will Germany wait until we have brought actual military pressure to bear, as we shall within a very few more months, or will she give in before our great army has taken up its place along the western front and inaugurated its first offensive?

There is not a man in the American army who isn't glad that he's in France. There is not a man who doesn't want to get up on the front right away; and there isn't a man there who isn't confident that he will give a good account of himself to his country. After talking to the fellows for about five minutes you begin to see victory at every turn.

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Guy Arnoux in La Baionnette, Paris

Scenting the Battle from Afar

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Thus far our soldiers haven't gone to the firing line for the very reason that it would be wasting them to send them there. But I am not giving away any strategical information when I tell the crown prince, if he has any designs on Verdun next year, he had better take into account the fact that he will have to buck an American army, the very finest in the world, as well as the most excellent French army which has defeated him at every turn of the game.

Americans need not expect their army to be in the war before next spring. But after the winter has rolled away, they may look for the American army to take a place on the line now held by the French and not only take a place there but start on its way toward Berlin.

The American soldiers who are in France are admittedly the finest soldiers in the world, both physically and mentally. They are taller on the average than the soldiers of any of our allies; they are quicker; they are stronger, and they are mentally more alert.

Assigned to train them is the finest division of Alpine chasseurs in the French army. And these chasseurs have to admit they never saw anyone like the Americans for getting the hang of things quickly.

I watched a practice drill with grenades. Trenches were marked off at various distances, from 25 yards up. A line of Sammies stood up and at a given signal threw the grenades. They fell kerplunk into the first trench. Another signal, and another volley fell into the second trench; and so on with the third and fourth. Yet grenade throwing is something our soldiers have not only had to learn from the bottom, but something in connection with which they have had to unlearn all they knew about the greatest of American sports, baseball. A grenade is thrown with a full, wide arm motion, not with a baseball snap. Of course, there is the natural temptation to put a twist, an underhand shoot, or an overhand straight one across every so often, but grenades are too heavy for a soldier to keep up that game long, and Sammy doesn't try it more than once.

I watched our soldiers attack a trench and then mop it out; and when they came out, every one of them expressed regret that there weren't a few Germans in there to receive them.

But while our army is busy with its intensive training, waiting for the day, our navy is already hard at it.

Have you noticed how during the last few weeks the submarine sinkings have fallen away quite appreciably?

Well, the reduction is due entirely to one fact and that fact is that the American destroyers now in foreign waters aren't giving the U-boats any rest. From the day Admiral Simms' flotilla reached the other side of the ocean it has been on the offensive. And I am not violating any censorship or confidence when I add that it has rammed a few submarines, has shot a few to pieces, and has blown a few out of the water with depth bombs and other devices.

And as a result of its activity, the U-boat commanders have been formally instructed by Berlin to keep out of the way of the American destroyers.

The American destroyer is the finest little thing afloat. It can make 40 miles an hour—that is, the best ones can—and it can turn around on a nickel. It is armed almost as heavily as our old-time cruisers, and when it is going head on toward a "diver," the latter has just as much chance of hitting it with a torpedo as it would have of hitting the sharp edge of a razor blade. The submarines have already learned to their sorrow that it doesn't pay to exchange blows with the little American gentleman of the seas and that the only thing to do when he is sighted is to submerge as quickly and deeply as possible. And even then, the little fellow is likely to blow the "sub" out of the water with a depth bomb if he gets a good glance at it before it dives.

If America and Mr. Wilson are held in high esteem in Europe, and especially in England right now, the American destroyers, their commanders and crews, and particularly the brilliant admiral in command of the destroyer fleet, are held in even higher esteem. When the American destroyers are convoying a fleet of merchant vessels in or out of a British port, there isn't a man in the British empire who wouldn't wager his bottom dollar—or his last "bob," if you care to put it that way—that every one of the ships will go through safely.

And the record of the little gentleman of the seas thus far is proof of itself that if Germany ever hoped to win by unrestricted submarine warfare, her hope in that respect

is rapidly fading, for the Yankee destroyers have certainly played havoc with the divers.

Our destroyers have already made good; our men will make good when given the opportunity, and upon returning home from Europe, I have reached the conclusion that America will do everything it is called upon to do next year. But I cannot escape from the belief that notwithstanding Mr. Prouty's argument—the main premise of which, that we can lick the whole world, is now accepted in Europe,—we should have been prepared before we entered this war, and had we been prepared last April to exert the force which we will be able to exert by next April, the war might easily have been over by now. Uncle Sam as a master magician has his work cut out for him.

Guy Arnoux in La Baionnette, Paris

In Memory of the "Lusitania"

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Joseph

By Roscoe Gilmore Stott

Joseph, the simple craftsman, sat nearby:
The honored guests had gone; across the sky
There came the first, faint streaks of morning light;
And Mary slept. He sat in rugged might,
Attuned through years of labor to the rôle
Of faithful watcher, one who knew the toll
They pay who linger with the weak, or ill,
Or with a soothing hand the fevered still.
For Joseph, though unkempt, was gentle, too;
He loved the pure, he kept the law; how true
And kindly were his ministries each day,
This sturdy man who labored for his pay.
Mary slept on—a first, blest mother sleep:
He pondered while he marked the morning creep
On stealthy feet across the sunlit peak
Of breaking day. T'was easy then to seek—
Bereft of sleep and all unnerved—new light
Upon the meaning of that mystic night;
Unfaith flew up into his weary heart;
He felt old doubts run rampant: saw the start
Of new; grew red with Anger's kindled flame;
Forgot the message of the angel; came
Where Mary lay, a miracle of peace;
Then staggered back—and prayed for Death's release;
Then dawned new day. The mother stirred and woke.
With her first smile he felt a lifted yoke:
The sunlight fell across the Babe: and lo,
A father love, unrecked, began to glow:
He took the Wee One in his mighty arms
And crooned crude songs: the night's unchaste alarms
Swept out into eternity: he dreamed
Of days to be where future glories teemed:
With eyes of joy he felt a sweet, strange pride—
For, as he worked, a Little King beside
His bench should learn the path he first had trod,
And he, plain Joseph, would lead on toward God!

Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Alice Harvey

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The Paper that Nobody Buys

by Helena Smith

Emma Sawyer

NO one in East Wallop approved of Emma Sawyer's new-born independence. She might have gone into any one of a half-dozen homes and worked for her board. The idea of her going to board at Mrs. Keyes' in Center street! The next surprise came when Emma passed up a job in the button factory, or a chance to go into Root Brothers' store as an "extra" during the holiday season.

Of all places in the world she selected work on the East Wallop Echo. The Palladium was THE paper, a nice old sheet that patted everyone on the back and left unpublished the unpleasant things. The Palladium had been owned by the same family for three generations. The present editor of the Palladium wore a frock coat and silk hat on Sundays and his wife was such a nice woman. They had a plain and sensible daughter.

The Echo was considered an upstart little busybody pest; its founder and editor considered a very cheeky young person. He had blown into town a year previous with just enough money to buy the leather belt to run the press and had signed his name to a hatful of notes which would take him all the rest of his life to pay. The best East Wallop families boasted that they wouldn't have the sheet in the house.

The Echo was sold on the streets Saturdays, and by Sunday almost everybody knew what was in it. It wasn't a scandal monger, exactly, but it did have a certain frankness in dealing with lots of items influence could keep out of the Palladium. The editor came to town with ideals and the name G. Hamilton Andrews. He early lost his ideals and his name was shortened to "Ham."

The Echo had made quite a story out of Mrs. Eliza Peck's last will and testament, and commented editorially on the woman who had left a handsome legacy to her cat while cutting off her orphan protégée. The Palladium had eulogized this act of tender consideration for a dumb animal and blithely passed over any mention of the orphan.

When Emma Sawyer walked into the editorial office of the Echo, Ham Andrews looked up, recognized her, and as usual prepared his defense.

"Miss Sawyer, I hope that story we ran about Mrs. Peck's cat didn't offend you. This town needs to be shaken up and I couldn't write it any other way."

"Oh, I didn't come in about that," Emma hastened to assure him. "I'd like to get a position on the Echo. I—I— could learn to do anything."

"Good Heavens, child!" exclaimed the editor of the wabbly little Echo. "I can't

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and Everyone Reads

Dayton

afford the luxury of a society reporter. We don't go in for that sort of thing anyway."

"I didn't expect to be a society reporter, but there must be something around here I could do," said Emma.

It was then that the editor launched into a frank confession of the troubles through which his little paper was struggling. Emma's face was the sort that invited confidences. Now and then she put in a sympathetic word, quite astonishing the friendly editor and encouraging him to further detail.

"Say!" he exclaimed suddenly, "Where do you get all this interest and good dope on the newspaper game?"

"Here's some pieces I've written if you'd care to glance at them," said Emma.

Jake Swan

They Said They wouldn't Have the Echo in Their Homes

Ham Andrews smiled tolerantly. In his day he had been forced to read many "pieces." Then, as his eyes traveled down the pages he encountered none of the traditional earmarks of the amateur. His amusement gave way to interest. He found concise, vivid accounts of recent East Wallop happenings, spiced according to the Echo's flavor.

"Why, this is regular stuff," he exclaimed. "You certainly have caught the trick. How did you come to avoid long-winded introductions and flowery meditations? This is darn good copy. I wish I could give you a chance, Miss Sawyer, but honest—I'm up against it. What you ought to do is to go to a larger place and try to break in. Perhaps I could give you some names of fellows to see."

"Please let me come in here and work,"

Emma Found the Smell of Ink and Moistened Paper the Sweetest Perfume

said Emma. "I'm willing to do anything."

The editor looked thoughtful.

"Well," he said, at last, "I certainly would like to give you a chance. Perhaps, if you could learn to feed the press, and make yourself generally useful around the office you might succeed to Willie Chisel's place as he has got a job over in the button factory. It'll be a start, and give you some experience."

Emma's eyes sparkled at this chance.

"That is splendid," she declared enthusiastically. "Can I start right now?"

"Yes, if you want to," he smiled, "still, it doesn't seem quite fair to you. I'm just hanging on by my teeth, from week to week."

"I've got good, strong teeth," grinned Emma to prove it.

Emma was next introduced to the rest of the staff. She liked Jake Swan very much. Jake was one of those first-class printers who would rather be foreman of a little shop, and be paid in advertising-exchange orders on the grocer and butcher than to work for higher and regular wages under another. He was a natural-born leader even though the field of his influence was small.

Jake was locking up the "inside" form on the bed of the big cylinder, it being Friday afternoon, and at the same time explained to Emma her part in slipping the white sheets into the grippers of the big drum. When the big flat bed began to dart forward and rush back, the roar and rumble and pounding opened a new world of work for Emma, and she found these mixed noises to be music, and the smell of ink and moistened paper the sweetest perfume.

When Emma had fed all the sheets of the "inside" through the roller maws of the press on Friday, and had then fed those same sheets through the press for the last or "outside" form early Saturday morning it seemed to her that the circulation of the Echo was very large and that she was now a part of a great enterprise whose field was wide and whose influence must be great.

The spark of Emma's enthusiasm kindled new hopes. Ham Andrews decided to cut down the order for "plate" and to set more local matter in the office. The story of the burning of the steam laundry, which Emma brought in, giving the names of gentlemen whose stock of linen became a total loss, and so were not in position to avail themselves of invitations, and including also a full inventory, made East Wallop laugh for days. The Palladium in covering the same story devoted itself to the efficiency of the volunteer fire department and the further fact that the loss was covered by insurance.

While East Wallop's attitude toward the Echo continued to be that none would have it in their homes, the cash received from sale of papers increased with each issue, both subscriptions and street sales. Mrs. George Q. Watson preferred Emma's article on the marriage of her daughter,

Genevieve, to the story in the Palladium and bought 25 copies.

Mrs. George Q. stood for all that was solid and substantial in East Wallop and so her approval of the Echo's write-up, while but an atom, came at a time when it helped to change the town's attitude toward the sheet. Once it had been preferred not to be mentioned in the Echo. Now folks were beginning to expect more and better reading in it.

Emma suddenly became a personage. At Mrs. Keyes', where she boarded, she was regarded with a mixture of awed interest and fear. "Please don't go and put that in the newspaper, Miss Sawyer," was a caution that fell on her ears with deadly monotony at every trifling occurrence. "I suppose you'll be writing me up next," a dull woman boarder would say with a frightened simper. While the boarding house was a new environment for the orphan girl who had lived quietly with Mrs. Peck, East Wallop itself was like a new and strange town to Emma. She saw little of her former girl friends and when she sought them out found them strangely alienated. Emma thought they were cool, and tried to interest herself in what now seemed to her—silly chatter. They thought Emma had a swelled head if she ventured to speak of her work. In her enthusiasm she had asked Jennie Boggs if she had read certain of her stories. Jennie, who had done so with no little envy, yawned and said with a shrug of her shoulders: "Oh—we take the Palladium. I thought you ran the machines and just took Willie Chisel's job. I'm sure it must be dreadful working in that horrible old place —us girls all feel awfully sorry for you, dear Emma. Couldn't you have gotten a nice position in Root's or the button factory? My father might be able to get you in the button factory, if you'd like me to speak to him about it."

Emma realized the hopelessness of convincing anyone like Jennie Boggs that the Echo to her spelled Romance. It was something too sacred to even discuss.

Emma did not quite realize how far beyond her old self she had grown in the past weeks, until Jennie continued with sly venom: "Oh, did you know that Ralston Simms is quite wild about that stunning widow that's staying at the Turner's? They say he sends her flowers every day."

Emma never winced, to Jennie's surprise. It surprised Emma herself. Somewhere, on her Inky Way, Emma had lost her interest in Ralston Simms!

The Echo's Founder and Editor was Considered a Very Cheeky Young Person

apt. Bruce Bairnsfather in The Bystander, London

Up Last Draft: "I suppose you 'as to be careful 'ow you looks over the parapet about 'ere."

Out Since Mons: "YOU needn't worry, me lad; the rats are going to be your only trouble."

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Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather in The Bystander, London

A PUZZLE FOR PADEREWSKI

"It's a pity Alf ain't 'ere, Bert; 'e can play the piana wonderful!"

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Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by R. B. Fuller

A BUSINESS PROPOSITION

Jimmy: "Couldn't I git a job here kinder keepin' things straightened up, if I'd do it for nothin'?"

Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Norman Anthony

"Hi, Bill! Here comes a gas wave!"
"Thank Heavens! This toothache's almost killin' me."

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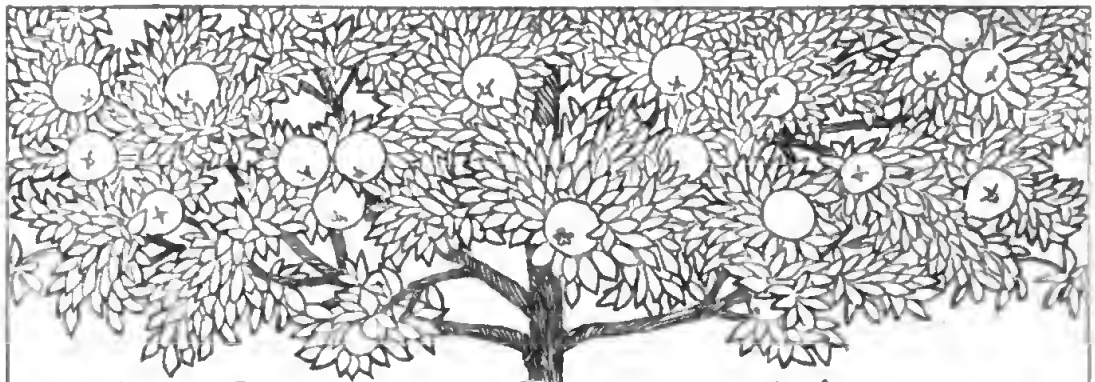

Underneath the Bough

Their Mistress, War

BEHOLD their mistress, War.
She shares with them the battered trench
Where shell flames leap and gas fumes creep
To mingle with the battle stench.
Her eyes glint in the rocket gleams,
Her hair blows back in murky streams,
And glaring out against her breast
A tangled mass of bayonets pressed;
Behold their mistress, War, she seems
More terrible tonight.

Behold their mistress, War.
Her clutching fingers grip their own,
As hand in hand through No Man's Land
They charge where wounded comrades moan,
Out where the ghastly corpses gray
Lie bleaching on the shell-swept way;
And now she smiles, her lips and breath
Are heavy with the dew of death;
Behold their mistress, War, for they
Shall feel her kiss tonight!

— George B. Staff

Old Father Christmas, 1917

YOU are not rotund as you used to be
With a big beard sweeping an ample chest
And your cheeks so rosy and so full
And a holly wreath . . . be it confes't
Hangs oddly . . . on a skull . . .

Instead of a reindeer, for a steed
You've a spectral steed with a funeral walk
And a gaunt gray wolf behind you moves,
And all his larder's leanness proves,
With only bones to stalk!

And over your head for mistletoe
A vulture—blown on an evil breath!
I like you not in your present mood,
Your wassail bowl has a reek of blood
And your jests . . . are grim as death!

— M. Forrest

"Play, Daphnis!"

"PLAY, Daphnis, play!"
She said.
"Pick up your pipes and lilt a shepherd lay.
"I cannot bear to see you hang your head,
"As though the sun were dead,
"And laughter
"And melody forever fled—
"Play, Daphnis, play!"
She said.

"Play, Daphnis, play!
"Pick up your silent reed and pipe a tune,
"And let me sing your mood away
"And sing your mood away!
"Only play. . . .
"And airily, with twinkling shoon
"I'll sway
"And flit upon the green a-noon,
"And *dance* you gay,—"
She said.

"My lips are red. . . .
"How can your thoughts be gray?—
"Play, Daphnis, play!"

—B. J. Stolper

Mist

THE sun unfeelingly
Glares in the eyes
Of those who dare to look
Up at the skies

The rain, whipped by the winds
Into a rage,
Has little reverence
For youth or age.

The mist, which gently comes;
With silent grace,
Is like some rich perfume
Sprayed in the face.

—Ralph M. Thomson

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Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by John C. Argens

She: "The man who marries me will be in luck, for I have but one expensive habit."
He: "And what is that?"
She: "Extravagance."

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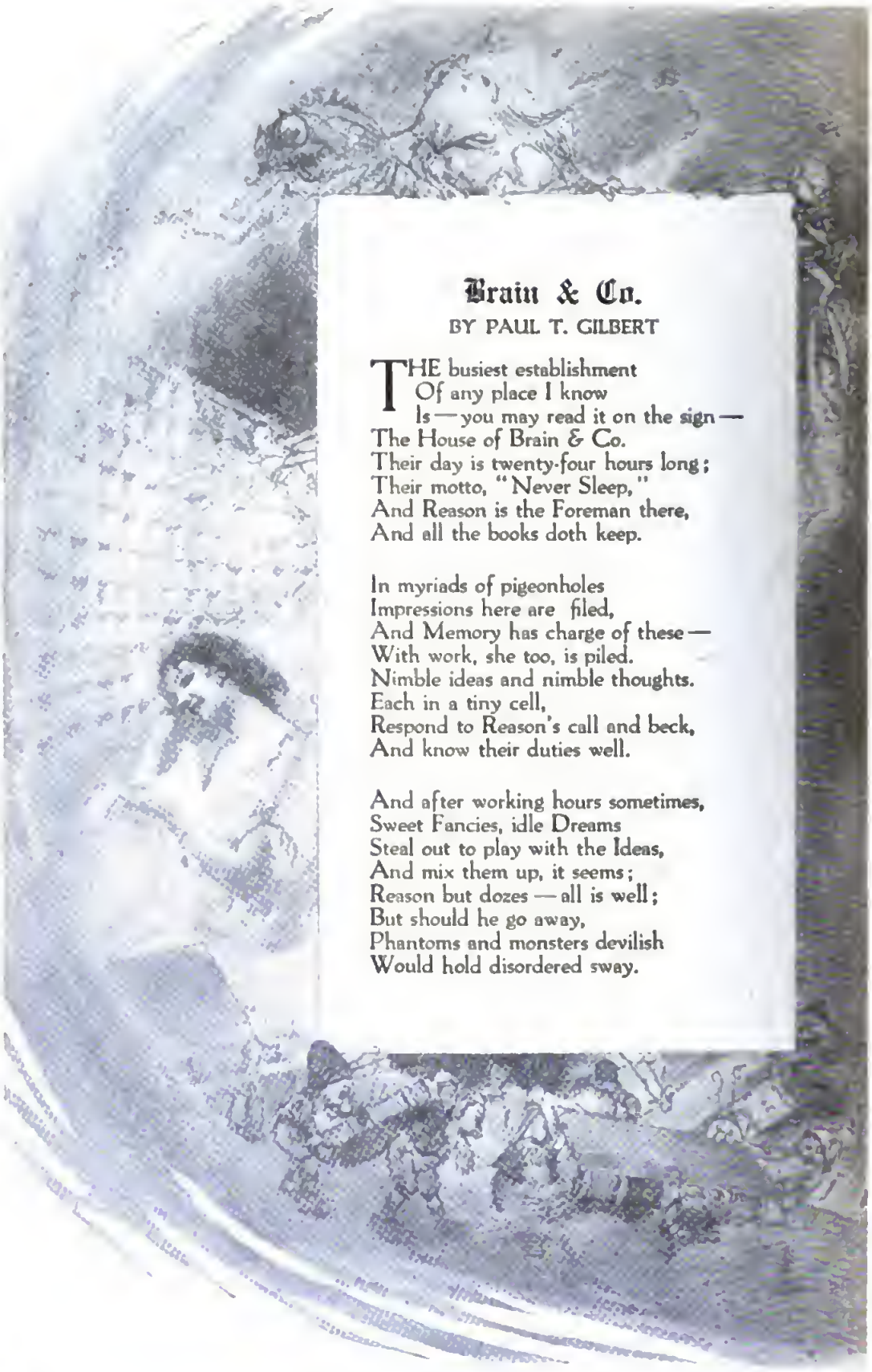

Brain & Co.

BY PAUL T. GILBERT

THE busiest establishment
Of any place I know
Is — you may read it on the sign —
The House of Brain & Co.
Their day is twenty-four hours long;
Their motto, "Never Sleep,"
And Reason is the Foreman there,
And all the books doth keep.

In myriads of pigeonholes
Impressions here are filed,
And Memory has charge of these —
With work, she too, is piled.
Nimble ideas and nimble thoughts.
Each in a tiny cell,
Respond to Reason's call and beck,
And know their duties well.

And after working hours sometimes,
Sweet Fancies, idle Dreams
Steal out to play with the Ideas,
And mix them up, it seems;
Reason but dozes — all is well;
But should he go away,
Phantoms and monsters devilish
Would hold disordered sway.

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Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Hugh Rankin

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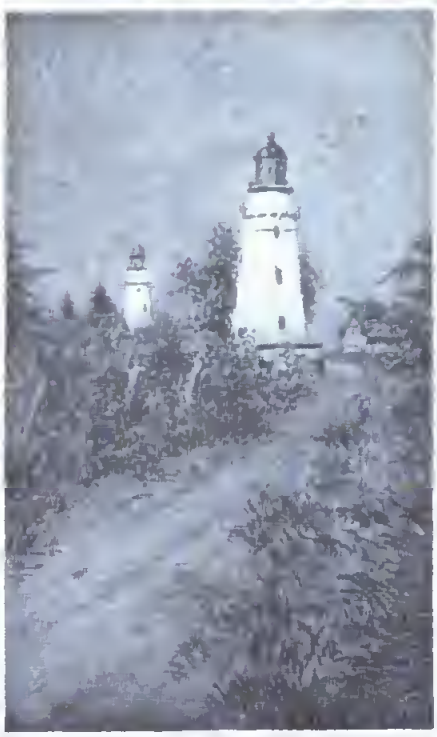
Portland

by Will

Near Monument Square



With the revival of the wooden ship building industry, Portland, Me., like several other New England seaport cities, has sprung into new life. Mr. Ourcadie in his sketches in and about Portland has shown some of the most picturesque corners of the old town. The two lower pictures on page 798 will be

Old and New

Ourcadie

Our Merchant Marine in the Making

recognized as "Two Lights" and the old junk shops. The lower pictures on page 799, Mr. Ourcadie has captioned "Find It If You Can" and "In Portland Harbor." Portland harbor is now living over again the scenes of its past glories.

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HOW TO BE A Comic Artist

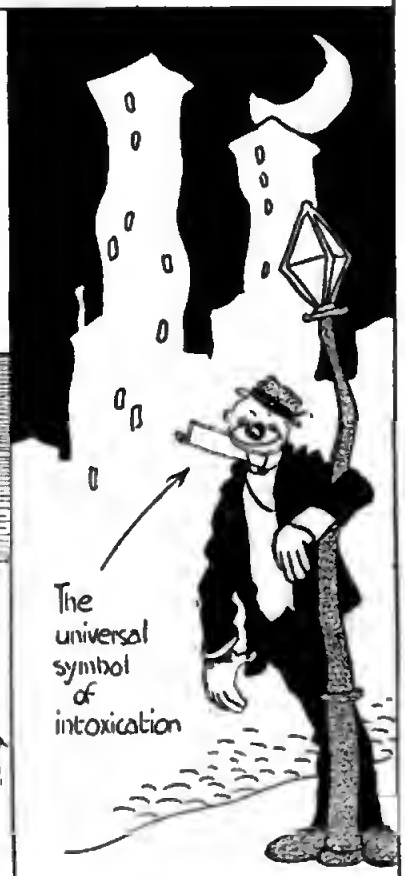
- IN ONE LESSON -

BY King

Speed

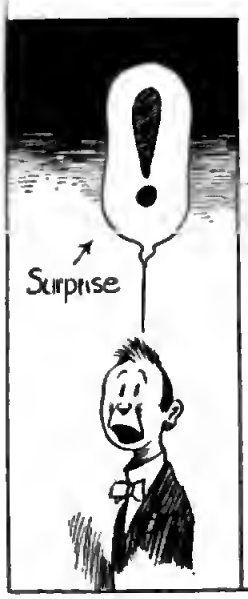
Speed arrested by contact

*SYNONYMS FOR POW ARE: BAM! ZAM! AND ZOWIE!

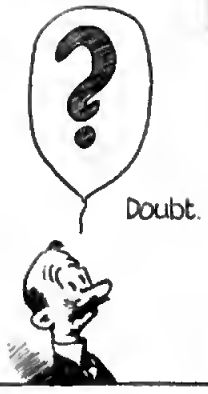


The universal symbol of intoxication

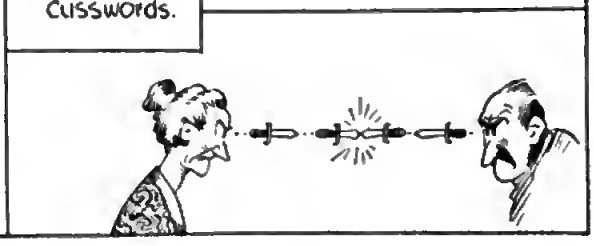
Customary way to indicate cusswords.

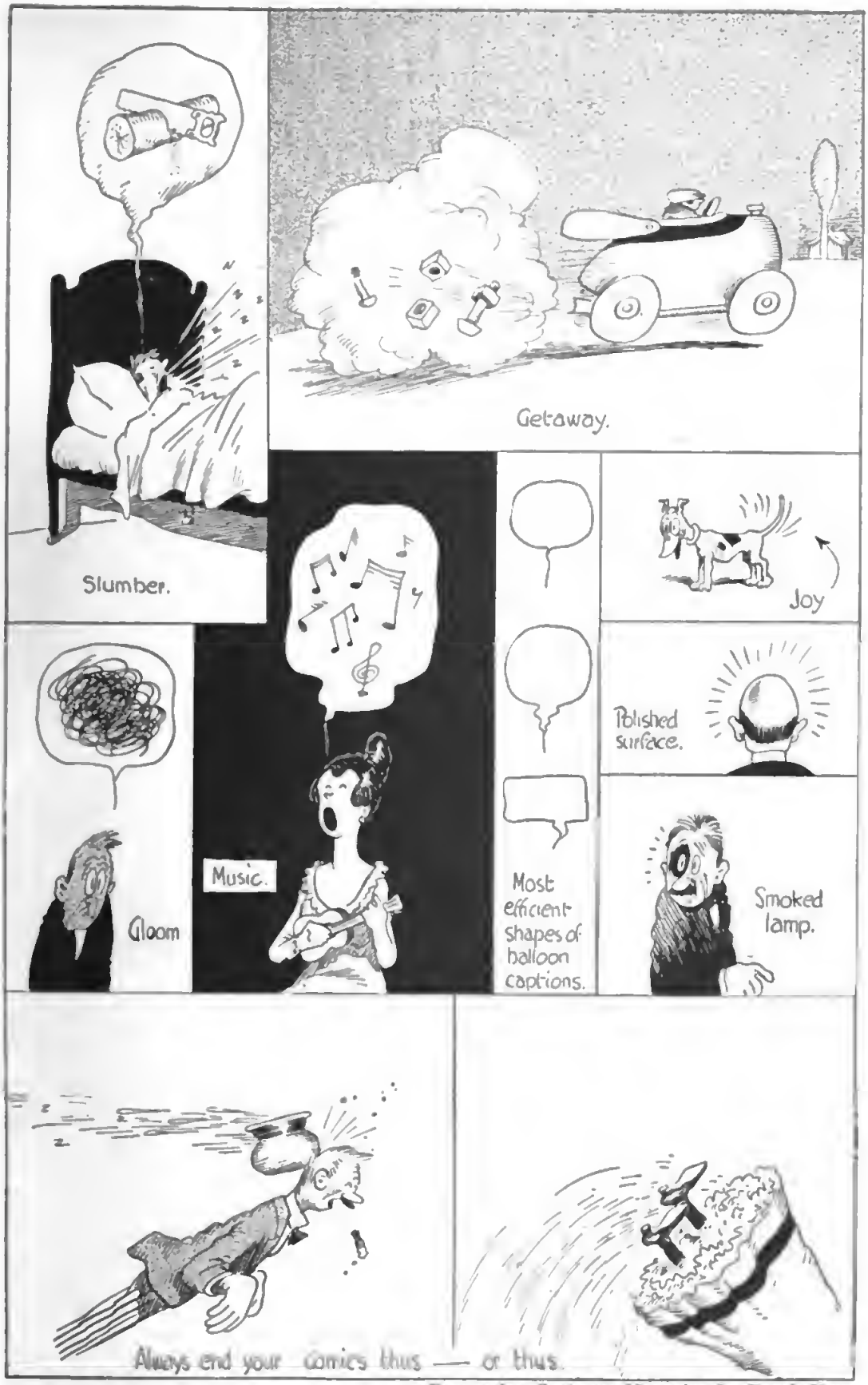


Surprise



Doubt.





Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Frank King

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Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Norman Anthony

FORE!
"Hi, Bill! I've lost that little hand grenade I had in my pocket."

PYGMALION & GALATEA

BY RALPH BARTON

THERE was once a young man of a serious turn of mind. Really, there was. He was also—and naturally—a very lonesome young man. He had come to New York from the West (as people still do, in spite of the dissemination of accurate information in these modern times by means of the newspaper, the telegraph, and the cinematograph) and had been in the Manhattan Desert about five years. His circle of friends was made up of (1) Tony, the iceman, who said "Ice?" to him once every other day up the dumb-waiter shaft, and whom he had never seen; (2) the elevator man who spoke Dutch Guiana negro; (3) the stationery-store keeper, who said "Nice day!" 364 times a year (i. e., once every day save Yom-Kippur), and (4) a good, though very small, collection of books.

Now, as this story is perfectly true, we had best call the young man Pygmalion—it fits him in a way, as you are to see, even though George Shaw may never speak to us again if we do use it.

Pygmalion, then, sat him down in a restaurant on the fifth anniversary of his arrival in the City of Me First to ponder on his state. The result of the pondering was a decision to marry. In spite of the warnings of his poor, old father; in spite of all the cases in the first, second, and third stages of married life that he had been eyewitness to back in the West; in spite of his own better judgment; in spite of the apparent hopelessness of the task, he decided to marry, and, once decided, forthright plunged into the work of finding, not "the right sort of girl," but—a girl. He felt that any girl would do, so long as she be female and white, and that he was certain of his own ability to make her the right sort.

A few weeks later, Pygmalion found the raw material—and raw it was, indeed—for his Galatea. His hunt had led him before the rear door of Moses & Moses Cloak and Suit Company's showroom, just at the time when the models were coming out to have lunch. One of the models, our Galatea, turned from the group she had been talking with in order to—well, to expectorate the excess of saliva that the vicious cracking of chewing gum had frightened from her glands. She did it on Pygmalion's shoe! Horror upon horror—but she did!

"Watch your step, Charlie!" she giggled by way of apology, and Pygmalion, without so much as a word, grasped her wrist and took her by main force to lunch.

* * * * * *

Two years elapse.

He Decided to Marry

No, Pygmalion is not discovered cooing over the cradle to the now stately and beautiful Galatea's love offering, in the form of a nine-pound bouncing boy, to her beloved husband. Pygmalion had been more cautious.

He had begun work on Galatea with a rush of tenderness which was so unlike anything she had ever experienced that she forgot to guy him about it and became interested in him from the first, took lodgings *near* him (nothing of the naughty French novel or of the "greatest morality play ever made for the screen" about this story!), and visited him daily. At each of the visits Pygmalion delivered a carefully disguised lesson. At first they were lessons in general deportment. She learned by imitation. Then came a long struggle to introduce Galatea to the English language.

At the end of a year, Galatea had acquired a surprising amount of self-control, dignity, good English and the ability to do without chewing gum, highballs, and cursing.

At the end of two years we find her still under the tireless training of Pygmalion. She has dropped her old crowd of cloak models, her wild parties, her "good sports" and "good spenders." She reads with a considerable understanding the best books in Pygmalion's little library. She recognizes and apparently enjoys the music of Beethoven and of Bach, the works of Rubens and Michel Angelo. Her dress has lost its old slovenliness and is now in the most excellent taste. Her manner is soft and feminine and adorable. Her self-respect has burst through the armor plate of "toughness" which she had seemed to think necessary in the cloak-model days. She is still obliged to earn her living, as neither she nor Pygmalion have money to spare, but the beauty which came forth with the softening of the hard lines about her mouth and eyes has made her much in demand among a group of illustrators who use her as a model and whose wives are always anxious to have her in for dinner after

the posing day to listen to her really quite brilliant artistic small talk.

In a word, Pygmalion had been more than successful against frightful odds, by hard labor and unceasing, in producing a charming woman from a soiled scrap of human clay. It had been a big task but despite—or because of—the energy he had expended, he came to be very much in love with his Galatea. She had become indispensable to him. She was as great a help to him as he had been to her. She filled his every need for human companionship.

The time had come for the wedding and Pygmalion paced the floor with small self-control. He had saved that as a surprise. No mention of marriage had passed between them but it was evident that she loved him as well as he loved her and arrangements would have been dull and useless. She was due at his rooms at five and it was now a quarter before that hour. Pygmalion had a taxi at the door and an engagement with a Justice of the Peace and a table at Sherry's all waiting. Also tickets to Atlantic City.

The doorbell rang three short, sharp notes. Her signal! Pygmalion rushed to the door, flung it wide and held out his arms to—an aged messenger boy with locomotor ataxia who handed him an envelope. It was a note from Galatea, written in *his* English, on *his* shade and *his* size note paper. And this is what it said:

> Pyggy!
>
> Words cannot express the joy in my heart! I have just been married to young Moses. You remember he used to be always hanging about me when I worked there but he never mentioned marriage until I met him on the street today. For some reason his manner was *so* different toward me—he did not swear once nor make the slightest improper remark! We had lunch and he asked me to marry him.
>
> Oh, Pyggy! I have had my bonnet set for him for years and I had given

He Grabbed Her Wrist and Took Her to Lunch

up all hope long ago of ever capturing him. We are off tonight to our camp in the Adirondacks with a carload of Scotch, all the girls from the store and a lot of nice fellows. I'll have to make up for two years lost time in a fortnight! Bursting with rapture,

GALATEA.

* * * * * *

Moral: You cannot make a dime, which is worth ten cents, with lead; no matter how closely it may resemble one on the surface.

RONDELET

A GIRL'S red lips!" What sweeter line
Could I have chosen as refrain?
"A girl's red lips!"

Good lack! When second thought was mine,
I knew my toil would be in vain,
For where's the poet could refrain
A girl's red lips?

—Aldis Dunbar.

She Knew a Bach Fugue from a Berlin Rag

Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by C. W. Anderson

WASTED ENERGY

Older Brother: "What are you cryin' for?"
The Kid: "I—I wanna a nickel to get me a new top."
Older Brother: "Well, you had better rest till Ma gets through washin' the dishes. She's makin' so much noise now she can't hear you at all."

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Drawn for Cartoons Magazine

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Things That Never Happen!

Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Virgil E. Alford

A Typical Occurrence in an Artist's Studio

"What's the matter with having Santa Claus make his entrance in one of them tanks?"

The Night Before Christmas

By A.H.Folwell Drawings by L.M.Glackens

"IT ought to do first rate," agreed the Movie Man; "the grown-ups like those things, and of course the kids themselves like 'em. What's the name of it? 'The Night Before Christmas?' Well, s'pose you read it over and I'll size up its possibilities as we go along."

"Why, certainly," I said, and opening the "Treasury of Favorite Poems" to page 267, began to read:

'Twas the night before Christmas when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.
The stock—

"Stop!" said the Movie Man. "We'll have some close-ups of mice, mice and their habits. Educational pictures, you know; or perhaps one of the mice could set fire to the house by chewing on a card of matches. Christmas Eve fire, you know. Human interest stuff. Get me?"

"Yes, but I don't think it would be quite in the spirit of the piece," I gently protested.

"Got to have some pep in 'em these days," said my auditor; "but go on. What's next?"

The stockings were hung by the chimney with care
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar plums danced in their heads.

"Wait a second," said the Movie Man. "How would it do to have a Christmas Eve burglary, hey? A second-story worker puts on a false beard and sneaks in at the window of the room where the kids are asleep. One of 'em wakes up and thinks it's Santa Claus, see? And comes out of bed in his nightie and tries to sit on the burglar's lap and kiss him or something. Switch to view of the burglar's own old home, back on the farm, with *his* mother sitting by the fireside, looking up at *his* Christmas stocking, see?—

"You get out of here just as quick as you can."

when he was a boy. The burglar reforms on the spot and tears off his whiskers and gives himself up. Or we might make a comedy film of it and have the real Santa come in and have a fight with the burglar and a funny fall down the stairs and out into the street. What's the rest of the dope?"

And Mama in her kerchief and
I in my cap
Had just settled our brains for
a long winter's nap.

"A pippin of a chance! I've got just the girl to play the wife and we'll put her in a suit of swell pajams, boudoir cap and a lot of lace things. She ain't happy with her husband, see? He's older'n what she is, and she's always sighin' and turnin' away her head when he speaks to her. He comes in late in a dress suit, looking kind of suspicious—"

"What are you talking about?" I asked. "There's nothing like that in 'The Night Before Christmas.' It's not—"

"Go on," said the Movie Man persistently, "go on and we'll see if there ain't."

So I read on:

When out on the lawn there
arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see
what was the matter;
Away to the window I flew like
a flash,
Tore open the shutters and
threw up the sash.

"What did I *tell* you?" cried the Movie Man; "what did I tell you! Don't you *see* it? Why, the wife has a lover who has a date with her at twelve o'clock and she didn't expect Friend Husband home so soon—thought he'd be down to a Christmas Eve stag at the club or some place—see? The lover meets the burglar in the dark, and thinks it's the husband, and they have a whale of a fight on the lawn. The wife, who has been only pretendin' to sleep, jumps up and grabs her husband's arm, and there's a cut-in sayin': 'In heaven's name, don't shoot! Remember, it is Christmas Eve!' Then we show a close-up of a belfry with a lot of Christmas bells ring-

The burglar reforms on the spot

in' in it. Oh, this will be a lollipalluzer! Read the rest."

So I read on:

The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave a luster of midday to objects below,
When what to my wondering eyes should appear
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer;
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be Saint Nick.

"Say," said the Movie Man, "I gotter a great idea. What's the matter with havin' Santa Claus make his entrance in one of them—what d'you call 'em?—tanks like they use over in the war? Maybe he could have a dummy cannon that would shoot candy, and a lot of gnomes stickin' their heads out all around. Santa Claus in an airship's old stuff, and this would be an up-to-the-minute novelty."

"But how about the reindeer?" I warned. "They pull the sleigh up to the roof in the poem," and I read him some lines to prove it.

"So they do," agreed the Movie Man. "Oh, well, that's something else again. That's immense. Don't you see? The wife's lover by this time recognizes that it's not the husband but a strange man he's been fighting with on the lawn, so he still wants to get into the house. When Santa Claus' sleigh starts climbing up the air, he grabs hold of the runners and goes up to the roof with it. Then he and Santa have a peach of a fight up on the roof in the moonlight—you know, jiujitsu—and he slams Santa up against a chimney, binds him fast with a little girl's skippin' rope and changes clothes with him. Get the idea?"

"Not quite."

"Why, shucks!" resumed the Movie Man, "how can you miss it? Don't he want to get into the house? Ain't he got a date with the wife that's so unhappy? And don't he know that if he can get in on Christmas Eve as Santa Claus, it's the chance of a lifetime. Santa Claus goes down the chimney, don't he, in the poem?"

"Yes," I admitted, "with a bag of toys."

"Well," argued the Movie Man, "what did I tell you?"

"But how about the whiskers?" I persisted. "He can't pick those up on the roof or make 'em out of new fallen snow."

"No," agreed the Movie Man, "but he can out with a pair of pocket scissors and cut a false beard out of a polar-bear lap robe in Santa's sleigh, can't he?"

I was crushed into silence.

"Sure," continued the Movie Man. "And now where's the part that tells how he got down into the room where the stockings were

Then he and Santa have a peach of a fight up on the roof

hangin'? Read that. How does it go, now?"

So I read on:

As I drew in my head and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot.
A bundle of toys he—

"'S'nough!" interrupted the Movie Man. "And soon as he gets down the chimney he sees the husband and almost spills the beans. He doesn't know the husband's home, y' understand. He knows he's got to make a bluff somehow, so he starts fillin' the stockings and finds he's brought down the chimney the reindeers' feed bag instead of the pack of toys. Just about then he feels his polar-bear beard slippin' and he sure is up against it.

"What'd happen in another second nobody knows, but up on the roof—switch to roof—there's Santa Claus tied to the chimney with the little girl's skippin' rope, and he gets loose enough to kick the nearest reindeer in the shin and start the whole bunch buckin' like a lot of bronchos and makin' a fierce racket. This takes the husband's attention off of Santa Claus, and when he goes out of the room to see what the blazes is makin' all the noise, the wife sneaks over—in a peach of a kimono, of course—and there's a cut-in sayin': 'Go quickly, while there yet is time. It is madness, madness!' She recognizes him, see? And he says: 'No; not unless we can go together; Santa Claus' sleigh and eight tiny reindeer are up on the roof; get some clothes and we'll be off, sweetheart.' She starts and almost falls for it, but just then she sees the row of stockings over the fireplace, and she throws herself down at the table and there's a cut-in, sayin': 'No, I cannot, I cannot; I must bear it all for the sake of the children!' Ain't it a la-la?"

"It is some Night before Christmas," I admitted guardedly.

"You said it," cried the Movie Man. "And then the wife pushes the lover out of the window and says good-by to him forever. And just as he goes out, baffled and sneerin', the real Santa Claus, who's wiggled himself free, falls down the chimney in his stocking feet and a union suit, but with his bag of toys.

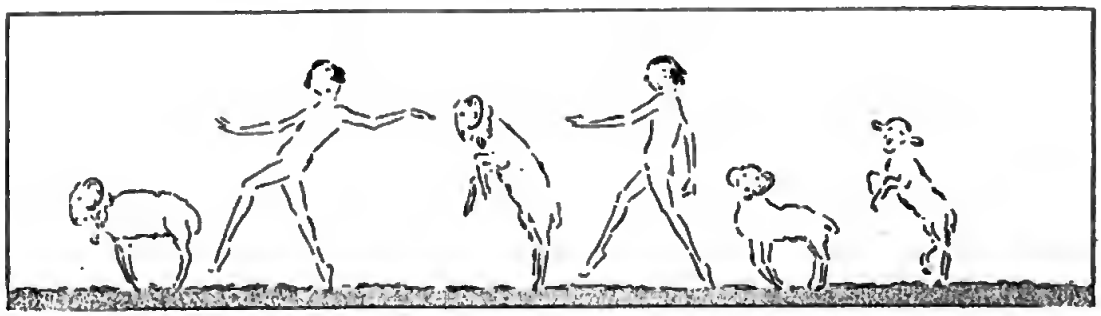
"Before he can start anythin', the husband comes back in the room, looks him over and there's a cut-in sayin': 'Thinkin' of spendin' the night, I see. Well, the spare room's right across the hall. And it sorter seems to *me* you've put on about thirty pounds in the last three minutes. What's the idea?' Santa Claus explains that he tore his clothes something awful on a rough brick in the chimney, but that he's got another suit in the sleigh. And then he fills the stockings. Is there any more?"

"Only his exit," said I, thankfully. "His exit, up the chimney."

"Yes," enthused the Movie Man, "and the husband, he stands there and says, 'You get out of here just as quick as you can; there's something about this here Christmas Eve that I don't quite *get*.' And then there's a fade-out of him and his wife, standin' hand in hand in front of the fireplace, lookin' at the filled-up stockings. And last thing, another fade-out, this time the wife at the window alone, lookin' out over the moonlit snow, and sayin': 'For the children's sake, I must!' What's the end of the poem?"

"The end," said I, "is the line, 'Happy Christmas to all and to all a goodnight.'"

"Fine business," cried the Movie Man; "that's the way they all end, with a Good Night sign. And we'll slip 'em a fade-out of the Christmas moon."



"CHRIS'MUS GIF!"

by J.P.Alley

Drawn for Cartoons Magazine

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Drawn for Cartoons Magazine

"I, TOO, WAS BORN IN ARCADIA."
A Revel in Black and White by Ethel Taylor

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Wrong About Face

By Horace Brown Drawings by W.E. Hill

IN a community of many faces there once was a face so funny that its owner always looked as though he were laughing.

One night, because he couldn't get out of it without seeming unpatriotic, he went to an amateur vaudeville show for the benefit of something. The usher took him to a seat down in front, and just before the curtain went up, he settled himself for the ordeal.

The lady elocutionist who had "kindly volunteered"

The first person on the bill, barring, of course, an amateur club swinger, was a youth who had ambitions. He hoped in time to become a professional comedian, and even as an amateur he considered himself rather good. Though ambitious, however, the youth was not immune from stage fright, and he shook like the "light, quivering aspen" when he faced his audience.

He had what he prided himself was a scream of a make-up, a red derby hat, a braid-bound suit with checks two inches square and a cheap alarm clock strapped on for a wrist watch, but as he tottered out from the shelter of the wings, his feet grew cold and then colder. The one thing that buoyed him up and started him on the right track was a man in the front row, center aisle. This man's face wore a perpetual smile from the time he came on, and it never once left him.

The amateur comedian took heart and put over his opening gag. The man in front continued to smile. It was inspiring. All through the act, which gained snap and gusto as it progressed, the man in the front row, center aisle, continued to smile and smile. He seemed fairly to be bursting with laughter, with suppressed laughter, with the laughter which precedes apoplexy. The ambitious young comedian was in ecstasies. Keyed up by this one man's appreciation, he put over his act with a whoop, and actually made a hit. That first night so puffed him with confidence that in no time at all he got what he most longed for—a professional engagement. And as he really wasn't so very bad, he made good.

Later on in the evening, that evening of the amateur vaudeville show, there was down on the program a young lady elocutionist. She had "kindly volunteered," and as volunteer shows, like beggars, cannot be choosers, she was given a place on the bill. She, too, had inward ambitions. Her leading wish in life was to elocute before top-notch society, and to appear in exclusive drawing-rooms at eleven o'clock in the morning.

Unlike the young comedian who had preceded her by some minutes, she had no

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use for funny stuff. She considered it degrading and beneath her, so she selected for the edification of the audience "The Fall of the Pemberton Mill," a piece that has more sobs in it than "Camille," "East Lynne," and "The Death of Little Nell" all rolled into one. In it, people are burned to death and sing hymns as the flames approach them, the elocutionist doing the singing.

When the young lady first came out, she did not notice the man in the front row, center aisle. The footlights dazzled her and she saw nobody. Indeed, she did not observe the man in the front row until she was well warmed up to her work, and then, when she did see him, she recoiled as from a blow. His face was wreathed in smiles. He seemed fairly to be bursting with laughter, with suppressed laughter, with the laughter that precedes apoplexy, but differing from the case of the young comedian, his evident mirth awoke no pleased response in the breast of the young lady elocutionist.

He had what he prided himself was a scream of a make-up

As her piece grew sadder and still more sad, she turned on the tremolo in a desperate determination to break the smile or die. In fifteen seconds she found herself reciting "The Fall of the Pemberton Mill" to that man alone. Nobody else in the audience of several hundred persons mattered in the least. She raged inwardly. She felt hysterics approaching. The flames were all around the victims, they were about to give up the ghost, it was enough to move a heart of flint or to make a statue shed tears, yet the man in the front row, center aisle, continued that maddening smile. Not once did it leave his face.

When the young lady elocutionist got back behind the scenes, and into the dressing room, she threw herself down on the bare floor and vowed that never—never — NEVER — would she recite again. She was through. And she was. Society drawing-rooms never knew her, either at eleven o'clock in the morning or at any other time. When she got over an attack of brain fever, she took up a career of stenography and typewriting. But we are anticipating—

The amateur vaudeville over for the night, an usher shook the man in the front row, center aisle; shook him once, twice, thrice. Hard.

"Huh?" queried the man at last; "Oh, all right."

And then he went out into the street only a minute or two behind the main body of the audience.

He had slept through it all, hearing neither the ambitious young comedian nor the equally ambitious young lady elocutionist.

He had slept through it all, peacefully, serenely, his face wreathed in the galvanized smile that would not come off. As far as the amateur comedian and the volunteer elocutionist were concerned, he might have been a dummy.

Yet look what, all unconsciously, he did to their budding careers.

MORAL:

Don't believe all you see, as Aesop might say were he still sticking around.

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Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by R. B. Fuller

Aunt Sallie's "Turn" on Spying Willie Brown Wearing a War Relic Sent Home by His Big Brother

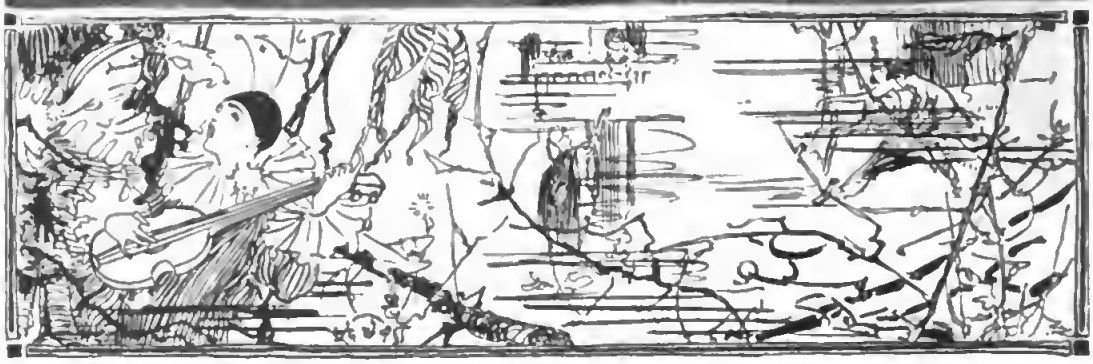
Hesitation

TONIGHT in the veranda's bower
The air is sweet with jessamine;
The garden — Oh, enchanted hour!
Is flooded with the pale moonshine;
The stars upon the waters dance
As when the world was very young,
And life seems all a wild romance —
Jack, dear — have you lost your tongue?

Over the silver waves afar
Is borne the night bird's plaintive cry,
And silently a falling star
Traces a pathway through the sky,
While music, faint as in a dream,
Comes sweet as songs by sirens sung;
A lovers' paradise 'twould seem —
Jack, dear — have you lost your tongue?

Brave Troilus on such a night
For love did scale the walls of Troy;
Fair Jessica did make her flight,
Garbed in the costume of a boy;
A night when to frail Columbine
Might moon-child Pierrot have clung,
And whispered "Sweetheart, be thou mine" —
Jack, dear — have you lost your tongue?

— Paul T. Gilbert



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Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Alice Harvey

THE FOOD CONSERVATOR'S WIFE
A Little War Time Tragedy

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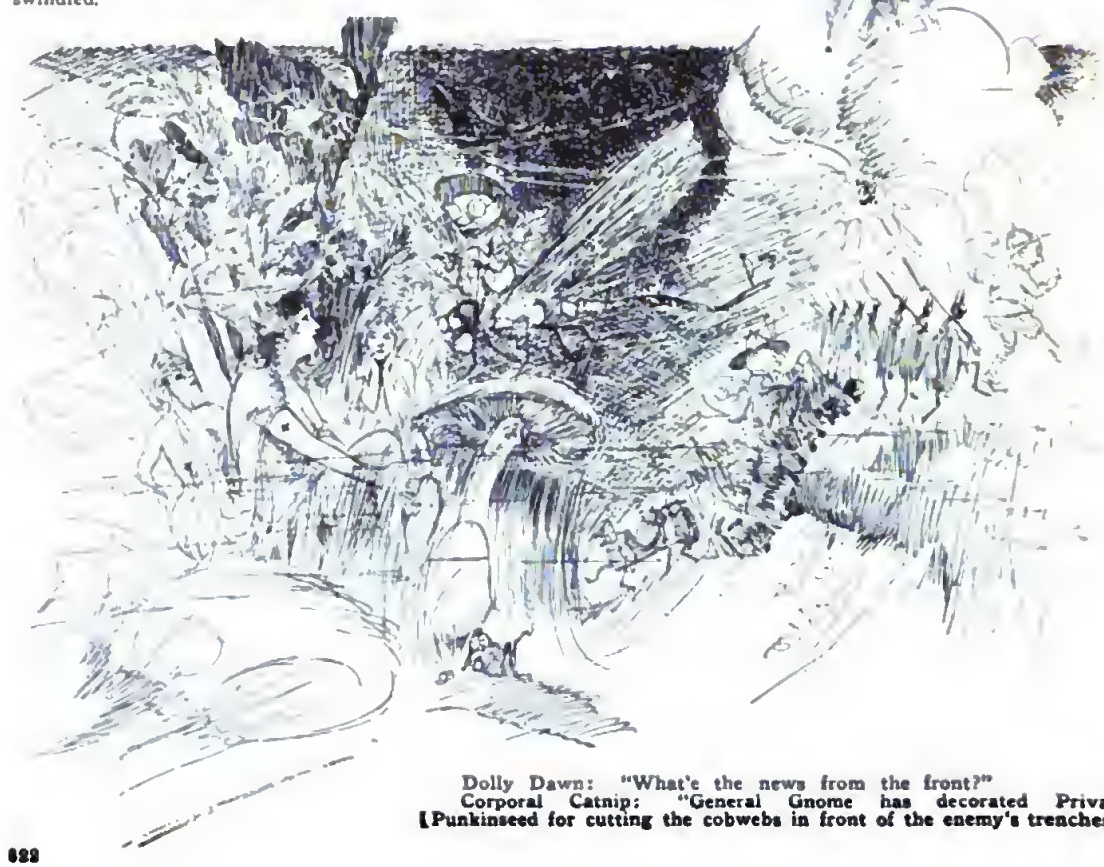
In Fairyland

By Hugh Rankin

"That Chinese eprite is raising Cein with the entertainment committee."

"Yes. He bought a ticket for the hop and now he wants his money beck beceuse he eeye he wes swindled."



Dolly Dawn: "What'e the news from the front?"
Corporal Catnip: "General Gnome has decorated Private Punkinseed for cutting the cobwebs in front of the enemy's trenches."

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Sometimes he crossed, in his flatboat, to the monastery on the green bank opposite

The Young Hermit

by B.J. Stolper - Illustrated by Hugh Rankin

THE young hermit lived in a little stone cell at the edge of a stream. He lived alone; but sometimes he crossed, in his flatboat, to the monastery on the green bank opposite; and sometimes he donned his sandals, tucked up his coarse gown into the rope about his middle, and walked the short distance through the briars, to the reeve's house at the edge of town.

For the hermit was not entirely clear in mind about his vocation. To dwell apart for his soul's sake, seemed to him sweet-savored and just. Yet he had not gone off into the desert, like others. He still esteemed pious tales and subtleties of learned doctors; and the friendly monks, his neighbors, had such great store of tractate and commentary, Holy Writ and marvelous illuminated missal, and seemed always so glad to bring these out for him to the cool niches of the old *scriptorium*, that he rowed across often and often, and stayed through the heat of the day.

Then, too, this hermit was not as others who forsake the world of the flesh. He greeted with a smile those who brought to his cell a willing tithe of pulse and fruit, over and above what Holy Church required. But he also did what no hermit, surely, had ever done before him.

He thought:

"I went into the solitude to find joy; I will bring joy, when I may, out of the solitude."

And at such times as he felt moved to do so, he donned his sandals, tucked up his robe, and went to the house of the reeve at the edge of town. There he sat, ate of food at the hearth, listened to talk, smiled often (but said nothing, as his rule demanded), rose by and by, and went back to his cell with a cheerful mind. The folk held him for a holy man.

Now the Accuser who walks to and fro, saw how the young hermit had not ceased altogether from vanities of the eye—black-letter and rubric, great capital, gold leaf, blue and vermilion margins. And love of subtleties, he knew, were dallyings that might well profit him, since all of Holy Writ was to be had between the covers of one book. Finally, he hid

a smile to think on the fact that the reeve had a daughter, there, in the house at the edge of town.

Having seen what he saw, he did what he did.

II

ONE Friday, after a fresh plaice with herbs, that he had eaten at the reeve's house, the hermit was standing alone in the empty *scriptorium* of the monastery. On a high desk before him, lay the *Song of Songs*, open—a wonderful book in vellum, old, but with colors, fresh and glowing.

His hands were busy binding a *flagellum*, a harsh whip of tough brambles. Under his coarse robe, he could feel the short bristles of his hair shirt prick into his skin; presently, when he had crossed in his flatboat to his cell, he would feel the harsher sting of the brambles, on his naked breast and thighs; but at the moment, his eyes, moist and dreamy, gazed raptly into the *Song of Songs*, and his lips murmured, half singing, half sighing, verse after verse. . . . .

When he came to the words: *Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair; thou hast doves' eyes* ——, he cast his eye, quite, quite by accident, toward the west. There, through the open window of the *scriptorium*, he could just make out the little mullioned panes in the reeve's house; they shone in the setting sun.

And at that very instant the cool room became sultry. The hermit felt something stirring and lifting the unruly black lock that fell from his young tonsure over his white forehead, and that he could never keep disciplined, however often he vexed it.

He felt a strange glow in his heart; a hot wave mounted to his eyes, and a tingling shiver to the nape of his neck; and again there came the stirring and lifting of the black lock over his forehead, almost as if it had a will and desire of its own.

The hermit was terrified. He opened his young jaws as widely as he could. His eyes grew injected. Duke Samson, tearing the lion, rose unaccountably before his horrified, wavering vision . . . . when a blinding pain shot through his head, the lock, scalp and all, seemed lifted violently, and out there sprang from beneath it, out on the reading desk before him, something . . . . tiny, greenish, agile. . . . .

It stood there; at once the pain subsided. The hermit looked at it with swimming gaze: a tiny, agile, greenish mannikin! He looked again. It whipped a slender little tail behind it, and capered about on cloven feet.

"Who are you!" demanded the hermit, in a trembling voice.

"Your thought," whispered the Little Man grinning, and displaying two rows of white, sharp, pointed little teeth.

"I was reading Scripture!" cried the hermit, in a panic.

"*Behold. . . .*" hummed the elf, ". . . . *thou art fair, my love; behold. . . .*"

The hermit closed his eyes, and thrust his fingers in his ears; but he heard every word, as before, and saw every movement that the Little Man made. So he opened his eyes and withdrew his fingers, trembling, from his face.

"Scripture . . . . hou! hou! . . . . true. The *Song of Songs*. And casting one eye, at the same time, toward the reeve's little window! Was it the Church and the graces of the Church, hermit, you had in mind, or Margery, the reeve's lily daughter? Do you . . . . wish to see her?"

The hermit recoiled.

"Well-a-well!" grinned the Little Man. "The sun sets to rise. Tomorrow is another day. Good den to our next meeting! I must go now . . . . down . . . . to write my name in the book of births. I have e'en been conceived and begotten . . . . as you must know. But I will come again!"

And he disappeared.

The hermit drew a deep breath. A vision, he thought, that might come in the watches of the night; what came by day? . . . . Half-formed, a doubt rose vaguely to his mind; but he shook it off, with a toss of his shapely head.

He closed the vellum book carefully, restored it to its press, gathered up his brambles, and went off to his boat and his cell. That night he fasted, and flagellated himself till the thorns showed red.

III

AFTER an interregnum of solitude, three se'nnights, during which kelp and green moss crept over the flatboat, fine dust floated down on the vellum, and a bold crop of briar sprang up on the byway through the wood to the reeve's house,—the hermit stood once more at the high desk in the *scriptorium*.

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The little window opened, and there stood Margery, the reeve's lily daughter, with her shoulder toward them, bent lissomly over a shining basin

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It was Friday, as on that other day, and he was alone.

At the reeve's house, where he had gone through the briars for nooning, there had been a great salmon, caught leaping over the weir. Margery had crossed the low ceiled room, tripping lightly all the way along a long, bright sun-patch quick with dancing motes. She had brought a junket to the reeve, in a blue bowl as blue . . . . with snowy rim as white . . . . And now the hermit lingered over a wonderful commentary of the Jewish rabbins, *Targaum Scheini*, crowned and free-written and done into so sweet Latin. In the wide margins, in slim lozenge closely compacted, were marvelous tales. . . . .

The stream murmured through the open window, and the midsummer trees rustled all their leaves.

Wonder of wonders, the palace of Sir Salomon, the learned Jew! . . . . Built of crystal, in the middle of the sea. . . . .

The young hermit closed his eyes and inhaled deeply and quiveringly. Suddenly, he received a sharp fillip on the nose. His eyelids leaped apart—the Little Man!

But taller, it seemed to him. His heart beat faster. He looked and looked, as if the Pit . . . . or Paradise . . . . were at his eyes. . . .

"You have grown, I think?"

"You think . . . . and I grow!"

The blood surged in a hot wave to the hermit's cheek.

"I was not thinking . . . . what you think," he stammered. "See! these are holy things. In the Jewish rabbins, the Annunciation, the threefold mystery——"

"What did I think?" asked the Little Man softly. "Deep down in your secret heart, *you* thought . . . . what? *In such a palace as this one is . . . . in the heart of the great sea . . . . with her! . . . .*"

The hermit hung his head. He began to tremble. Shame, terror, despair, laid hands on him in turn and had their will of him.

"She will soon be a wife," he whispered; and wished the words unspoken.

"No."——

The hermit's lips were half parted; his nails bit into his palms; but he spoke no word.

"Anon?" said the Little Man.

"Of Diccon the fletcher!" gasped the hermit.

"He coughs. . . ."

"What of that!"

"He hath the wasting sickness. . . ."

"What of that!"

"Nothing . . . . now. The brave fruit must ripen on the tree."

The hermit stared at him in horror; and as he looked, fascinated, he saw that in the brief time that had run since his coming, the Little Man had turned, from a sallow green, to red . . . . scarlet red.

"How red you are become," he murmured, shaken.

"*Adam* . . . ." replied the eft, ". . . . is a man . . . . *Adam* is red . . . . *Dama* is blood. . . ."

"What . . . . can you dare to mean!" stammered the hermit.

"The time will come anon, and you will understand. But now tell me rather, whether you desire to see . . . . her. She is washing her heavy hair."

And as the hermit stood dumb, the Little Man blew delicately toward the little mullioned window in the west, and the little window opened, and there stood Margery, the reeve's lily daughter, with her shoulder toward them, bent lissomly over a shining basin.

She swayed and dipped her sleek head, and the broad arras of her hair, slowly and rhythmically, moved over the gleaming brass.

"See . . . ." said the Little Man; and his voice was like a viol on the Sabbath. "Her hair! . . . . How small is the reeve's broad basin. How hardly can her hair be holden within it."

The hermit seized him by the slim wrist.

"She might turn and see! . . . ."

"Anon, whom?"

"You! She will be frightened, saints forbid!"

"Save you," said the Little Man, "none can see me. . . ."

"Softly!"

"Save you, none can hear my voice . . . ."

In the monastery garden, the monks passed, two and two, telling their beads.

"Turn your eyes . . . ." said the Little Man, ". . . . and see her wonderful throat . . . . her shoulders . . . . alabaster. . . ."

The hermit shook as with the quartan fever; and as he opened his parching lips:

"Do you desire that I show her before you? . . . . as Ahasver, in old days, desired . . . . of Vashti? Command me! . . . ."

"Show!" murmured the hermit, inaudibly, with beating heart.

"But first," said the mannikin swiftly, "you will set your name. . . ."

"To what?" whispered the hermit.

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The two stole over cat-paced. The hermit's feet were naked, and his steps noiseless. "The knife! The knife!" warned the Tall One

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"A compact . . . . with blood . . . . from your littlest finger. . . ."

"I will sign, I will sign! Now! Give it to me!"

"I must go . . . . down . . . . to fetch the parchment," said the Little Man slowly—and vanished.

Careless of the rare tractate, the hermit flung his supple form against the unresponsive oak of the reading desk. His hot arms crushed the broad pages, and the unruly black lock tumbled over his white forehead, as his body shook with sobs. When he raised his head, and gazed through the open window toward the west, the little mullioned panes had shut; and white shoulder, rich hair, and shining basin, had gone like a vision.

IV

THE Feast of Assumption, late at night. On the altar of the monastery chapel burned two tall candles of yellow wax. Two images of the Virgin hemmed in the light from each, on the outward sides. Many memorial lamps, suspended on thin chains from the vaulted roof, moved slowly to and fro, their shadows moving with them.

The hermit knelt on the cold flags in the rear of the nave. He moved his lips imperceptibly, and slowly slipped the beads through his fingers, his eyes fixed on the floor. The light from the candles traveled toward him down the aisle, in a long, blurred path, growing fainter and fainter as it reached his knees.

Suddenly, a new shadow blotted out the dim pool of light before him. He quickly raised his eyes—the Little Man!

Though, truly, he seemed little no longer. His form grew and towered till his head moved among the groined arches of the roof. And yet his size seemed no more than human. He reached forth his hand, and pressed something into the hermit's fingers, among the dangling beads.

"What is this!" said the hermit.

"The mower knoweth his scythe. It is your own knife. You use it on the stinging brambles. You gave it to me . . . . to sharpen . . . ."

"When!"

"On a day, in the *scriptorium* . . . after a vision. . . ."

"A vision? . . . ."

"*Adam* . . . . a man, *adam* . . . . red, *dama*. . . ."

"Be still!" screamed the hermit. The echoes in the chapel repeated the sound.

"But see . . . . how well sharpened. . . ."

The Tall Man opened the sheath knife; the blade flashed suddenly.

"A razor edge . . . ." he said softly, ". . . . to cut. Try it . . . . on your nail."

As one devoid of will, the hermit took the sheath knife in his fingers. He dropped his beads; the heavy rosary sent an indescribable shiver through the nape of his neck. His palms grew hot.

"I wish to see! Let me see!"

"Then you have signed!"

A shocking pang shot through the hermit's little finger. He saw the other for what he was: the Accuser of Brethren; but he only longed for a sight, again, of the mullioned window . . . . the white shoulder . . . . the clouded hair . . . . Margery . . . .

"Wall! Wall! . . . ." called the other, ". . . . down with you!"

The wall obeyed and descended . . . . and there lay Margery, the reeve's lily daughter, asleep in a couch bed.

The hermit knelt, bathed in perspiration; his hands trembled, his face was as white as curds, his eyes burned. . . . He looked and looked.

The Tall One, dull red, like sullen embers, crouched behind him, whispering in his ear:

"See! her little hand . . . . chiseled. Her elbow, dimpled . . . . of ivory . . . ."

"More, more!" panted the hermit, with parched lips.

"Coverlet! coverlet!. . . . down with you!" spoke the Tall One. At once it occurred.

"Anon? . . . ." he grinned. "Is she so fair as Vashti?"

"Shulamite . . . ." murmured the hermit, his soul in his motionless eyes. "And the crystal palace . . . . in the middle of the sea . . . . ?"

"You shall have it," whispered the other, nodding his head. "The brave fruit is ripe. Soon or late . . . . you shall have it. There needs but a trifle . . . . to be done. . . ."

"Ah! her white sark . . . . her sark away!" flamed the hermit.

At that moment, however, the whole vision disappeared. The wall rose again to its place.

"What is that! What have you done!"

"Not I. . . . I have not done this," answered the Tall One.

"Who then!"

"Diccon the fletcher; he is here. I have no power. . . . We must wait; or . . . . get rid of him!"

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V

AND indeed, there was Diccon the fletcher, kneeling at the altar. His cap, with the lead medals of St. Joseph and St. Mary fastened to the cloth, lay on the floor beside him. He held his little crucifix in his fingers, tight-clenched before his face; and the white thread on which it was hung, showed like a scar against the back of his thin, sun-browned neck. His great, wasted shoulders rose and fell spasmodically with his breathing.

"He is not coughing . . . ." thought the hermit. And will he, nill he, the haft of the sheath knife grew tight to his grip. "He is not coughing. . . ."

"Anon . . . ." said the Tall One.

Diccon the fletcher began to cough weakly.

"A common rheum!" girded the hermit. "A cough of the damp night air!"

Diccon the fletcher clutched at his breast with his left hand; the white line on his neck tightened into the flesh; a paroxysm shook his wide shoulders. He rose, turned, and walked weakly down the path of faint light in the aisle, toward the rear of the chapel.

The hermit cowered behind a prie-dieu, and reached out instinctively for his familiar. Diccon stopped at the font, and made the sign of the cross on the fevered skin of his brow, with cool water scooped from the stone basin. As he went back to the altar, he staggered.

"*Vir mortis* . . . . death's own man . . . ." said the Tall One.

"No! no!" muttered the hermit. "This is the Feast of . . . . the Feast of. . . . He will recover! He will grow well again! His shadow is following after! . . . ."

"See! how wasted . . . . how unsteady! How long will it be, do you think? . . . ."

"This day week is the wedding," muttered the hermit darkly.

"Anon, a young widow . . . . come to knowledge. . . ."

"I will not have him touch her!" cried the hermit, half rising, with foam on his mouth.

"You can mend . . . . or leave marred."

"Teach me!"

Diccon the fletcher, on his knees at the altar, dropped his head on his breast. His jerkin tightened, as he drew his shoulders together and struggled for breath.

"Come over to his shadow!"

"What will happen?"

"You will see!"

The two stole over, cat-paced. The hermit's feet were naked, and his steps noiseless.

"Do not loose, do not lose!" warned the Tall One. "The knife! the knife! 'Twill make a sound! . . . ."

The hermit grasped the knife tighter in his hand.

Diccon the fletcher had risen, with his back toward them, and had stepped away from the altar. He leaned against a pillar, with his head awry, and coughed and coughed. The two stood on his shadow.

"Do you wish him gone? . . . . away for ever? . . . ." whispered the Tall One.

The hermit motioned. His voice . . . . Diccon would hear it. . . .

"Drop the knife! on the shadow's throat! Quick! Drop it!"

And as the hermit held back, in a panic, the Accuser struck his elbow. He lost the knife.

The sharp blade fell, point downward, pierced the throat of the shadow, and remained quivering in the stone floor.

At the same instant, Diccon the fletcher fell his whole length, sideways, toward the altar, and a jet of blood shot out of his mouth.

"Jesus, Mary and Joseph!" screamed the hermit . . . . and awoke!

VI

THE empty *scriptorium* was very still. In the deep corners, and about the low, massive pillars, motionless shadows couched darkly; but a faint, calm light stole in through the open window, from the young crescent moon and from the tiny stars that twinkled in the mild sky.

It had been a wild, terrible dream. And when the hermit awoke to find himself standing at the high reading desk, where the weight of his arm, doubled under his resting body, had left a deep imprint on the open page of the tractate, his trembling fingers sought and told his rosary.

Slowly he closed the embossed covers of the book, restored it to its place in the press, drew the rope tight about his middle, and went silently out of the monastery. His flatboat waited for him, at the edge of the stream; but he turned his face to the east, and went on steadily into the desert.

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Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by C. W. Anderson

Reinforcements for the Front

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The Woes of the Writer

by Ella Costillo Bennett

IN olden times the writer was only a few rungs above the actor. Today, from a standpoint of success, he is several rungs lower. In the sixteenth century, just before Shakespeare loomed upon the horizon, actors were anathema, and writers while not really suffering the social ban, were still looked at askance as people who could neither qualify before the committee on credentials as to social prestige, nor in need of the services of agents, solicitors or bankers. On the contrary, they were apt to have a speaking acquaintance with bailiffs, constables, and writ-servers. But such social intercourse was never sought by the writers, whose modesty generally kept them in the background with closed and bolted doors, and sometimes an uncanny silence within.

However, writers were few and readers almost as scarce, only the clergy and the nobility being able to take their pen in hand with any degree of ease, until what is called the Elizabethan era, but what should more correctly be termed the Bacon-Shakespeare period, when literature and learning really came into their own. Still the writer was usually poor—sometimes to the point of starvation.

François Villon, the vagabond poet of France, helped himself to any and everybody's possessions that happened to be handy, and continued to write, but most other writers seemed to have been honest, and therefore often went hungry; and while they did not so often go to jail as Mr. Villon, they were more frequently evicted, having not even a jail roof. Certainly the world has not been kind to the writer, for his living has been precarious and poor. The carpenter who is good at his trade is sure of a decent living, even if no luxury ever comes his way; but evidently there are too many writers.

But, alas! it is not only the public who ignore the writers, but the editors who abuse them! Writers are instructed in the proper way to send manuscripts, but does the editor care about the proper way to return them? There is one thing in which the majority of editors are alike, and that is that mania for accumulating clips.

Buy a box of clips for your manuscripts and—lay aside enough for more boxes, for editors will appropriate these as naturally as children reach for a stick of candy. One thing is demonstrated, that editors do not

They were More Frequently Evicted

"I can't. It was wished on me!"

buy clips—they leave that detail to the writers. Few manuscripts return with the little brass clip on the corner that held the pages in family communion, for upon reaching the editorial desk, the clips and the pages are immediately divorced, and there is no reconciliation, nor do these cases ever reach the appellate court. No heavy hand of the law reaches down and takes that clip away from the editor; it is his in fee simple for the rest of his natural life. Likewise many editors show a marked disinclination to return a manuscript in its original fold. You can take the letter size of paper for your effusion, fold it once, and insert a self-addressed, stamped envelope which fits perfectly. But does it come back that way? Not on your life. Most editors take a fiendish delight in refolding that manuscript, sometimes crookedly, or putting it in the envelope on the bias! Others seem to use your stories for tray cloths or napkins, for twice manuscripts have been returned to me with large grease spots, bearing mute testimony of the editor's frugal repast. One editor, who evidently wanted to be kind and encouraging, went the wrong way about it, for across the top of my little satirical sketch, was written in ink: "This is very clever, but not in our line." Of course it was kind of him to make these suggestions, but it necessitated a new front on my MSS.

Other editors have a habit of figuring on your manuscript. Often have I found problems in addition and subtraction on my articles. Whether the editor was figuring pages and words for his next issue, or domestic expense accounts, of course made no difference to me. My work had to be retyped, or go forth bearing the problems in arithmetic, which were not likely to make a good impression on another editor.

It is probably very trying to editors to have to read so many manuscripts, but as editors are presumably writers themselves, one would think a fellow feeling would make them kind. But it doesn't, and editors who stop to say a friendly word are so few that one always remembers them like a winter flower—blossoming alone. The difficulty comes in knowing what they want. You think after reading several copies of their magazine, that you are not submitting anything out of their line, even if you take the chance of sending something on which they may be overstocked. But likely as not, you receive a letter saying: "This is not along the line of matter we use," and you wonder if you have lost your senses, for you thought it was exactly in their line; and you send it to some other editor feeling that perhaps it isnt exactly along his line, but he might fancy it—and sometimes he does! There is no accounting for taste, and there is no accounting for editors.

Naturally editors who accept your stuff have a warm spot ever after in your heart. Besides they win your approval of their judgment. The editor who wants to be popular with writers should accept at least two manuscripts from many, and not keep certain writers always. This might even be to the public taste, for although there are some writers so good that one never tires of them, there are also some so very poor that one wonders if the editors really think they are good. Or is it that they think the public thinks so?

But, for the sake of argument, let us say, that a large number of people want this stuff. Is the editor justified in supplying it, any more than a druggist would be in selling poison-

In the Hall of Fame

ous drugs like cocaine or morphine to dope fiends? Editors are educated men; they should go a little ahead of the public, and lead it on to good literature, not cater to the ignorant, nor help to debauch the already depraved by supplying tawdry attempts at literature, for it is almost unbelievable that these editors do not know the difference.

But, after all, the relation between editors and writers is an intangible, unknowable thing; for the editor that sends back a half dozen articles this year may accept several the next, and sometimes the other way 'round, and the editor that has turned down your best piece of work, might be such an attractive man—if you met him personally—that you would even forget a bunch of rejection slips.

But the crowning insult is that Uncle Sam should discriminate against us! Printer's ink and good writers have helped to make Uncle Sam the most popular person in the world, and he turns his back upon his best friends! He prefers the commission merchant, the department-store magnate, the—why go on—everybody—to the writer. The writer is the one person discriminated against.

When the parcel post was inaugurated, the writers were left out in the cold. Merchants who handle any and everything under the sun could use the privilege. Eggs, fruit,—the perishable stuff; china,

No Heavy Hand of the Law Takes That Clip from the Editor

Uncle Sam Turns His Back on His Best Friends

crockery, glass—breakables; nothing is too difficult for Uncle Sam to handle for his children,—but MANUSCRIPTS! The merchant can reach his customer, and presents of any kind can be sent by parcel post—except a book. The artist can send his pictures, or the dealer his paints or canvas to the artist. Birds, rabbits, lizards, even snakes can be sent through the parcel post; but not a poor ambitious little manuscript!

There is absolutely no reason in this discrimination. A manuscript is not a personal letter to the editor telling him this leaves you well and hoping it finds him the same; it isn't even an inquiry as to his politics or religion. It is simply and solely a marketable thing, something you have to sell, and you send it on approval, just as the merchant does with his goods. For the dry-goods merchant will send several waists, kimonos, or dressing sacks, or anything else you want. You buy the one you like and send back the others. The photographer can send photographs by parcels post, but the moment the writer wants to send a set of photographs to illustrate an article he has written, the photograph becomes objectionable, because it is accompanied by writing; so the poor outcast writer, has to send it by express—if he wants it carefully handled—which means a cost of about forty cents. If it goes, say, to five editors before it is acepted (and this is frequently the case) the sending and return C. O. D. sometimes is $2.80, the final send-

There Is a Cornetist Who is Rapidly Depopulating the Neighborhood, But I Stay On

ing, forty cents, making a total outlay of $3.20 before the manuscript is sold, nor is cost of Manila envelopes included in this.

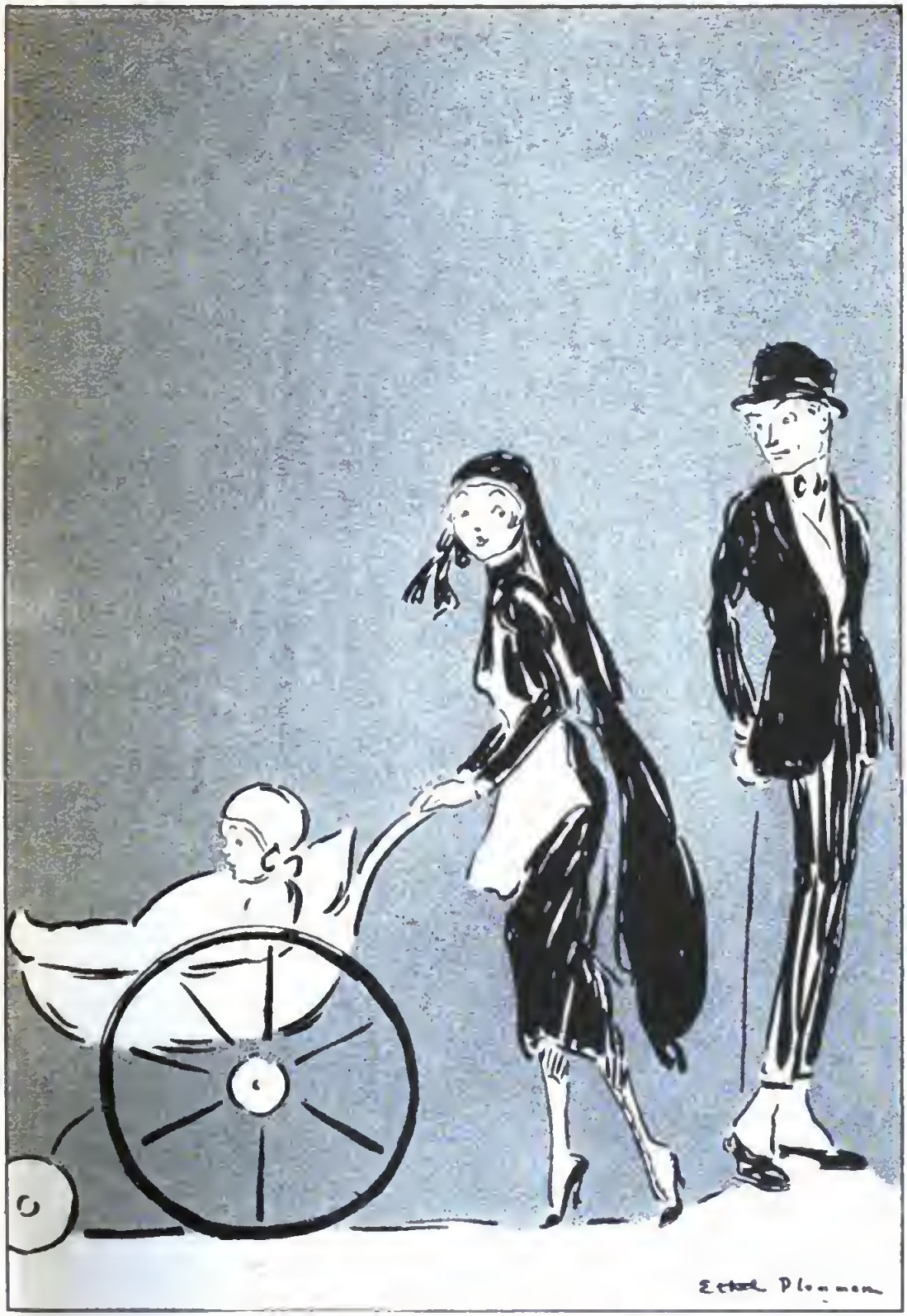
The editor gets a reduction on rates—by the pound from the government. Advertisers are even allowed the penny postage for booklets unsealed, but a manuscript sealed (or unsealed—should you want to take the chance) carries the full letter-postage price; and there is neither justice nor reason in this. The writer is dealing in stories and articles, just as the farmer is dealing in butter and eggs, and the merchant in clothing or china; yet a ban is placed upon the author's method of earning a living.

One might say: "Give up writing," and the writer could only answer: "I've tried and I can't. It was wished on me." The dope fiend may give up his drug, but the writer can no more resist the temptation to write than a duck can forego its swim, or a bird its flight; and the problem remains: What shall he do with his work?

If a merchant cannot sell his stock, he gets something for it—or his creditors do—at a bankrupt sale; if an artist cannot sell his pictures, he can use his old canvases over for a post-impressionist drawing; but the writer cannot write again on his old manuscript. As a matter of fact, because of wear and tear, he sometimes has to have a manuscript retyped after a few journeys to the magazines, for editors look upon carbon copies as questionable characters trying to crawl under the canvas instead of paying an entrance fee. Then too, if an artist cannot sell his picture, he can give it to his friends—or enemies, for birthday or Christmas presents; but one can imagine the consternation of a friend on opening a box, Christmas morning, to find a manuscript done up in tissue paper, tied with a bright red ribbon, and bearing a card reading "Merry Christmas!"

Oh, everybody has something in life but the writer! Even the musician, if he doesn't like his neighbors, can make them move. (There is a cornetist now, who is gradually depopulating my neighborhood, but I stay on!) At worst the artist can decorate his own walls, and cover up bad spots, but the writer cannot festoon manuscripts along his ceiling. He just has to keep filling up drawers and boxes with rejected masterpieces, until he hasn't space enough to put his clothes.

The Weak-Sighted Papa Frightened by His Boy—A "Comic" from Tokyo Puck, Japan



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Ethel Plummer

Some Baby!

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Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by John C. Argens

She: "Why do you refer to that dancer we saw tonight as the modern Venus?"
He: "Well, you see, my dear, it's just a matter of form."

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UNDER THE BIG DOME

BY ELISHA HANSON

CONGRESS, resplendent in a new white vest and a twice-over shave, is clattering back into town to say a few million well-chosen words and vote some few billion dollars to help carry on the war.

There may be other plans than those just outlined in the heads of some of the members, but they probably will stay there. The chief assignment of congress will be war work until the close of this conflict over the seas, the crying need of a deepened Sassafras Creek notwithstanding. The tears that will be shed by members in behalf of local projects probably would make navigable all of the streams in the country; but the folks at home can rest assured that President Wilson will continue to take the part of Jim Bludsoe with the old Ship of State in so far as the vital issue is concerned. Plaintive pleas of "political expediency" never yet have caused his chest to heave, and probably will not.

All of which is highly disconcerting to a certain thirty-two senators and 435 representatives who must make the race for reelection next fall.

ASIDE from actual war needs, congress, probably, and at least some branch of the government, will be called upon very persistently this winter to pay close attention to the case of little orphan Annie Railroad. Advance agents of the child already are on the ground, and by the time congress has collected its mileage and found a neat but respectable boarding house, she will be here herself plaintively singing, "You made me what I am today; I hope you're satisfied."

In other words the railroads are coming to Washington to collect. They don't care particularly how they collect, but they want more money. If they can induce the Interstate Commerce Commission to grant them rate increases, they will be satisfied, but if they cannot, it is declared in the highest official circles, they intend to ask congress to authorize issuance of bonds to tide them over the crucial war period.

The railroad version of the case is sad. The government has regulated them almost out of house and home, labor has shot sky high, and now they are almost broke. There is no good reason for all this public fuss, either, they contend. Didn't their representatives come down here recently, meet the Interstate Commerce Commission quietly and try to arrange a "reasonable" advance behind closed doors? Most certainly. And what happened. Why, the dad-busted commission didn't do a thing but make public a shorthand report of the whole blooming conference, consarn their ugly hides!

Verbal explosions will ensue in congress, of course, if the bonding proposal comes out in the open, but if the president insists upon it, he will get it.

Unfortunately for him, he will not have Chairman Adamson, of the house commerce committee, whom the railroads respected and secretly disliked, here to make the fight for him.

The new chairman of the committee, Representative Sims, of Tennessee, is a much bigger man than Adamson, though; fifty pounds or more. His chief claim to fame is at once, when attacked by Charlie Glover, a Washington banker, with a cane, he tried to shin up a tree and howled, "I seem to need assistance," or words to that effect.

IF the fights in the house this winter—and there should be a few, seeing as how everybody is filled with the militant spirit—are no better than was the one between Representative Norton, of North Dakota, and Representative Heflin, of Alabama, recently, they will not attract a corporal's guard. The opinion of Representative Johnson, of Kentucky, who was presiding over the house when that fight occurred, and who knows a scrap when he sees one, will prove it.

Johnson saw the fight within a few seconds after it started, but he did not bang his gavel very hard. Instead he watched the two closely, and observing nothing more fatal than Heflin's stiff-bosomed shirt churning up and down in a frantic effort to leap out of his white corduroy vest, he quietly voiced indignant protest.

"Why don't they fight!" he said loud enough for a few persons around the speaker's desk to hear.

Bang! Bang! went his gavel.

"They scrap like a couple of old women!" he continued, after a minute.

"What an awful exhibition!" he commented as members dragged the struggling representatives about.

Bang! The gavel sounded again, and Johnson, looking very stern, but outwardly satisfied at having restored order, resumed his chair.

The galleries were greatly impressed.

WHILE Frederick Palmer, the war correspondent, was in this country lecturing recently, a man dashed up to him and said:

"Didn't you once leap off a railroad embankment, out in the Philippines and clamber into a ditch to escape Filipino rifle fire?"

"I certainly did," Palmer replied.

"Well, I crawled into that ditch right after you," the stranger, who was Representative Little, of Kansas, replied.

Little says he did not know who Palmer was at the time they were in the ditch, nor, for all of that, until he saw him lecturing. The two had not seen each other in the intervening 20 years.

A NEGRO friend of Representative Howard, of Georgia, who had been refused exemption from the draft, was looking gloomy.

"Here Zeke," Howard said, handing him a quarter, "don't feel so blue. Maybe you won't get shot."

"Tain't dat;" the negro explained. "I'se jist been gipped, dat's all. I pays one of them notorious republicans twenty-five cents to witness my affidavit papers, and den dey don' do me no good at all. No, sah! If dat man can't make good, he ought to give back my two bits, I'm thinkin' right now."

DESPITE the awful drubbing that Herb. Hoover gave Senator Reed, of Missouri, in the food-control bill fight, the Missourian has not let up on him. One of these days, if Hoover does not watch out, Reed, disguised in hay whiskers probably, will catch him gnawing a ham bone on succotash Wednesday, and there will be the deuce to pay.

Nothing would please Hoover's enemies in the senate better than to be able to prove that he is wasting food. One of them recently ordered one of his employes to go to Hoover's hotel and get his meal slips. The employe took a walk to the hotel and returned with a menu card only.

When a meatless day was inaugurated in the senate restaurant recently, the same senator paid the manager a visit and gave him an awful scolding.

MOST folks don't know it, but Vic Murdock, who recently was appointed to the federal trade commission, was one of the first men in the country to write baseball in slang. He also wrote his stuff in Biblical language, and that certainly got a rise out of the Old Subscribers. He was a reporter on the old Chicago Inter Ocean, and in trying to eke out an existence from week to week he acquired a marvelous business training that now stands him in good stead.

Naturally he is a great "find" for the newspaper men.

WATCHING the activities of Secretary McAdoo and wondering if they have anything at all to do with his presidential ambitions, now is the chief indoor sport at Washington. Moneyed circles in New York are known to be observing him to determine if he will stand hitched if they get behind him. They are beginning to recognize the wisdom of the motto, "If you can't lick 'em, join 'em." Net results from their antagonism to President Wilson are nil.

REPRESENTATIVE BARNHART, of Indiana, could make much more money making faces than he does making laws. He imitates in facial expression, voice, and action every leading member of the two houses of congress. He is besieged with offers to go on the stage, but to date he still is pure, and thus far has shunned even the Chautauqua circuit.

When congress is not in session he goes back to his Indiana farm where everything is brown and white, horses, cows, chickens, pigs, houses, automobiles, and everything.

Needless to say, he is as good a farmer as he is a lawmaker or a facial contortionist.

"UNCLE JOE" Cannon dearly loves a circus, especially one with a large monkey, a baboon, or an ape. In this connection he spins a yarn.

When a boy, down in North Carolina, Cannon and a cornfield negro went to a circus together. Upon entering the sideshow, they were attracted by a large ape. It was an enormous brute, the largest, Cannon says, that he ever has seen in his 82 years of existence. The negro was so fascinated that he refused to budge from the cage. Long after all the other folks had passed into the main tent, the negro was stalled in the sideshow. Finally, satisfied that none except Cannon was about, he approached the bars.

"How be you?" he asked the ape.

No answer. The negro looked around again to make certain that he was not observed by strange eyes.

"How is it?" he asked again.

Still no answer; and a third time he spoke to the ape without receiving a reply. Then he burst out.

"Dat's right! Don' you say a single word. If you does, dey'll have you out of dat nice straw an' a hoe in youh hands in a minute."

"HOWDY, Senator Stone," Senator Penrose said genially, the other day, passing the Missouri member in a corridor of the Capitol.

The Missouri senator nodded pleasantly.

"Why, Senator Penrose, I didn't suppose that you and Senator Stone being politically opposed, were such good friends," some one observed.

"Oh, yes," Penrose replied. "Bill and me are quite chummy after dark."

NOTHING in this world will move former Governor Dockery, of Missouri, now an assistant postmaster-general, from principles in which he is "sot." He still wears boots every day of the year. His only surrender to conventions consists in his running them up inside his pants' legs.

WAR STUFF

A Conference of the Powers

Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by F. K. Thornburgh

"What! You're not going to fight, are you!"
"Ain't I, though. Didn't you hear that guy call me a pacifist?"

Scenes of from Far

Annette Kellerman as "The Mediterranean"

Miss Jeanna Eagels as Jeanne de Clairmont

Society and Stage Folk United Recently in a Great Pageant Given for the Benefit of the Red Cross on Rosemary Farm, Huntington, L. I., the Estate of Roland B. Conklin. A Sloping Hillside was Transformed into an Auditorium, While the Stage, Separated from the Audience by a Semicircular Moat,

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Pageantry and Near

Mrs. Ben Ali Haggin as the Duchesse d'Alencon

Miss Betty Rhoades as a Mermaid

Dotted with Swans, Presented a Most Beautiful Sight. The French and Italian Episodes and the Water Scenes Were the Most Spectacular. Meanwhile Out in California (lower right hand picture), a Group of Water Nymphs, Representing the Spirit of the Yosemite, Danced Gracefully Over Rocks and Rills.

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Chicken Talk, by ZIM

WINTER is the time of year when the hen lays aside her domestic cares and slouches around in a most untidy wrapper. It is her natural vacation from egg laying. Having reared her annual brood to the stage of pullet and roosterhood, some married and some fricasseed, she has earned her rest and her moulting is well merited.

A hen, when she decides to become a mother, would as leave sit on a litter of electric bulbs and hatch a gold brick as on a bonified batch of fresh eggs of her own laying. She displays remarkable common sense (very common, indeed). Another form in which she exhibits that quality quite vividly is in her determination to cross the road ahead of a speeding automobile, even though she can think of no plausible errand calling her to the opposite side. It appears to me that chickens, on the whole, are never on the right side of the roadway, but they don't realize it until reminded of their error by the Klaxton. Philosophers have never advanced a logical solution of this problem, nor has science ever discovered a remedy, so the chicken goes right on doing it and we wonder why she does!

THE hen is not at all proud-spirited. She differs in that respect from her rooster spouse. Whether her marriage vows bind her to love and obey him and to drudge and lay for him, as in the case of human mortals, I am not ready to state, but it would seem very much that way by the haughty air chanticleer assumes toward her ladyship.

Married roosters are far more selfish than husbands of the human tribe. A man, even though he detests housework, will sometimes condescend to carry a scuttle of coal or turn the wringer on wash day. But you'll never find a rooster willing to interfere with a hen's domestic affairs.

It is no sin to kill a rooster. One who

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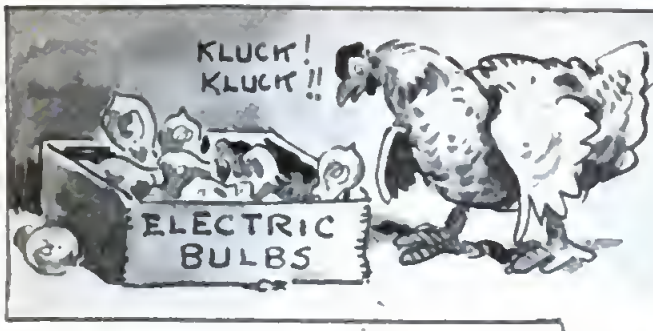


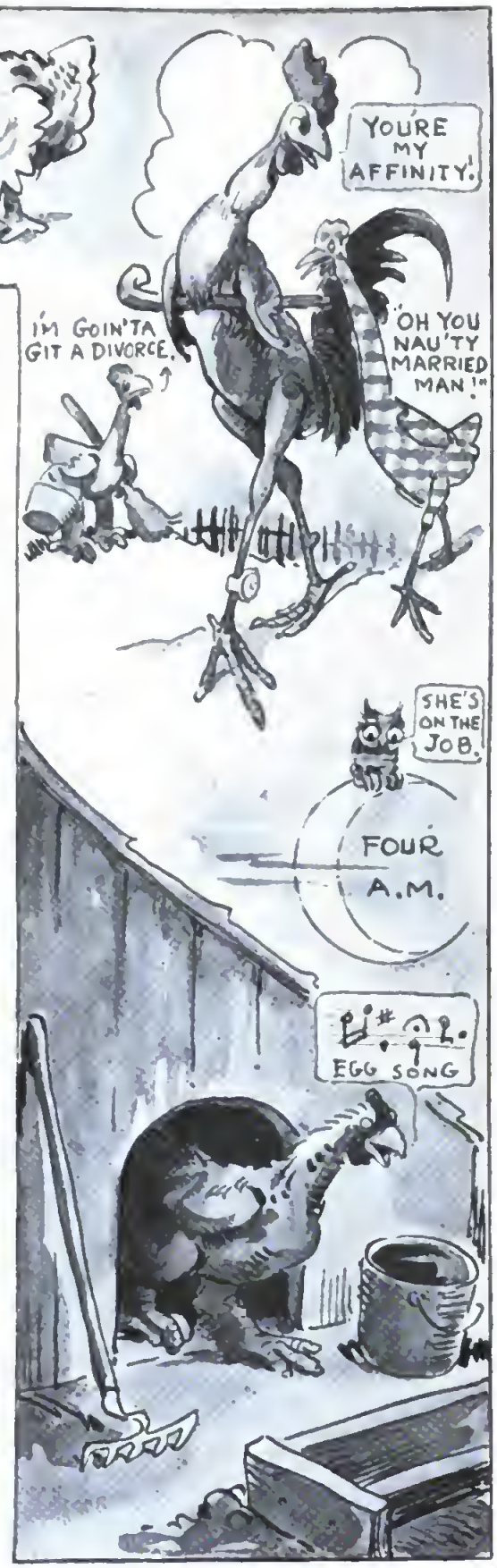
has seven lawful wives of his own and seeks to make love to a neighbor's hens deserves to be bastinadoed.

The routine life of a hen is much similar to that of a housewife excepting that the hen arises at four a. m. without the aid of an alarm clock or a pitcher of ice water dashed in her face. Neither does she indulge in snores or horrible dreams as some wives are wont to do.

SINCE the incubator has relieved the clucking hen of her maternal duties and the brooder acts the part of wet nurse to her alleged offspring, there is little interest left in life for her, for she belongs to no church or sewing societies or Eastern Star and Rebecca lodges to which she might devote her idle hours as other women do. So when her day's laying is finished and her chamber work done up, there is nothing to look forward to but scratching gravel and awaiting the dawn of another day. On the other hand, the rooster sports around, making his calls upon the ladies of his set, thus giving rise to much gossip and breeding jealousy in general, about the domain, for I assure you, hens can be jealous and spiteful when their connubial felicity is hen-croached upon.

SCHOOLING is deemed unnecessary in the advancement of the chicken. The mother's sole ambition is to see her brood well married off and in good circumstances. But when she has hatched eggs that were slid into her nest while she was out seeking sustenance, she is apt to get fooled on results, which makes it decidedly humiliating for one of her sensitive nature.

Some hens prefer to eat at home and do their laying abroad. Such hens may be broken of that deplorable habit between two days by the use of a sharp hatchet, or even a cleaver, in severing the jugular vein and windpipe. A simple remedy, but effective.



I DON'T know whether hens are troubled with big heads in the mornings and are ever unable to attend to their day's laying. I have never heard of their deferring this supreme domestic duty till the next morrow and letting it accumulate so that they are obliged to do a double laying in consequence. I have seen hens, though, jam two yolks into one shell, which might explain it. I have seen sad-eyed old hens with the pip, dragging themselves from their nests when they should have been interned at the hospital and under the care of nurse and doctor. The headstrong spirit of the female persuasion is the hen's dominating trait. When she might just as well allow her pullets to do the day's laying for her, she stubbornly sets her jaws and does it herself.

WHOEVER designed the guinea hen and composed the music for her vocal organs must have used a rasp for a tuning fork. Guinea hens and their husbands are alike in appearance; when you've seen one you've seen the other. Their plumage is off one and the same piece of goods, like the Quakers'. If ever you have indulged in filing the teeth of a cross-cut saw you've heard the synonym of her melody. Nature did herself a dreadful injustice when she produced this variety of fowl and the farmer who gives her board and lodging is no good Christian. I say this because any man who sells you a guinea hen as youthful and tender, has designed to skin you. I have a dim recollection of tasting one many years ago and I will say this—the gravy was quite tender.

A group of guineas running to keep out of harm's way resembles a streak of ten-cent calico of somber hue with polkadots. The guinea hen lays a very small egg with spots on it similar to those we see at cheap grocery stores in fly time.

The eggs have no rating in the commercial world. They are used exclusively for hatching more trouble.

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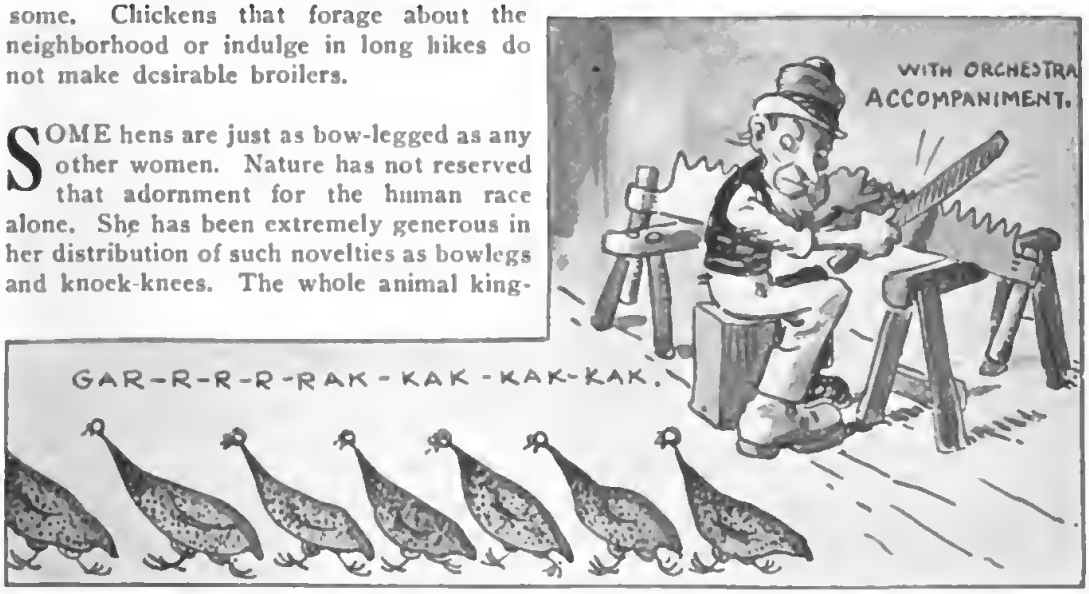
IT is a well known fact that upon the proper food of the hen depends the quality and quantity of her output. Chicken men are ever experimenting to obtain the best results with the least possible expense and it was in this way that the discovery was made that hens gradually swung from a diet of cornmeal or wheat hulls to pine sawdust will eventually produce wooden eggs. If hens could be induced to lay cedar or hemlock shingles, the profit in hen culture would increase tenfold. It would be more than likely, though, that the union would forcibly affiliate such hens.

CHICKENS are best appreciated when they reach the broiler age, while they are yet in the tutelage of a chaperon and have not been toughened by dissipation. Chicken breeders should pay heed to this and allow their fledglings to mingle only in the best society if they would have them juicy and toothsome. Chickens that forage about the neighborhood or indulge in long hikes do not make desirable broilers.

SOME hens are just as bow-legged as any other women. Nature has not reserved that adornment for the human race alone. She has been extremely generous in her distribution of such novelties as bowlegs and knock-knees. The whole animal kingdom has received its share of these blessings and if I remember rightly Noah himself was slightly addicted to bowlegs. But there is nothing gained by dragging the dead and past into the limelight to cite an authority. I know, from close observation and experience, that some hens are as bow-legged as some women!

I HAVE treated mainly on the chicken and chickenette of the lowly barnyard and the more refined product of the fashionable poultry farm. There are others, however—the chickens of the boulevard, those of borrowed plumage and minus pin feathers. On such I have carefully refrained from commenting. Nor shall I remark upon those elder hens who gather at pink teas and crochet circles, for I claim no knowledge of the inner life and habits of that variety of poultry, and besides, that is dangerous ground to tread. Hence, I leave them to be dealt with by experts more able than myself.



A CARTOON BY RAEMAEKERS

"Ah! Was your boy among the twelve this morning? Then you'll find him among this lot."

One of the "Courageous Dutchman's" most telling indictments of Kultur.

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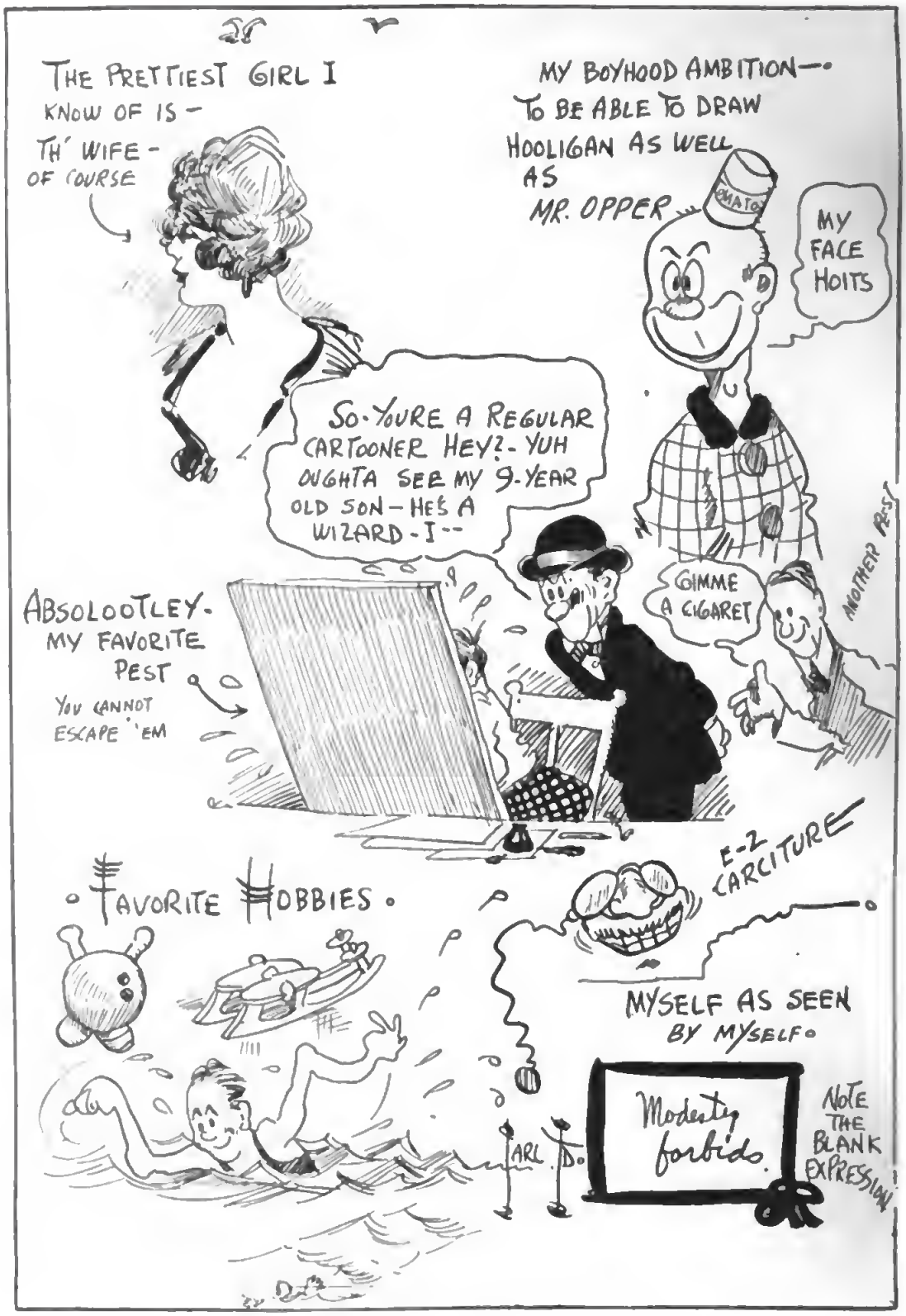
THE CARTOONISTS' CONFESSIONAL

R. Scott, of the Late Lamented Cleveland Leader, Really Thinks Frank King has Done Him Justice. Note the Determined Chin



THE CARTOONISTS' CONFESSIONAL

When Carl Ed Wants to Take a Day Off to Go Swimming He Draws a Caricature of T. R.

THE CARTOONISTS' CONFESSIONAL

Dear Mr. Garderwine:—If Your Ideal Is the Gibson Type, Why Do You Patronize Low Burlesque Shows?—Ed.

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"You seem pretty proud since you gave the 25 cents to the patriotic fund."

"Yassuh," replied Mr. Erastus Pinkley. "Talk about doin' yoh bit! I jes' done my two bits."—Washington Star.

Military Secret Out

In a letter home a Tommy gracefully mentioned that he had "sent a dozen Germans to h——." The censor scored out the satanic reference and wrote above it: "It is not permissible to refer to the German headquarters."

"The Stick-it Minister": Mr. Lloyd George.—The Passing Show.

Seeing Things

Two laborers of color were tapping the trench bottom with their picks. Said one: "Tom, why don't you leave this place and travel? I've worked my way from New York to Frisco and from Chicago to New Orleans and I've seen the country. Why don't you travel and see the world?" A look of toleration came over the face of Tom. Said he: "Bill, has yo' ever had de D. T's.?" "No," said Bill. "Well, den," said Tom, "yo' ain't never seen nothin'—nothin' a tall."—Municipal Engineering.

Ready for Him

"I'm just waiting for my husband to complain about my extravagance this month."

"Ready to give him an argument, eh?"

"You bet I am. By mistake his golf club checks came to the house, and I've got 'em."—Detroit Free Press.

A War Gift

A Tommy, lying in a hospital, had beside him a watch of curious and foreign design. The attending doctor was interested.

"Where did your watch come from?" he asked.

"A German give it to me," he answered.

A little piqued, the doctor inquired how the foe had come to convey this token of esteem and affection.

"'E 'ad to," was the laconic reply.—Toronto Globe.

NICE FOR HUBBY

Hubby: "But why should I get my life insured? I am quite healthy, and ten to one I'll outlive you."
Wifey: "There you go again! Always looking on the gloomy side."—Sydney Bulletin.

Ever-Hear-This?

Beware of Carelessness

A Cincinnati man employed two negroes to work in his rather extensive gardens, which he personally oversees. One morning Sam did not appear.

Old Lady: "And what regiment are you in?"
The Sub: "7th Blankshires. But I'm attached to the 9th Wessex."
Old Lady: "Really! Now DO tell me why officers get so fond of regiments which aren't their own!"—Punch.

"Where is Sam, George?" he asked.

"In de hospital, sah."

"In the hospital? Why, how in the world did that happen?"

"Well, Sam, he been a-tellin' me ev'y mo'nin' for ten years he gwine to lick his wife 'cause o' her naggin'."

"Well, yestiddy she done ovahheah him. Da's all."—Journal American Medical Association.

The Reason

Senator Simmons was discussing the proposed war tax on motor car owners. "Making war taxes," he said, "isn't pleasant work. It puts one in the position of the facetious pastor.

"A pastor at Ocean Grove took a little girl on his knee and said:

"'I don't love you, Nellie.'

"All the ladies on the breeze-swept veranda laughed, but little Nellie frowned and said:

"'You've got to love me. You've got to.'

"'Got to, have I? How so?' laughed the divine.

"'Because,' said Nellie, stoutly, 'you've got to love them that hate you—and I hate you, goodness knows!'"—Washington Star.

NOT SO SURE OF THEIR DEVOTION

Officer: "By Gad, y'know, the devotion of our brave fellows is magnificent."
Flapper: "Um—yes—I suppose so. But a LOT of them are frightful flirts."—Sydney Bulletin.

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SOCIETY NOTE

"Didjer go round ter Bill's birfdey blowout?"
"Aah! THERE was e successful night, my boy. They tell me his wife got three shillings for the empties next day."—Sydney Bulletin.

The bride and groom received congratulations standing in the shadow of a large wedding "bill." Of course the society reporter wrote "bell," but the compositor unwittingly stated the cold truth.—Our Dumb Animals.

Obeying Orders

"Hawkins," said the officer to his Cockney servant, "I've left my mess boots out this morning. I want 'em soled."

"Yessir!" said Hawkins.

But later in the day when the officer returned, he could not find his boots.

"Hawkins — Hawkins, where are my boots?"

"What, sir? Those mess boots? Oh, 'ere you are, sir! One and sixpence! That's all I could get on 'em. I took 'em all around the camp, but the only man who'd buy 'em was a corporal, and he couldn't give more'n one and six, 'cos pay day wasn't till next Friday."

Scotch canniness and thrift were illustrated recently by an incident which occurred "somewhere in France." Sandy had been out on a foraging expedition and had returned with a good fat hen under his arm. He was about to decapitate it for roasting when another Scotchman interfered.

"Will ye no bide a wee, Sandy?" he suggested cautiously. "Leave that bit bird till the morning. She micht lay an egg."—Exchange.

Perfect Stranger (to Jones, who has not forgotten Willie's birthday): "Ain't you ashamed to go batting these days?"—Punch.

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Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather in The Bystander, London

DUTY BEFORE PLEASURE

"Well, if yer thinks yer ought to, I'll lend yer this bit o' mistletoe o' mine."

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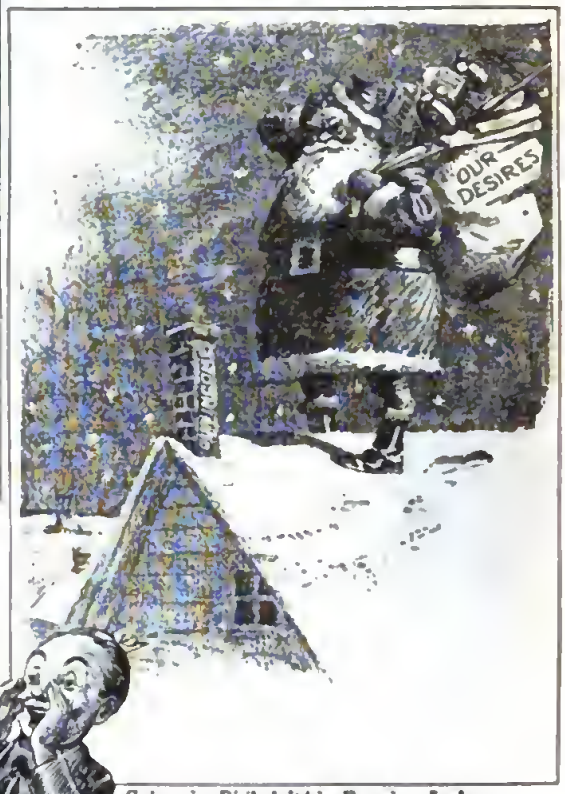
The SPIRIT *of*

Darling in New York Tribune

It Seems Almost Heartless to Be Happy



Sykes in Philadelphia Evening Ledger

"It can't be done!"

Ireland in Columbus Dispatch

It would Be an Empty Mask without the Children

Donahey in Cleveland Plain Dealer

"Look! He knows how to blow it!"

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CHRISTMAS

Sykes in Philadelphia Evening Ledger

"The same to you and many of them!"

Alford in Baltimore Star

"Say! Whose window is this, anyway?"

Copyright, Philadelphia Inquirer Co.

Morgan in Philadelphia Inquirer

Nobody Loves a Fat Man?

Donahey in Cleveland Plain Dealer

Pity the Blind

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Marse Henry's Tribute to Rogers

Col. Henry Watterson in the Louisville Courier-Journal.

THE pen may be mightier than the sword, but the cartoon is mightier than either. The time is coming when books will cease to be read—even newspapers excepting the scare heads—but the pictures, like the brooks, will go on forever. The speed crazed world will still pause long enough in its mad career to cast at least a side glance at them. Thus the illustrators and particularly the cartoonists will never grow stale.

In France from "M—X" to Depelletier; in England from Hogarth and Gillray to Cruikshank, John Leech and Du Maurier; in America from Nast, Keppler and Gillam to Rogers, Macauley and Kirby—to mention but a few names that first occur—the cartoon form of satire has been a favorite social and party weapon. Of periodic origin, it has been of late years transferred from the semi-humorous magazine to the daily journal, of which it has become at once a leading feature and potential arm. It may indeed be said to have become a necessity. Tweed could stand anything but Nast's tremendous pictorial assaults. Gillam's "Tattoed Man" was the undoing of Blaine.

The Courier-Journal has just received from the Cupples-Leon Company an exquisite volume entitled "American's Black and White Book," bearing the sub-title of "One Hundred Pictured Reasons Why We Are at War." It is a collection of the war cartoons of W. A. Rogers, the famous cartoonist of the New York Herald. It truly justifies its title. One hundred better reasons—more convincing reasons—why we have gone to war with Germany could not be devised by pen or pencil. The volume ought to be adopted by the government as a recruiting officer and sent to the front as a sergeant-major to whoop the boys on the battle line. On every page there appears in one way and another the pious adjuration, "To Hell with the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs!"

It were impossible to pick out and describe one or more of these splendid conceptions, all being so adequate. Mr. Rogers sure does the kaiser "to the queen's taste"—that is, let us say, to the taste of the queens of the Red Cross sisterhood. He puts the crown prince where he belongs. But if we were required to specify his masterpiece, where all is so satisfying, we should say that his von Tirpitz takes the cake, though his von Bethmann-Hollweg is no slouch. The tragic pictures—particularly those relating to the "Lusitania"—are full of pathos, replete with meaning, going straight to the heart at once of the subject and the world tragedy.

Mr. Rogers has forgotten nothing. It is all in "Black and White." Indeed, nothing has appeared so stirring in print since the war began. The book is at once a reveille and a revelation, a history and a slogan, and ought to be in the hands of every patriotic American.

WINSOR McCAY'S DAUGHTER A BRIDE

Miss Marion McCay, daughter of Winsor McCay, cartoonist of the New York American, was married October 3 at St. Teresa's church, Brooklyn, to Raymond Moniz, a captain in the quartermaster's department attached to General O'Ryan's staff. The wedding was not expected to take place so soon, but Captain Moniz had received orders to leave immediately for Spartanburg. Mrs. Moniz will make her home temporarily at Spartanburg.

FELIX MAHONEY

A Popular Cartoonist of the National Capital

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Will Hope

HOPE JOINS FLYING CORPS

Will Hope, the young Australian cartoonist who, since his arrival in America, has done work for the San Francisco Chronicle, the Chicago Tribune, and the Cleveland Leader, has joined the British aviation forces. "I did not think that I was worthy of the country of my birth without taking an active part in the fight for democracy," he writes.

Mr. Hope already had done his bit as a cartoonist, but in this larger service he will have the best wishes of his many admirers.

His future address will be the Press Club, London, England.

Veteran Cartoonist Dead

News was received Friday, October 26, of the death in New Rochelle, N. Y., of Frank Crane, the veteran cartoonist and illustrator, in his sixty-first year. Mr. Crane belongs to that past generation of cartoonists which included Homer Davenport, Gillam, Nast, and others. He was a pioneer in newspaper art work, and had been employed by papers in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston. He abandoned cartooning to enter the magazine illustrating field.

"OLD BILL" ON THE STAGE

"Old Bill," Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather's genial philosopher of the trenches, has been dramatized, and steps from the pages of the London Bystander onto the stage visualized to the queen's taste by Arthur Bourchier. It was "Old Bill" who spoke the immortal words, "If you knows of a better 'ole, why don't you got to it?"—referring, of course, to the shell holes made by the German whiz-bangs out in No-Man's Land. The play built up around "Old Bill" and his companion in arms, Bert, is called "The Better 'Ole." According to the London Evening Standard, the piece, as a play, "is not worth five seconds' consideration," but the Oxford Theater, where it is performed, has been since its opening night playing to standing room only.

Captain Bairnsfather has well earned the title "war god of laughter." For the past two years his Bill and Bert have been contributing to the gaiety of nations and lightening the burden of war. They are a great pair, this bristly old walrus and his pasty-faced companion, Bert.

From London Tatler

ARTHUR BOURCHIER AS "OLD BILL."

Hero of "The Better 'Ole, or the Romance of Old Bill," the Play Based on the Sketches of Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather.

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CHRISTMAS CARDS FOR SOLDIERS

Some of the leading artists in America, including Louis Raemaekers, Jobn T. McCutcheon, Ralpb and Fletcber Seymour, Theresa Garrett, Constance Early, and Laura Brey, bave joined the Artists' Aid to the Red Cross and have been designing Christmas cards for the soldiers. More than 500,000 cards will be sent overseas bearing the greetings of the donors, and every American soldier in France will be remembered. Mr. McCutcheon's contribution is entitled "Between the Lines." It shows a private submitting a post card to the censor. On the card is written:

You are the U in U. S.
U-ni-ted will be U and I;
.....
I wish you Ameri-Christmas.
I love you. Hello and Goodby.

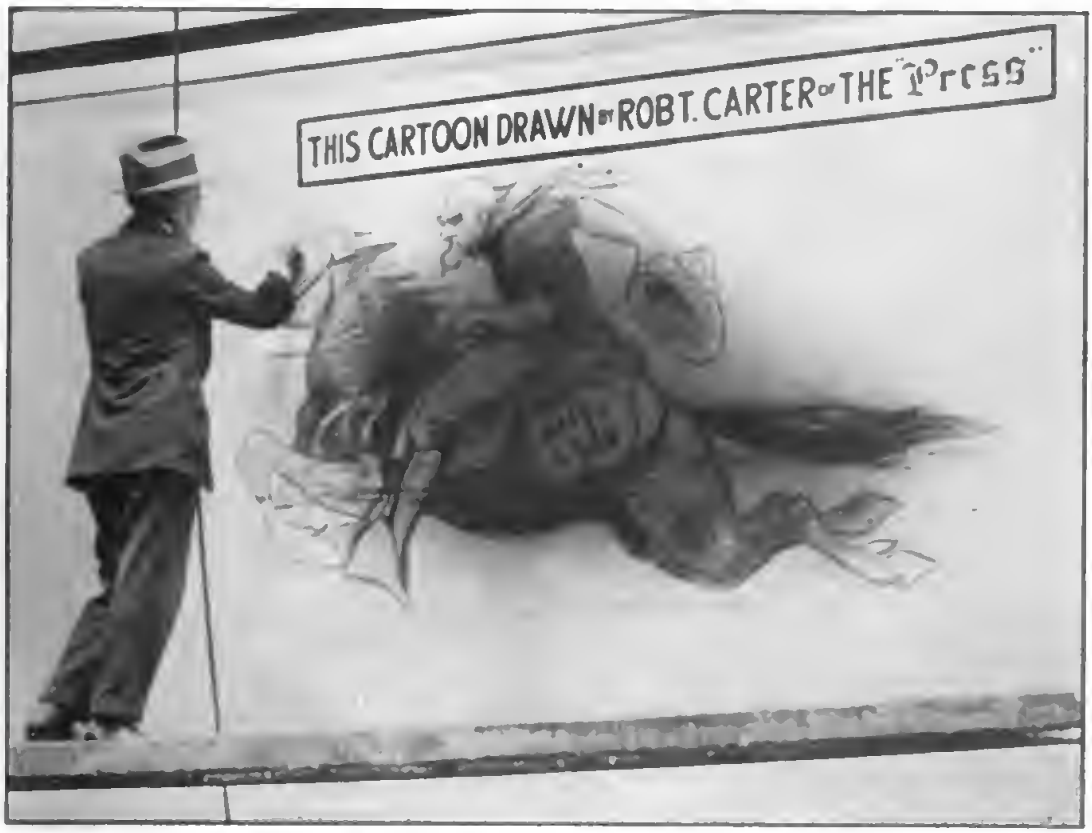
"What are them dots between the lines?" demands the censor. "Oh," says Sammy; "she can read 'em. They mean I'm dotty about her."

CARTOONING FOR LIBERTY

Pbiladelphia cartoonists did their share in putting the Liberty loan "over the top" by drawing cartoons on the immense sign board in front of tbe Liberty loan headquarters in Broad street. De Mar of the Record, Carter of the Press, Sykes of the Evening Ledger, Weed of the Public Ledger, Morgan of the Inquirer, and Hy Gage, originator of "Mrs. Rummage," filled in the panel space on succeeding days. The artists worked on a high scaffolding with all Broad street as a studio.

"Tom" Collins Dies

John F. Collins, known better as "Tom" Collins, the dean of Cincinnati newspaper artists, died September 6, in the Queen City. He was chief of the Enquirer art staff in the days of chalk plates. Collins was born in Canada sixty years ago, and had lived in Cincinnati twenty-five years. He leaves a widow, a son, and two daughters.



Robert Carter Drawing His Great Liberty Loan Cartoon with Broad Street, Philadelphia, as a Studio

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Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by P. R. Carmack

EXPLAINED

"Bobby, your theme is very good, but the spelling is awful." "Well, you see, Pa is used to dictatin' his stuff."

RAEMAEKERS TO QUIT HEARST?

Reports from Washington, where Louis Raemaekers, the famous Dutch cartoonist, has been visiting, state that he is about to sever relations with the Hearst newspapers with which he has been connected since his arrival in America. Differences of opinion regarding the subject matter of his cartoons are said to have been chronic. Recently the misunderstanding was made acute by changes in titles and the suppression of some of the drawings. There was friction between Hearst and Raemakers almost from the beginning. The original agreement provided that the cartoons were to be run as submitted, and that the captions should not be changed. But captions were changed repeatedly. In one instance it was done so hurriedly as to show on the printed newspaper page. There were rumors that Raemaekers would retire on the ground that his contract had been broken, and this was about to happen, in fact, when a new agreement was drawn up. It was more binding in its terms than the first. Apparently it did not hold any better.

There was some surprise that Raemaekers should have accepted a contract with the Hearst papers in the first place. He explained it by saying that he regarded himself as missionary to the editors as well as to the readers of those papers. His work, he believed, would be more startling and more effective in the Hearst publications than in newspapers that were already pro-ally.

At a dinner given by the Arts and Science Forum of the Twilight club at the Hotel McAlpin, New York, recently, Mr. Raemaekers told of his experiences with the Germans since childhood, and said that there could be no permanent peace until Berlin falls. His subject was "The Hun."

HUBBARD AIDS WAR FUND

Walter W. Hubbard, formerly cartoonist of the Manchester Union-Leader and Bridgeport Standard-American, has abandoned newspaper work temporarily, and has offered his services to help the War Camp Recreation Fund, an organization sponsored by Secretary of War Baker, and the Playground Association of America. It is cooperating with the various chambers of commerce of the United States in securing wholesome amusement for the soldiers. A number of cartoonists, including E. W. Kemble, have volunteered their services in aiding the work of the organization.

Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by P. R. Carmack

He: "The clothes don't make the man." She: "No; it takes a uniform."

Mrs. "Jimmy" Swinnerton, Now Honeymooning in Chicago
She was formerly Miss Louise Scher.

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"NOT DISLOYAL"—BAER

J. M. Baer, who was sent to Congress by the Nonpartisan League, an organization of North Dakota farmers, writes to Cartoons Magazine to explain his position on the war.

"My position," he says, "has been misnnderstood on account of the fact that the papers in North Dakota which opposed me have misquoted me time and again. As I have no means of counteracting this misrepresentation, naturally it has been concluded that I am 'disloyal,' which is not the case. The fact of the matter is that I was not charged by Congressman Heflin with any connection with the 'slush fund,' and Mr. Heflin stated later that he did not say any member of congress received any of the fund. Incidentally I may add that Mr. Heflin was criticized for his actions by a committee appointed to investigate his statements.

"Ever since our entrance into war I have said that war was not an issue; that we are in the war and must see it through to a successful conclusion. The principal measnre I have advocated since I have been in congress is the conscription of wealth as well as of men. If the richest man in the United States were to give his last dollar toward the prosecution of the war, he would not give as much as the men who are sacrificing their lives in the trenches."

Mr. Baer adds that his cartoons on the Liberty loan were authorized by the treasury department to help promote the sale of the bonds, and that he has done nothing whatsoever to block the administration in its war program.

KNOUS GIVES CHALK TALK

Hal Knous, a cartoonist of the old school, is back again in the game, and is giving a series of chalk talks on the war. His talk was one of the features of the Seventh Regiment benefit recently at the Omaha Auditorium. Mr. Knous is a Spanish war veteran, and saw service in the Philippines and with the American expeditionary forces in China during the Boxer rebellion.

The great man is always victim of the cartoonist; but the great woman is dealt with more kindly, for the chivalry of the artist will not admit of caricature of form or feature. The paragrapher, however, knows no bounds but respect and decency and has never gone beyond them since time began. Think how he might have ragged the first woman and give him his due.—Portland Oregonian.

Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by W. E. Hill

"Willie, didn't I tell you not to touch those things!"

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